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CLASSICAL ESSAYS;

WITH

PREFACES,

HISTORICAL AND BIOGRAPHICAL,

BY

ALEXANDER CHALMERS, A. M.

THE TANJORE MAHARAJA SERFOJI'S SARASVATI MAHAL

VOL. V.

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TATLER.

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THE TANJORE MAHARAJA SERFOJI'S SARASWATI MAHAL

THE TATLER.

N° 210. SATURDAY, AUGUST 12, 1710.

Sheer-lane, August 10.

I DID myself the honour this day to make a visit to a lady of quality, who is one of those that are ever railing at the vices of the age; but mean only one vice, because it is the only vice they are not guilty of. She went so far as to fall foul on a young woman, who has had imputations; but whether they were just or not, no one knows but herself. However that is, she is in her present behaviour modest, humble, pious, and discreet. I thought it became me to bring this censorious lady to reason, and let her see she was a much more vitious woman than the person she spoke of.

"Madam," said I, "you are very severe to this poor young woman, for a trespass which I believe Heaven has forgiven her, and for which, you see, she is for ever out of countenance." "Nay," Mr. Bickerstaff," she interrupted, "if you at this time of day contradict people of virtue, and stand up for ill women"——"No, no, Madam, said I, "not so fast; she is reclaimed, and I fear you never will

be. Nay, nay, Madam, do not be in a passion; but let me tell you what you are. You are indeed as good as your neighbours; but that is being very bad. You are a woman at the head of a family, and lead a perfect town-lady's life. You go on your own way, and consult nothing but your glass. What imperfections indeed you see there, you immediately mend as fast as you can. You may do the same by the faults I tell you of; for they are much more in your power to correct.

"You are to know then, that you visiting ladies, that carry your virtue from house to house with so much prattle in each other's applause, and triumph over other people's faults, I grant you, have but the speculation of vice in your own conversations; but promote the practice of it in all others you have to do with.

"As for you, Madam, your time passes away in dressing, eating, sleeping, and praying. When you rise in a morning, I grant you an hour spent very well; but you come out to dress in so froward an humour, that the poor girl, who attends you, curses her very being in that she is your servant, for the peevish things you say to her. When this poor creature is put into a way, that good or evil are regarded but as they relieve her from the hours she has and must pass with you; the next you have to do with is your coachman and footmen. They convey your ladyship to church. While you are praying there, they are cursing, swearing, and drinking in an ale-house. During the time also which your ladyship sets apart for Heaven, you are to know, that your cook is sweating and fretting in preparation for your dinner. Soon after your meal you make visits, and the whole world that belongs to you speaks all the ill of you which you are repeating of others. You see, Madam, whatever

way you go, all about you are in a very broad one. The morality of these people it is your proper business to inquire into; and until you reform them, you had best let your equals alone; otherwi-e, if I allow you you are not vitious, you must allow me you are not virtuous."

I took my leave, and received at my coming home the following letter:

"MR. BICKERSTAFF,

"I have lived a pure and undefiled virgin these twenty-seven years; and I assure you, it is with great grief and sorrow of heart I tell you, that I become weary and impatient of the derision of the gigglers of our sex; who call me old maid, and tell me, I shall lead apes. If you are truly a patron of the distressed, and an adept in astrology, you will advise whether I shall, or ought to be prevailed upon by the impertinences of my own sex, to give way to the importunities of yours. I assure you, I am surrounded with both, though at present a forlorn.

I am, &c."

I must defer my answer to this lady out of a point of chronology. She says, she has been twenty-seven years a maid; but I fear, according to a common error, she dates her virginity from her birth, which is a very erroneous method; for a woman of twenty is no more to be thought chaste so many years, than a man of that age can be said to have been so long valiant. We must not allow people the favour of a virtue, until they have been under the temptation to the contrary. A woman is not a maid until her birth-day, as we call it, of her fifteenth year. My plaintiff is therefore desired to inform me, whether she is at present in her twenty-eighth or forty-third year, and she shall be dispatched accordingly.

St. James's Coffee-house, August 11.

A merchant came hither this morning, and read a letter from a correspondent of his at Milan. It was dated the 7th instant, N. S. The following is an abstract of it. On the 25th of the last month, five thousand men were on their march in the Lampourdan, under the command of general Wesell, having received orders from his Catholic majesty to join him in his camp with all possible expedition. The duke of Anjou soon had intelligence of their motion, and took a resolution to decamp, in order to intercept them, within a day's march of our army. The king of Spain was apprehensive the enemy might make such a movement, and commanded general Stanhope with a body of horse, consisting of fourteen squadrons, to observe their course, and prevent their passage over the rivers Segra and Noguera, between Lerida and Balaguer. It happened to be the first day that officer had appeared abroad after a dangerous and violent fever; but he received the king's commands on this occasion with a joy which surmounted his present weakness, and on the 27th of last month came up with the enemy on the plains of Balaguer. The duke of Anjou's rear-guard, consisting of twenty-six squadrons, that general sent intelligence of their posture to the king, and desired his majesty's orders to attack them. During the time which he waited for his instructions, he made his disposition for the charge, which was to divide themselves into three bodies; one to be commanded by himself in the centre, a body on the right by count Maurice of Nassau, and the third on the left by the earl of Rochford. Upon the receipt of his majesty's direction to attack the enemy, the general himself charged with the utmost vigour and resolution,

while the earl of Rochford and count Maurice extended themselves on his right and left, to prevent the advantage the enemy might make of the superiority of their numbers. What appears to have misled the enemy's general in this affair was, that it was not supposed practicable that the confederates would attack him till they had received a reinforcement. For this reason he pursued his march without facing about, till we were actually coming on to engagement. General Stanhope's disposition made it impracticable to do it at that time; count Maurice and the earl of Rochford attacking them in the instant in which they were forming themselves. The charge was made with the greatest gallantry, and the enemy very soon put into so great disorder, that their whole cavalry were commanded to support their rear-guard. Upon the advance of this reinforcement, all the horse of the king of Spain were come up to sustain general Stanhope, insomuch, that the battle improved to a general engagement of the cavalry of both armies. After a warm dispute for some time, it ended in the utter defeat of all the duke of Anjou's horse. Upon the dispatch of these advices, that prince was retiring towards Lerida. We have no account of any considerable loss on our side, except that both those heroic youths, the earl of Rochford and count Nassau, fell in this action. They were, you know, both sons of persons who had a great place in the confidence of your late king William; and I doubt not but their deaths will endear their families, which were ennobled by him, in your nation. General Stanhope has been reported by the enemy dead of his wounds; but he received only a slight contusion on the shoulder.

P. S. We acknowledge you here a mighty brave people; but you are said to love quarrelling so well,

that you cannot be quiet at home. The favourers of the house of Bourbon among us affirm, that this Stanhope, who could as it were get out of his sick-bed to fight against their king of Spain, must be of the antimonarchical party.

Nº 211. TUESDAY, AUGUST 15, 1710.

—— *Nequeo monstrare, & sentio tantùm.*

JUV. Sat. VII. 56.

What I can fancy, but can ne'er express.

DRYDEN.

Sunday, August 13.

IF there were no other consequences of it, but barely that human creatures on this day assemble themselves before their Creator, without regard to their usual employments, their minds at leisure from the cares of this life, and their bodies adorned with the best attire they can bestow on them; I say, were this mere outward celebration of a Sabbath all that is expected from men, even that were a laudable distinction, and a purpose worthy the human nature. But when there is added to it the sublime pleasure of devotion, our being is exalted above itself; and he, who spends a seventh day in the contemplation of the next life, will not easily fall into the corruptions of this in the other six. They, who never admit thoughts of this kind into their imaginations, lose higher and sweeter satis-

factions than can be raised by any other entertainment. The most illiterate man who is touched with devotion, and uses frequent exercises of it, contracts a certain greatness of mind, mingled with a noble simplicity, that raises him above those of the same condition; and there is an indelible mark of goodness in those who sincerely possess it. It is hardly possible it should be otherwise; for the fervors of a pious mind will naturally contract such an earnestness and attention towards a better being, as will make the ordinary passages of life go off with a becoming indifference. By this a man in the lowest condition will not appear mean, or in the most splendid fortune insolent.

As to all the intricacies and vicissitudes, under which men are ordinarily entangled with the utmost sorrow and passion, one who is devoted to Heaven, when he falls into such difficulties, is led by a clue through a labyrinth. As to this world, he does not pretend to skill in the mazes of it; but fixes his thoughts upon one certainty, that he shall soon be out of it. And we may ask very boldly, what can be a more sure consolation than to have an hope in death? When men are arrived at thinking of their very dissolution with pleasure, how few things are there that can be terrible to them! Certainly, nothing can be dreadful to such spirits, but what would make death terrible to them, falsehood towards man, or impiety towards Heaven. To such as these, as there are certainly many such, the gratifications of innocent pleasures are doubled, even with reflections upon their imperfection. The disappointments, which naturally attend the great promises we make ourselves in expected enjoyments, strike no damp upon such men, but only quicken their hopes of soon knowing joys, which are too pure to admit of allay or satiety.

It is thought, among the politer sort of mankind, an imperfection to want a relish of any of those things which refine our lives. This is the foundation of the acceptance which eloquence, music, and poetry make in the world; and I know not why devotion, considered merely as an exaltation of our happiness, should not at least be so far regarded as to be considered. It is possible, the very inquiry would lead men into such thoughts and gratifications, as they did not expect to meet with in this place. Many a good acquaintance has been lost from a general prepossession in his disfavour, and a severe aspect has often hid under it a very agreeable companion.

There are no distinguishing qualities among men to which there are not false pretenders; but though none is more pretended to than that of devotion, there are, perhaps, fewer successful impostors in this kind than any other. There is something so natively great and good in a person that is truly devout, that an aukward man may as well pretend to be genteel, as an hypocrite to be pious. The constraint in words and actions are equally visible in both cases; and any thing set up in their room does but remove the endeavourers farther off from their pretensions. But, however the sense of true piety is abated, there is no other motive of action that can carry us through all the vicissitudes of life with alacrity and resolution. But piety, like philosophy, when it is superficial, does but make men appear the worse for it; and a principle that is but half received does but distract, instead of guiding our behaviour. When I reflect upon the unequal conduct of Lotius, I see many things that run directly counter to his interest; therefore I cannot attribute his labours for the public good to ambition. When I consider his disregard to his fortune, I can-

not esteem him covetous. How then can I reconcile his neglect of himself, and his zeal for others? I have long suspected him to be a "little pious:" but no man ever hid his vice with greater caution, than he does his virtue. It was the praise of a great Roman, "that he had rather be, than appear, good." But such is the weakness of Lotius, that I dare say he had rather be esteemed irreligious than devout. By I know not what impatience of raillery, he is wonderfully fearful of being thought too great a believer. A hundred little devices are made use of to hide a time of private devotion; and he will allow you any suspicion of his being ill employed, so you do not tax him with being well. But alas! how mean is such a behaviour! To boast of virtue, is a most ridiculous way of disappointing the merit of it, but not so pitiful as that of being ashamed of it. How unhappy is the wretch, who makes the most absolute and independent motive of action the cause of perplexity and inconstancy! How different a figure does Cælicolo make with all who know him! His great and superior mind, frequently exalted by thè raptures of heavenly meditation, is to all his friends of the same use, as if an angel were to appear at the decision of their disputes. They very well understand, he is as much disinterested and unbiassed as such a being. He considers all applications made to him, as those addresses will affect his own application to Heaven. All his determinations are delivered with a beautiful humility; and he pronounces his decisions with the air of one who is more frequently a supplicant than a judge.

Thus humble, and thus great, is the man who is moved by piety, and exalted by devotion. But behold this recommended by the masterly hand of a great divine I have heretofore made bold with.

"It is such a pleasure as can never cloy or overwork the mind; a delight that grows and improves under thought and reflection; and while it exercises, does also endear itself to the mind. All pleasures that affect the body must needs weary, because they transport; and all transportation is a violence; and no violence can be lasting; but determines upon the falling of the spirits, which are not able to keep up that height of motion that the pleasure of the senses raises them to. And therefore how inevitably does an immoderate laughter end in a sigh, which is only nature's recovering itself after a force done to it! but the religious pleasure of a well-disposed mind moves gently, and therefore constantly. It does not affect by rapture and ecstasy, but is like the pleasure of health, greater and stronger than those that call up the senses with grosser and more affecting impressions. No man's body is as strong as his appetites; but Heaven has corrected the boundlessness of his voluptuous desires by stinting his strength, and contracting his capacities.—The pleasure of the religious man is an easy and a portable pleasure, such an one as he carries about in his bosom, without alarming either the eye or the envy of the world. A man putting all his pleasures into this one, is like a traveller putting all his goods into one jewel; the value is the same, and the convenience greater *."

* Dr. South.

N° 212. THURSDAY, AUGUST 17, 1710.

From my own Apartment, August 16.

I HAVE had much importunity to answer the following letter:

"MR. BICKERSTAFF,

"Reading over a volume of yours, I find the words *Simplex Munditiis* mentioned as a description of a very well-dressed woman. I beg of you, for the sake of the sex, to explain these terms. I cannot comprehend what my brother means, when he tells me, they signify my own name, which is, Sir,

Your humble servant,

PLAIN ENGLISH."

I think the lady's brother has given us a very good idea of that elegant expression; it being the greatest beauty of speech to be close and intelligible. To this end, nothing is to be more carefully consulted than plainness. In a lady's attire this is the single excellence; for to be, what some people call, fine, is the same vice in that case, as to be florid, is in writing or speaking. I have studied and writ on this important subject, until I almost despair of making a reformation in the females of this island; where we have more beauty than in any spot in the universe, if we did not disguise it by false garniture, and detract from it by impertinent improvements. I have by me a treatise concerning *pinners*, which, I have some hopes, will contribute

to the amendment of the present head-dresses, to which I have solid and unanswerable objections. But most of the errors in that, and other particulars of adorning the head, are crept into the world from the ignorance of modern *tirewomen*; for it is come to that pass, that an aukward creature in the first year of her apprenticeship, that can hardly stick a pin, shall take upon her to dress a woman of the first quality. However, it is certain, that there requires in a good *tirewoman* a perfect skill in optics; for all the force of ornament is to contribute to the intention of the eyes. Thus she, who has a mind to look killing, must arm her face accordingly, and not leave her eyes and cheeks undressed. There is Araminta, who is so sensible of this, that she never will see even her own husband, without *a hood on.* Can any one living bear to see Miss Gruel, lean as she is, with *her hair tied back* after the modern way? But such is the folly of our ladies, that because one who is a beauty, out of ostentation of her being such, takes care to wear something that she knows cannot be of any consequence to her complexion; I say, our women run on so heedlessly in the fashion, that though it is the interest of some to hide as much of their faces as possible, yet because a leading Toast appeared with *a backward head-dress*, the rest shall follow the mode, without observing that the author of the fashion assumed it because it could become no one but herself.

Flavia * is ever well-dressed, and always the genteelest woman you meet: but the make of her mind very much contributes to the ornament of her body. She has the greatest simplicity of manners, of any of her sex. This makes every thing look

* Mrs. Ann Oldfield, the actress.

native about her, and her cloaths are so exactly fitted, that they appear, as it were, part of her person. Every one that sees her knows her to be of quality; but her distinction is owing to her manner, and not to her habit. Her beauty is full of attraction, but not of allurement. There is such a composure in her looks, and propriety in her dress, that you would think it impossible she should change the garb, you one day see her in, for any thing so becoming, until you next day see her in another. There is no other mystery in this, but that however she is apparelled, she is herself the same: for there is so immediate a relation between our thoughts and gestures, that a woman must think well to look well.

But this weighty subject I must put off for some other matters, in which my correspondents are urgent for answers; which I shall *do* where I can, and appeal to the judgment of others where I cannot.

"MR. BICKERSTAFF, *August* 15, 1710.

"Taking the air the other day on horseback in the *green lane* that leads to Southgate, I discovered coming towards me a person well mounted in a mask: and I accordingly expected, as any one would, to have been robbed. But when we came up with each other, the spark, to my greater surprize, very peaceably gave me the way; which made me take courage enough to ask him, if he masqueraded, or how? He made me no answer, but still continued *incognito*. This was certainly an ass, in a lion's skin; a harmless bull-beggar, who delights to fright innocent people, and set them a galloping. I bethought myself of putting as good a jest upon him, and had turned my horse, with a

design to pursue him to London, and get him apprehended, on suspicion of being a highwayman: but when I reflected, that it was the proper office of the magistrate to punish only knaves, and that we had a Censor of Great-Britain for people of another denomination, I immediately determined to prosecute him in your court only. This unjustifiable frolic I take to be neither wit nor humour, therefore hope you will do me, and as many others as were that day frighted, justice.

I am, Sir,

Your friend and servant,

J. L."

"Sir,

"The gentleman begs your pardon, and frighted you out of fear of frighting you; for he is just come out of the small-pox."

"Mr. Bickerstaff,

"Your distinction concerning the time of commencing virgins is allowed to be just. I write you my thanks for it, in the twenty-eighth year of my life, and twelfth of my virginity. But I am to ask you another question: may a woman be said to live any more years a maid, than she continues to be courted?

I am, &c."

"Sir, *August* 15, 1710.

"I observe that the Postman of Saturday last, giving an account of the action in Spain, has this elegant turn of expression; general Stanhope, who in the whole action expressed as much bravery as conduct, received a contusion in his right shoulder. I should be glad to know, whether this cautious politician means to commend or to rally

him, by saying, 'He expressed as much bravery as conduct?' If you can explain this dubious phrase, it will inform the public, and oblige, Sir,

Your humble servant, &c."

N° 213. SATURDAY, AUGUST 19, 1710.

Sheer-lane, August 18.

There has of late crept in among the downright English a mighty spirit of dissimulation. But, before we discourse of this vice, it will be necessary to observe, that the learned make a difference between simulation and dissimulation. Simulation is a pretence of what is not, and dissimulation is a concealment of what is. The latter is our present affair. When you look round you in public places in this island, you see the generality of mankind carry in their countenance an air of challenge or defiance; and there is no such man to be found among us, who naturally strives to do greater honours and civilities than he receives. This innate sullenness or stubbornness of complexion is hardly to be conquered by any of our islanders. For which reason, however they may pretend to chouse one another, they make but very aukward rogues; and their dislike to each other is seldom so well dissembled, but it is suspected. When once it is so, it had as good be professed. A man who dissembles well must have none of what we call stomach, otherwise he will be cold in his professions of good-will where he hates; an imperfection of the last ill consequence

in business. This fierceness in our natures is apparent from the conduct of our young fellows, who are not got into the schemes and arts of life which the children of the world walk by. One would think that, of course, when a man of any consequence for his figure, his mien, or his gravity, passes by a youth, he should certainly have the first advances of salutation; but he is, you may observe, treated in a quite different manner; it being the very characteristic of an English temper to defy. As I am an Englishman, I find it a very hard matter to bring myself to pull off the hat first; but it is the only way to be upon any good terms with those we meet with. Therefore the first advance is of high moment. Men judge of others by themselves; and he that will command with us must condescend. It moves one's spleen very agreeably, to see fellows pretend to be dissemblers without this lesson. They are so reservedly complaisant until they have learned to resign their natural passions, that all the steps they make towards gaining those, whom they would be well with, are but so many marks of what they really are, and not of what they would appear.

The rough Britons, when they pretend to be artful towards one another, are ridiculous enough; but when they set up for vices they have not, and dissemble their good with an affectation of ill, they are insupportable. I know two men in this town who make as good figures as any in it, that manage their credit so well as to be thought atheists, and yet say their prayers morning and evening. Tom Springly, the other day, pretended to go to an assignation with a married woman at Rosamond's Pond, and was seen soon after reading the responses with great gravity at six-a-clock prayers.

Sheer-lane, August 17.

Though the following epistle bears a just accusation of myself, yet in regard it is a more advantageous piece of justice to another, I insert it at large.

"*Garraway's Coffee-house, August* 10.

"MR. BICKERSTAFF,

"I have lately read your Paper, wherein you represent a conversation between a young lady, your three nephews, and yourself; and am not a little offended at the figure you give your young merchant in the presence of a beauty. The topic of love is a subject on which a man is more beholden to nature for his eloquence, than to the instruction of the schools, or my lady's woman. From the two latter your scholar and page must have reaped all their advantage above him.—I know by this time you have pronounced me a trader. I acknowledge it; but cannot bear the exclusion from any pretence of speaking agreeably to a fine woman, or from any degree of generosity that way. You have among us citizens many well-wishers; but it is for the justice of your representations, which we, perhaps, are better judges of than you (by the account you give of your nephew) seem to allow.

"To give you an opportunity of making us some reparation, I desire you would tell, your own way, the following instance of heroic love in the city. You are to remember, that somewhere in your writings, for enlarging the territories of virtue and honour, you have multiplied the opportunities of attaining to heroic virtue; and have hinted, that in whatever state of life a man is, if he does things above what is ordinarily performed by men of his rank, he is in those instances an hero.

"Tom Trueman, a young gentleman of eighteen years of age, fell passionately in love with the beauteous Almira, daughter to his master. Her regard for him was no less tender. Trueman was better acquainted with his master's affairs than his daughter; and secretly lamented, that each day brought him by many miscarriages nearer bankruptcy than the former. This unhappy posture of their affairs, the youth suspected, was owing to the ill-management of a factor, in whom his master had an entire confidence. Trueman took a proper occasion, when his master was ruminating on his decaying fortune, to address him for leave to spend the remainder of his time with his foreign correspondent. During three years stay in that employment, he became acquainted with all that concerned his master, and by his great address in the management of that knowledge saved him ten thousand pounds. Soon after this accident, Trueman's uncle left him a considerable estate. Upon receiving that advice, he returned to England, and demanded Almira of her father. The father, overjoyed at the match, offered him the ten thousand pounds he had saved him, with the further proposal of resigning to him all his business. Trueman refused both; and retired into the country with his bride, contented with his own fortune, though perfectly skilled in all the methods of improving it.

"It is to be noted, that Trueman refused twenty thousand pounds with another young lady; so that reckoning both his self-denials, he is to have in your court the merit of having given thirty thousand pounds for the woman he loved. This gentleman I claim your justice to; and hope you will be convinced that some of us have larger

views than only Cash Debtor, *Per contra* Creditor. Yours,

RICHARD TRAFFICK."

"N. B. Mr. Thomas Trueman of Lime-street is entered among the heroes of domestic life.

CHARLES LILLIE."

Nº 214. TUESDAY, AUGUST 22, 1710.

——— *Soles & aperta serena*
Prospicere, & certis poteris cognoscere signis.

VIRG. Georg. I 393.

——— 'Tis easy to descry
Returning suns, and a serener sky. DRYDEN.

From my own Apartment, August 21.

IN every party there are two sorts of men, the rigid and the supple. The rigid are an intractable race of mortals, who act upon principle, and will not, forsooth, fall into any measures that are not consistent with their received notions of honour. These are persons of a stubborn unpliant morality; that sullenly adhere to their friends, when they are disgraced, and to their principles, though they are exploded. I shall therefore give up this stiff-necked generation to their own obstinacy, and turn my thoughts to the advantage of the supple, who pay their homage to places, and not persons; and, without enslaving themselves to any particular scheme

of opinions, are as ready to change their conduct in point of sentiment as of fashion. The well-disciplined part of a court are generally so perfect at their exercise, that you may see a whole assembly, from front to rear, face about at once to a new man of power, though at the same time; they turn their backs upon him that brought them thither. The great hardship these complaisant members of society are under, seems to be the want of warning upon any approaching change or revolution; so that they are obliged in a hurry to tack about with every wind, and stop short in the midst of a full career, to the great surprize and derision of their beholders.

When a man foresees a decaying ministry, he has leisure to grow a malecontent, reflect upon the present conduct, and by gradual murmurs fall off from his friends into a new party, by just steps and measures. For want of such notices, I have formerly known a very well-bred person refuse to return a bow of a man whom he thought in disgrace, that was next day made secretary of state; and another, who, after a long neglect of a minister, came to his levee, and made professions of zeal for his service the very day before he was turned out.

This produces also unavoidable confusions and mistakes in the descriptions of great mens parts and merits. That antient Lyric, Mr. D'Urfey, some years ago writ a dedication to a certain lord, in which he celebrated him for the greatest poet and critic of that age, upon a misinformation in Dyer's Letter, that his noble patron was made lord chamberlain. In short, innumerable votes, speeches, and sermons, have been thrown away, and turned to no account, merely for want of due and timely intelligence. Nay, it has been known, that a panegyric has been half printed off, when the poet,

upon the removal of the minister, has been forced to alter it into a satire.

For the conduct therefore of such useful persons, as are ready to do their country service upon all occasions, I have an engine in my study, which is a sort of a *Political* Barometer, or, to speak more intelligibly, a *State* Weather-glass, that, by the rising and falling of a certain magical liquor, presages all changes and revolutions in government, as the common glass does those of the weather. This Weather-glass is said to have been invented by Cardan, and given by him as a present to his great countryman and contemporary Machiavel; which, by the way, may serve to rectify a received error in chronology, that places one of these some years after the other. How or when it came into my hands, I shall desire to be excused, if I keep to myself; but so it is, that I have walked by it for the better part of a century to my safety at least, if not to my advantage; and have among my papers a register of all the changes, that have happened in it from the middle of queen Elizabeth's reign.

In the time of that princess it stood long at *Settled Fair*. At the latter end of king James the First, it fell to *Cloudy*. It held several years after at *Stormy*; insomuch, that at last, despairing of seeing any clear weather at home, I followed the royal exile, and some time after finding my Glass rise, returned to my native country, with the rest of the loyalists. I was then in hopes to pass the remainder of my days in *Settled Fair*: but alas! during the greatest part of that reign the English nation lay in a dead calm, which, as it is usual, was followed by high winds and tempests, until of late years; in which, with unspeakable joy and satisfaction, I have seen our political weather returned to *Settled Fair*. I must only observe, that for all this last summer my

Glass has pointed at *Changeable.* Upon the whole, I often apply to Fortune Æneas's speech to the Sibyl:

——— *Non ulla laborum*
O virgo, nova mi facies inopinave surgit:
Omnia præcepi, atque animo mecum ante peregi.
VIRG. Æn. VI. 103.

——— No terror to my view,
No frightful face of danger can be new:
The mind foretels whatever comes to pass;
A thoughtful mind, is *Fortune's* Weather-glass.

The advantages, which have accrued to those whom I have advised in their affairs, by virtue of this sort of prescience, have been very considerable. A nephew of mine, who has never put his money into the stocks, or taken it out, without my advice, has in a few years raised five hundred pounds to almost so many thousands. As for myself, who look upon riches to consist rather in content than possessions, and measure the greatness of the mind rather by its tranquillity than its ambition, I have seldom used my Glass to make my way in the world, but often to retire from it. This is a bye-path to happiness, which was first discovered to me by a most pleasing apophthegm of Pythagoras: "When the winds," says he, "rise, worship the echo." That great philosopher (whether to make his doctrines the more venerable, or to gild his precepts with the beauty of imagination, or to awaken the curiosity of his disciples, for I will not suppose, what is usually said, that he did it to conceal his wisdom from the vulgar) has couched several admirable precepts in remote allusions, and mysterious sentences. By the winds in this apophthegm, are meant state hurricanes and popular

tumults. "When these rise," says he, "worship the echo;" that is, withdraw yourself from the multitude into deserts, woods, solitudes, or the like retirements, which are the usual habitations of the echo.

N° 215. THURSDAY, AUGUST 24, 1710.

From my own Apartment, August 23.

LYSANDER has writ to me out of the country, and tells me, after many other circumstances, that he had passed a great deal of time with much pleasure and tranquillity; until his happiness was interrupted by an indiscreet flatterer, who came down into those parts to visit a relation. With the circumstances in which he represents the matter, he had no small provocation to be offended; for he attacked him in so wrong a season, that he could not have any relish of pleasure in it; though, perhaps, at another time it might have passed upon him without giving him much uneasiness. Lysander had, after a long satiety of the town, been so happy as to get to a solitude he extremely liked, and recovered a pleasure he had long discontinued, that of reading. He was got to the bank of a rivulet, covered by a pleasing shade, and fanned by a soft breeze; which threw his mind into that sort of composure and attention, in which a man, though with indolence, enjoys the utmost liveliness of his spirits, and the greatest strength of his mind at the same time. In

this state, Lysander represents that he was reading Virgil's Georgics, when on a sudden the gentleman above-mentioned surprized him; and without any manner of preparation falls upon him at once: "What! I have found you at last, after searching all over the wood! we wanted you at cards after dinner; but you are much better employed. I have heard indeed that you are an excellent scholar. But at the same time, it is not a little unkind to rob the ladies, who like you so well, of the pleasure of your company? But that is indeed the misfortune of you great scholars; you are seldom so fit for the world as those who never trouble themselves with books. Well, I see you are taken up with your learning there, and I will leave you." Lysander says, he made him no answer, but took a resolution to complain to me.

It is a substantial affliction, when men govern themselves by the rules of good-breeding, that by the very force of them they are subjected to the insolence of those, who either never will, or never can, understand them. The superficial part of mankind form to themselves little measures of behaviour from the outside of things. By the force of these narrow conceptions, they act among themselves with applause; and do not apprehend they are contemptible to those of higher understanding, who are restrained by decencies above their knowledge from shewing a dislike. Hence it is, that because complaisance is a good quality in conversation, one impertinent takes upon him on all occasions to commend; and because mirth is agreeable, another thinks fit eternally to jest. I have of late received many packets of letters, complaining of these spreading evils. A lady who is lately arrived at the Bath acquaints me, there were in the stage-coach wherein she went down a common flatterer, and a common

jester. These gentlemen were, she tells me, rivals in her favour; and adds, if there ever happened a case wherein of two persons one was not liked more than another, it was in that journey. They differed only in proportion to the degree of dislike between the nauseous and the insipid. Both these characters of men are born out of a barrenness of imagination. They are never fools by nature; but become such out of an impotent ambition of being, what she never intended them, men of wit and conversation. I therefore think fit to declare, that according to the known laws of this land, a man may be a very honest gentleman, and enjoy himself and his friend, without being a wit; and I absolve all men from taking pains to be such for the future. As the present case stands, is it not very unhappy that Lysander must be attacked and applauded in a wood, and Corinna jolted and commended in a stage-coach; and this for no manner of reason, but because other people have a mind to shew their parts? I grant indeed, if these people, as they have understanding enough for it, would confine their accomplishments to those of their own degree of talents, it were to be tolerated; but when they are so insolent as to interrupt the meditations of the wise, the conversations of the agreeable, and the whole behaviour of the modest, it becomes a grievance naturally in my jurisdiction. Among themselves, I can not only overlook, but approve it. I was present the other day at a conversation, where a man of this height of breeding and sense told a young woman of the same form, "To be sure, Madam, every thing must please that comes from a lady." She answered, "I know, Sir, you are so much a gentleman, that you think so." Why, this was very well on both sides; and it is impossible that such a gentleman and lady should do otherwise than think well of one another. These are but loose

hints of the disturbances in human society, for which there is yet no remedy: but I shall in a little time publish tables of respect and civility, by which persons may be instructed in the proper times and seasons, as well as at what degree of intimacy a man may be allowed to commend or rally his companions; the promiscuous licence of which is, at present, far from being among the small errors in conversation.

P. S. The following letter was left, with a request to be immediately answered, lest the artifices used against a lady in distress may come into common practice.

"SIR,

"My eldest sister buried her husband about six months ago; and at his funeral, a gentleman of more art than honesty, on the night of his interment, while she was not herself, but in the utmost agony of her grief, spoke to her of the subject of love. In that weakness and distraction which my sister was in, as one ready to fall is apt to lean on any body, he obtained her promise of marriage, which was accordingly consummated eleven weeks after. There is no affliction comes alone, but one brings another. My sister is now ready to lye-in. She humbly asks of you, as you are a friend to the sex, to let her know, who is the lawful father of this child, or whether she may not be relieved from this second marriage; considering it was promised under such circumstances as one may very well suppose she did not what she did voluntarily, but because she was helpless otherwise. She is advised something about engagements made in gaol, which she thinks the same, as to the reason of the thing. But, dear Sir, she relies upon your advice, and gives you her service; as does your humble servant,

"REBECCA MIDRIFFE."

The case is very hard; and I fear the plea she is advised to make, from the similitude of a man who is in *duresse*, will not prevail. But though I despair of remedy as to the mother, the law gives the child his choice of his father where the birth is thus legally ambiguous.

"To ISAAC BICKERSTAFF, Esquire.

"The humble Petition of the Company of Linendrapers, residing within the liberty of Westminster,

"SHEWETH,

"That there has of late prevailed among the ladies so great an affectation of nakedness, that they have not only left the bosom wholly bare, but lowered their stays some inches below the former mode.

"That, in particular, Mrs. Arabella Overdo has not the least appearance of linen; and our best customers shew but little above the small of their backs.

"That by this means your Petitioners are in danger of losing the advantage of covering a ninth part of every woman of quality in Great-Britain.

"Your Petitioners humbly offer the premises to your Indulgence's consideration, and shall ever, &c."

Before I answer this Petition, I am inclined to examine the offenders myself.

N° 216. SATURDAY, AUGUST 26, 1710.

——— *Nugis addere pondus.*

HOR. 1 Ep. i. 42.

Weight and importance some to trifles give.

R. WYNNE.

From my own Apartment, August 25.

NATURE is full of wonders; every atom is a standing miracle, and endowed with such qualities, as could not be impressed on it by a power and wisdom less than infinite. For this reason, I would not discourage any searches that are made into the most minute and trivial parts of the creation. However, since the world abounds in the noblest fields of speculation, it is, methinks, the mark of a little genius, to be wholly conversant among insects, reptiles, animalcules, and those trifling rarities that furnish out the apartment of a virtuoso.

There are some men whose heads are so oddly turned this way, that though they are utter strangers to the common occurrences of life, they are able to discover the sex of a cockle, or describe the generation of a mite, in all its circumstances. They are so little versed in the world, that they scarce know a horse from an ox; bnt, at the same time, will tell you with a great deal of gravity, that a flea is a rhinoceros, and a snail an hermaphrodite. I have known one of these whimsical philosophers, who has set a greater value upon a collection of spi-

ders than he would upon a flock of sheep, and has sold his coat off his back to purchase a *tarantula*.

I would not have a scholar wholly unacquainted with these secrets and curiosities of nature; but certainly the mind of man, that is capable of so much higher contemplations, should not be altogether fixed upon such mean and disproportioned objects. Observations of this kind are apt to alienate us too much from the knowledge of the world, and to make us *serious upon trifles*; by which means they expose philosophy to the ridicule of the witty, and contempt of the ignorant. In short, studies of this nature should be the diversions, relaxations, and amusements; not the care, business, and concern of life.

It is indeed wonderful to consider, that there should be a sort of learned men, who are wholly employed in gathering together the refuse of nature, if I may call it so, and hoarding up in their chests and cabinets such creatures as others industriously avoid the sight of. One does not know how to mention some of the most precious parts of their treasure, without a kind of an apology for it. I have been shewn a beetle valued at twenty crowns, and a toad at an hundred: but we must take this for a general rule, "That whatever appears trivial or obscene in the common notions of the world, looks grave and philosophical in the eye of a Virtuoso."

To shew this humour in its perfection, I shall present my reader with the legacy of a certain Virtuoso, who laid out a considerable estate in natural rarities and curiosities, which upon his death-bed he bequeathed to his relations and friends, in the following words:

The Will of a Virtuoso.

I Nicholas Gimcrack, being in sound health of mind, but in great weakness of body, do by this my

last will and testament bestow my worldly goods and chattels in manner following:

Imprimis, To my dear wife,
One box of butterflies,
One drawer of shells,
A female skeleton,
A dried cockatrice.

Item, To my daughter Elizabeth,
My receipt for preserving dead caterpillars,
As also my preparations of winter Maydew, and embryo-pickle.

Item, To my little daughter Fanny,
Three crocodile's eggs.

And upon the birth of her first child, if she marries with her mother's consent,
The nest of an humming-bird.

Item, To my eldest brother, as an acknowledgment for the lands he has vested in my son Charles, I bequeath
My last year's collection of grashoppers.

Item, To his daughter Susanna, being his only child, I bequeath my
English weeds pasted on royal paper,
With my large folio of Indian cabbage.

Item, To my learned and worthy friend doctor Johannes Elscrickius, professor in anatomy, and my associate in the studies of nature, as an eternal monument of my affection and friendship for him, I bequeath
My rat's testicles, and
Whale's pizzle,
to him and his issue male; and in default of such

issue in the said doctor Elscrickius, then to return to my executor and his heirs for ever.

Having fully provided for my nephew Isaac, by making over to him some years since,

A horned Scarabæus,
The skin of a rattle-snake, and
The mummy of an Egyptian king,

I make no further provision for him in this my Will.

My eldest son John, having spoke disrespectfully of his little sister, whom I keep by me in spirits of wine, and in many other instances behaved himself undutifully towards me, I do disinherit, and wholly cut off from any part of this my personal estate, by giving him a single cockle-shell.

To my second son Charles I give and bequeath all my flowers, plants, minerals, mosses, shells, pebbles, fossils, beetles, butterflies, caterpillars, grasshoppers, and vermin, not above specified; as also all my monsters, both wet and dry; making the said Charles whole and sole executor of this my last will and testament; he paying, or causing to be paid, the aforesaid legacies within the space of six months after my decease. And I do hereby revoke all other wills whatsoever by me formerly made.

ADVERTISEMENT.

*** Whereas an ignorant upstart in astrology has publicly endeavoured to persuade the world, that he is the late John Partridge, who died the 28th of March, 1708: These are to certify all whom it may concern, that the true John Partridge was not only dead at that time, but continues so to this present day.

Beware of counterfeits, for such are abroad.

Nº 217. TUESDAY, AUGUST 29, 1710.

Atque deos atque astra vocat crudelia mater.

VIRG. Ecl. v. ver. 23.

She sigh'd, she sobb'd, and furious with despair,
Accused all the gods, and every star.

DRYDEN.

From my own Apartment, August 28.

As I was passing by a neighbour's house this morning, I overheard the wife of the family speaking things to her husband which gave me much disturbance, and put me in mind of a character which I wonder I have so long omitted, and that is, an outrageous species of the fair sex, which is distinguished by the term *Scolds.* The generality of women are by nature loquacious; therefore mere volubility of speech is not to be imputed to them, but should be considered with pleasure when it is used to express such passions as tend to sweeten or adorn conversation: but when through rage, females are vehement in their eloquence, nothing in the world has so ill an effect upon the features; for by the force of it I have seen the most amiable become the most deformed; and she that appeared one of the Graces, immediately turned into one of the Furies. I humbly conceive, the great cause of this evil may proceed from a false notion the ladies have of, what we call, a modest woman. They have too narrow a conception of this lovely character; and believe they have not at all forfeited their pretensions to it, pro-

vided they have no imputations on their chastity. But, alas! the young fellows know they pick out better women in the side-boxes, than many of those who pass upon the world and themselves for modest.

Modesty never rages, never murmurs, never pouts; when it is ill-treated, it pines, it beseeches, it languishes. The neighbour I mention is one of your common modest women, that is to say, those who are ordinarily reckoned such. Her husband knows every pain in life with her, but jealousy. Now, because she is clear in this particular, the man cannot say his soul is his own, but she cries, "No modest woman is respected now a-days." What adds to the comedy in this case is, that it is very ordinary with this sort of women to talk in the language of distress; they will complain of the forlorn wretchedness of their condition, and then the poor helpless creatures shall throw the next thing they can lay their hands on at the person who offends them. Our neighbour was only saying to his wife, "she went a little too fine," when she immediately pulled his periwig off, and stamping it under her feet, wrung her hands, and said, "Never modest woman was so used." These ladies of irresistible modesty are those, who make virtue unamiable; not that they can be said to be virtuous, but as they live without scandal; and being under the common denomination of being such, men fear to meet their faults in those who are as agreeable as they are innocent.

I take the *Bully* among men, and the *Scold* among women, to draw the foundation of their actions from the same defect in the mind. A Bully thinks honour consists wholly in being brave; and therefore has regard to no one rule of life, if he preserves himself from the accusation of cowardice. The froward woman knows chastity to be the first merit in

a woman; and therefore, since no one can call her one ugly name, she calls all mankind all the rest.

These ladies, where their companions are so imprudent as to take their speeches for any other, than exercises of their own lungs and their husbands patience, gain by the force of being resisted, and flame with open fury, which is no way to be opposed but by being neglected; though at the same time human frailty makes it very hard, to relish the philosophy of contemning even frivolous reproach. There is a very pretty instance of this infirmity in the man of *the best sense that ever was*, no less a person than Adam himself. According to Milton's description of the first couple, as soon as they had fallen, and the turbulent passions of anger, hatred, and jealousy, first entered their breasts; Adam grew moody, and talked to his wife, as you may find it in the three hundred and fifty-ninth page, and ninth book, of *Paradise Lost*, in the *octavo* edition, which out of heroics, and put into domestic style, would run thus:

"Madam, if my advices had been of any authority with you, when that strange desire of gadding possessed you this morning, we had still been happy; but your cursed vanity and opinion of your own conduct, which is certainly very wavering when it seeks occasions of being proved, has ruined both yourself and me, who trusted you."

Eve had no fan in her hand to ruffle, or tucker to pull down; but with a reproachful air she answered:

"Sir, do you impute that to my desire of gadding, which might have happened to yourself, with all your wisdom and gravity? The serpent spoke so excellently, and with so good a grace, that——Besides, what harm had I ever done him, that he should design me any? Was I to have been always at your

side, I might as well have continued there, and been but your rib still: but if I was so weak a creature as you thought me, why did you not interpose your sage authority more absolutely? You denied me going as faintly, as you say I resisted the serpent. Had not you been too easy, neither you nor I had now transgressed."

Adam replied, "Why, Eve, hast thou the impudence to upbraid me as the cause of thy transgression for my indulgence to thee? Thus will it ever be with him, who trusts too much to woman. At the same time that she refuses to be governed, if she suffers by her obstinacy, she will accuse the man that shall leave her to herself."

> "Thus they in mutual accusation spent
> The fruitless hours, but neither self condemning;
> And of their vain contest appear'd no end."

This, to the modern, will appear but a very faint piece of conjugal enmity: but you are to consider, that they were but just begun to be angry, and they wanted new words for expressing their new passions; but by her accusing him of letting her go, and telling him how good a speaker, and how fine a gentleman the devil was, we must reckon, allowing for the improvements of time, that she gave him the same provocation as if she had called him cuckold. The passionate and familiar terms, with which the same case repeated daily for so many thousand years has furnished the present generation, were not then in use; but the foundation of debate has ever been the same, a contention about their merit and wisdom. Our general mother was a beauty; and hearing there was another now in the world, could not forbear, as Adam tells her, shewing herself, though to the devil, by whom the same vanity made her liable to be betrayed.

I cannot, with all the help of science and astrology, find any other remedy for this evil, but what was the medicine in this first quarrel; which was, as appears in the next book, that they were convinced of their being both weak, but the one weaker than the other.

If it were possible that the beauteous could but rage a little before a glass, and see their pretty countenances grow wild, it is not to be doubted but it would have a very good effect: but that would require temper: for Lady Firebrand, upon observing her features swell when her maid vexed her the other day, stamped her dressing-glass under her feet. In this case, when one of this temper is moved, she is like a witch in an operation, and makes all things turn round with her. The very fabric is in a vertigo when she begins to charm. In an instant, whatever was the occasion that moved her blood, she has such intolerable servants, Betty is so aukward, Tom cannot carry a message, and her husband has so little respect for her, that she, poor woman, is weary of this life, and was born to be unhappy.

Desunt multa.

ADVERTISEMENT.

*** The season now coming on in which the town will begin to fill, Mr. Bickerstaff gives notice, That from the first of *October* next, he will be much wittier than he has hitherto been.

N° 218. THURSDAY, AUGUST 31, 1710.

Scriptorum chorus omnis amat nemus, et fugit urbes.

HOR. 2 Ep. ii. 77.

The tribe of Writers, to a man, admire
The peaceful grove, and from the town retire.

FRANCIS.

From my own Apartment, August 30.

I CHANCED to rise very early one particular morning this summer, and took a walk into the country to divert myself among the fields and meadows, while the green was new, and the flowers in their bloom. As at this season of the year every lane is a beautiful walk, and every hedge full of nosegays; I lost myself with a great deal of pleasure among several thickets and bushes, that were filled with a great variety of birds, and an agreeable confusion of notes, which formed the pleasantest scene in the world to one who had passed a whole winter in noise and smoke. The freshness of the dews that lay upon every thing about me, with the cool breath of the morning, which inspired the birds with so many delightful instincts, created in me the same kind of animal pleasure, and made my heart overflow with such secret emotions of joy and satisfaction as are not to be described or accounted for. On this occasion, I could not but reflect upon a beautiful *similè* in Milton:

As one who long in populous city pent,
Where houses thick and sewers annoy the air,
Forth issuing on a summer's morn, to breathe
Among the pleasant villages and farms
Adjoin'd, from each thing met conceives delight:
The smell of grain, or tedded grass, or kine,
Or dairy, each rural sight, each rural sound.

Those who are conversant in the writings of polite authors, receive an additional entertainment from the country, as it revives in their memories those charming descriptions, with which such authors do frequently abound.

I was thinking of the foregoing beautiful *similè* in Milton, and applying it to myself, when I observed to the windward of me a black cloud falling to the earth in long trails of rain, which made me betake myself for shelter to a house I saw at a little distance from the place where I was walking. As I sat in the porch, I heard the voices of two or three persons, who seemed very earnest in discourse. My curiosity was raised when I heard the names of *Alexander* the Great and *Artaxerxes*; and as their talk seemed to run on ancient heroes, I concluded there could not be any secret in it; for which reason I thought I might very fairly listen to what they said.

After several parallels between great men, which appeared to me altogether groundless and chimerical, I was surprized to hear one say, that he valued the *Black Prince* more than the duke of *Vendosme*. How the duke of *Vendosme* should become a rival of the *Black Prince*, I could not conceive: and was more startled when I heard a second affirm with great vehemence, that if the emperor of *Germany* was not going off, he should like him better than either of them. He added, that though the season was so changeable, the duke of *Marlborough* was in blooming beauty. I was wondering to myself from whence

they had received this odd intelligence; especially when I heard them mention the names of several other great generals, as the prince of *Hesse*, and the king of *Sweden*, who, they said, were both running away. To which they added, what I entirely agreed with them in, that the crown of *France* was very weak, but that the marshal *Villars* still kept his colours. At last one of them told the company, if they would go along with him, he would shew them a chimney-sweeper and a painted lady in the same bed, which he was sure would very much please them. The shower, which had driven them as well as myself into the house, was now over: and as they were passing by me into the garden, I asked them to let me be one of their company.

The gentleman of the house told me, "if I delighted in flowers, it would be worth my while; for that he believed he could shew me such a blow of tulips, as was not to be matched in the whole country."

I accepted the offer, and immediately found that they had been talking in terms of gardening, and that the kings and generals they had mentioned were only so many tulips, to which the gardeners, according to their usual custom, had given such high titles and appellations of honour.

I was very much pleased and astonished at the glorious show of these gay vegetables, that arose in great profusion on all the banks about us. Sometimes I considered them with the eye of an ordinary spectator, as so many beautiful objects varnished over with a natural gloss, and stained with such a variety of colours, as are not to be equalled in any artificial dyes or tinctures. Sometimes I considered every leaf as an elaborate piece of tissue, in which the threads and fibres were woven together into different configurations, which gave a different colouring to

the light as it glanced on the several parts of the surface. Sometimes I considered the whole bed of tulips, according to the notion of the greatest mathematician and philosopher that ever lived*, as a multitude of optic instruments, designed for the separating light into all those various colours of which it is composed.

I was awakened out of these my philosophical speculations, by observing the company often seemed to laugh at me. I accidentally praised a tulip as one of the finest I ever saw; upon which they told me, it was a common Fool's Coat. Upon that I praised a second, which it seems was but another kind of Fool's Coat. I had the same fate with two or three more; for which reason I desired the owner of the garden to let me know which were the finest of the flowers; for that I was so unskilful in the art, that I thought the most beautiful were the most valuable, and that those which had the gayest colours were the most beautiful. The gentleman smiled at my ignorance. He seemed a very plain honest man, and a person of good sense, had not his head been touched with that distemper which *Hippocrates* calls the Τυλιππομανια, *Tulippomania*; insomuch that he would talk very rationally on any subject in the world but a tulip.

He told me, "that he valued the bed of flowers which lay before us, and was not above twenty yards in length and two in breadth, more than he would the best hundred acres of land in England;" and added, "that it would have been worth twice the money it is, if a foolish cook-maid of his had not almost *ruined him* the last winter, by mistaking a handful of tulip-roots for an heap of onions, and by that means," says he, "made me *a dish of por-*

* Sir Isaac Newton.

ridge that cost me above a thousand pounds sterling." He then shewed me what he thought the finest of his tulips, which I found received all their value from their rarity and oddness, and put me in mind of your great fortunes, which are not always the greatest beauties.

I have often looked upon it as a piece of happiness, that I have never fallen into any of these fantastical tastes, nor esteemed any thing the more for its being uncommon and hard to be met with. For this reason, I look upon the whole country in spring-time as a spacious garden, and make as many visits to a spot of daisies, or a bank of violets, as a florist does to his borders or parterres. There is not a bush in blossom within a mile of me which I am not acquainted with, nor scarce a daffodil or cowslip that withers away in my neighbourhood without my missing it. I walked home in this temper of mind through several fields and meadows with an unspeakable pleasure, not without reflecting on the bounty of Providence, which has made the most pleasing and most beautiful objects the most ordinary and most common.

N°219. SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 2, 1710.

—————— *Solutos*
Qui captat risus hominum, famamque dicacis—
Affectat, niger est; hunc, tu Romane, caveto.

HOR. 1. Sat. iv. 82.

Who trivial bursts of laughter strives to raise,
And courts of prating petulance the praise,
This man is vile; here, Roman, fix your mark;
His soul is black, as his complexion's dark.

FRANCIS.

From my own Apartment, September 1.

NEVER were men so perplexed as a select company of us were this evening with a couple of professed wits, who, through our ill-fortune, and their own confidence, had thought fit to pin themselves upon a gentleman who had owned to them, that he was going to meet such and such persons, and named us one by one. These pert puppies immediately resolved to come with him; and from the beginning to the end of the night entertained each other with impertinences, to which we were perfect strangers. I am come home very much tired; for the affliction was so irksome to me, that it surpasses all other I ever knew, insomuch that I cannot reflect upon this sorrow with pleasure, though it is past.

An easy manner of conversation is the most desirable quality a man can have; and for that reason coxcombs will take upon them to be familiar with people whom they never saw before. What adds to the vexation of it is, that they will act upon the foot

of knowing you by fame; and rally with you, as they call it, by repeating what your enemies say of you; and court you, as they think, by uttering to your face, at a wrong time, all the kind things your friends speak of you in your absence.

These people are the more dreadful, the more they have of what is usually called wit: for a lively imagination, when it is not governed by a good understanding, makes such miserable havock both in conversation and business, that it lays you defenceless, and fearful to throw the least word in its way, that may give it new matter for its further errors.

Tom Mercet has as quick a fancy as any one living; but there is no reasonable man can bear him half an hour. His purpose is to entertain, and it is of no consequence to him what is said, so it be what is called well said; as if a man must bear a wound with patience, because he that pushed at you came up with a good air and mien. That part of life which we spend in company is the most pleasing of all our moments; and therefore I think our behaviour in it should have its laws, as well as the part of our being which is generally esteemed the more important. From hence it is, that from long experience I have made it a maxim, That however we may pretend to take satisfaction in sprightly mirth and high jollity, there is no great pleasure in any company where the basis of the society is not mutual good-will. When this is in the room, every trifling circumstance, the most minute accident, the absurdity of a servant, the repetition of an old story, the look of a man when he is telling it, the most indifferent and the most ordinary occurrences, are matters which produce mirth and good-humour. I went to spend an hour after this manner with some friends, who enjoy it in perfection whenever they meet, when those destroyers above-mentioned came in up-

on us. There is not a man among them who has any notion of distinction of superiority to one another, either in their fortunes or their talents, when they are in company. Or if any reflection to the contrary occurs in their thoughts, it only strikes a delight upon their minds, that so much wisdom and power is in possession of one whom they love and esteem.

In these my Lucubrations, I have frequently dwelt upon this one topic. The above maxim would make short work for us reformers; for it is only want of making this a position that renders some characters bad, which would otherwise be good. Tom Mercet means no man ill, but does ill to every body. His ambition is to be witty; and to carry on that design, he breaks through all things that other people hold sacred. If he thought that wit was no way to be used but to the advantage of society, that sprightliness would have a new turn; and we should expect what he is going to say with satisfaction instead of fear. It is no excuse for being mischievous, that a man is mischievous without malice; nor will it be thought an atonement, that the ill was done not to injure the party concerned, but to divert the indifferent.

It is, methinks, a very great error, that we should not profess honesty in conversation, as much as in commerce. If we consider, that there is no greater misfortune than to be ill received; where we love the turning a man to ridicule among his friends, we rob him of greater enjoyments than he could have purchased by his wealth; yet he that laughs at him would, perhaps, be the last man who would hurt him in this case of less consequence. It has been said, the history of Don Quixote utterly destroyed the spirit of gallantry in the Spanish nation; and I believe we may say much more truly, that the humour

of ridicule has done as much injury to the true relish of company in England.

Such satisfactions as arise from the secret comparison of ourselves to others, with relation to their inferior fortunes or merit, are mean and unworthy. The true and high state of conversation is, when men communicate their thoughts to each other upon such subjects, and in such a manner, as would be pleasant if there were no such thing as folly in the world; for it is but a low condition of wit in one man, which depends upon folly in another.

P. S. I was here interrupted by the receipt of my letters, among which is one from a lady, who is not a little offended at my translation of the discourse between Adam and Eve. She pretends to tell me my own, as she calls it, and quotes several passages in my works, which tend to the utter disunion of man and wife. Her epistle will best express her. I have made an extract of it, and shall insert the most material passages.

"I suppose you know we women are not too apt to forgive: for which reason, before you concern yourself any further with our sex, I would advise you to answer what is said against you by those of your own. I inclose to you business enough, until you are ready for your promise of being witty. You must not expect to say what you please, without admitting others to make the same liberty. Marry come up! you a Censor? Pray read over all *these pamphlets*, and *these notes* upon your Lucubrations; by that time you shall hear further. It is, I suppose, from such as you, that people learn to be censorious, for which I and all our sex have an utter aversion; when once people come to take the liberty to wound reputations———"

This is the main body of the letter; but she bids me turn over, and there I find——

"Mr. Bickerstaff,

"If you will draw Mrs. Cicely Trippet, according to the inclosed description, I will forgive you all."

"To Isaac Bickerstaff, Esquire.

"The humble Petition of Joshua Fairlove of *Stepney*,

"Sheweth,

"That your Petitioner is a general lover, who for some months last past has made it his whole business to frequent the by-paths and roads near his dwelling, for no other purpose but to hand such of the fair sex as are obliged to pass through them.

"That he has been at great expence for clean gloves to offer his hand with.

"That towards the evening he approaches near *London*, and employs himself as a convoy towards home.

"Your Petitioner therefore most humbly prays, that for such his humble services he may be allowed the title of an Esquire."

Mr. Morphew has orders to carry the proper instruments; and the Petitioner is hereafter to be writ to upon gilt paper, by the title of Joshua Fairlove, Esquire.

Nº 220. TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 5, 1710.

Insani sapiens nomen ferat, æquus iniqui,
Ultra quam satis est, virtutem si petat ipsam.
HOR. 1 Ep. vi. 15.

Even virtue, when pursu'd with warmth extreme,
Turns into vice, and fools the sage's fame.
FRANCIS.

From my own Apartment, September 4.

HAVING received many letters filled with compliments and acknowledgements for my late useful discovery of the *political* Barometer, I shall here communicate to the public an account of my *ecclesiastical* Thermometer, the latter giving as manifest prognostications of the changes and revolutions in church, as the former does of those in state; and both of them being absolutely necessary for every prudent subject who is resolved to keep what he has, and get what he can.

The *church* Thermometer, which I am now to treat of, is supposed to have been invented in the reign of Henry the Eighth, about the time when that religious prince put some to death for owning the Pope's supremacy, and others for denying transubstantiation. I do not find, however, any great use made of this instrument, until it fell into the hands of a learned and vigilant priest or minister, for he frequently wrote himself both one and the other, who was some time Vicar of *Bray*. This gentleman lived in his vicarage to a good old age;

and, after having seen several successions of his neighbouring clergy either burned or banished, departed this life with the satisfaction of having never deserted his flock, and died Vicar of *Bray*. As this Glass was first designed to calculate the different degrees of heat in religion, as it raged in popery, or as it cooled and grew temperate in the Reformation; it was marked at several distances, after the manner our ordinary thermometer is to this day, *viz.* "Extreme Heat, Sultry Heat, Very Hot, Hot, Warm, Temperate, Cold, Just Freezing, Frost, Hard Frost, Great Frost, Extreme Cold."

It is well known, that Toricellius, the inventor of the common weather-glass, made the experiment in a long tube, which held thirty-two feet of water; and that a more modern *virtuoso*, finding such a machine altogether unwieldy and useless, and considering that thirty-two inches of quicksilver weighed as much as so many feet of water in a tube of the same circumference, invented that sizable instrument which is now in use. After this manner, that I might adapt the Thermometer I am now speaking of to the present constitution of our Church, as divided into High and Low, I have made some necessary variations both in the tube and the fluid it contains. In the first place, I ordered a tube to be cast in a planetary hour, and took care to seal it hermetically, when the Sun was in conjunction with *Saturn*. I then took the proper precautions about the fluid, which is a compound of two very different liquors; one of them a spirit drawn out of a strong heady wine; the other a particular sort of rock-water, colder than ice, and clearer than crystal. The spirit is of a red fiery colour, and so very apt to ferment, that unless it be mingled with a proportion of the water, or pent up

very close, it will burst the vessel that holds it, and fly up in fume and smoke. The water, on the contrary, is of such a subtle piercing cold, that, unless it be mingled with a proportion of the spirits, it will sink almost through every thing that it is put into: and seems to be of the same nature as the water mentioned by Quintus Curtius, which, says the historian, could be contained in nothing but in the hoof, or, as the Oxford manuscript has it, in the skull of an ass. The Thermometer is marked according to the following figure; which I set down at length, not only to give my reader a clear idea of it, but also to fill up my Paper.

Ignorance.
Persecution.
Wrath.
Zeal.
CHURCH.
Moderation.
Lukewarmness.
Infidelity.
Ignorance.

The reader will observe, that the Church is placed in the middle point of the glass, between Zeal and Moderation; the situation in which she always flourishes, and in which every good *Englishman* wishes her, who is a friend to the constitution of his country. However, when it mounts to Zeal, it is not amiss; and, when it sinks to Moderation, is still in a most admirable temper. The worst of it is, that when once it begins to rise, it has still an inclination to ascend; insomuch that it is apt to climb up from Zeal to Wrath, and from Wrath to Persecution, which always ends in Ignorance, and very often proceeds from it. In the same manner it frequently takes its progress through the lower

half of the glass; and, when it has a tendency to fall, will gradually descend from Moderation to Lukewarmness, and from Lukewarmness to Infidelity, which very often terminates in Ignorance, and always proceeds from it.

It is a common observation, that the ordinary Thermometer will be affected by the breathing of people who are in the room where it stands; and indeed it is almost incredible to conceive, how the glass I am now describing will fall by the breath of a multitude crying "Popery;" or, on the contrary, how it will rise when the same multitude, as it sometimes happens, cry out in the same breath, "The Church is in danger."

As soon as I had finished this my glass, and adjusted it to the above-mentioned scale of religion; that I might make proper experiments with it, I carried it under my cloke to several coffee-houses, and other places of resort about this great city. At Saint James's coffee-house the liquor stood at Moderation; but at Will's, to my great surprize, it subsided to the very lowest mark on the glass. At the Grecian it mounted but just one point higher; at the Rainbow it still ascended two degrees; Child's fetched it up to Zeal; and other adjacent coffee-houses, to Wrath.

It fell in the lower half of the glass as I went further into the city, until at length it settled at Moderation, where it continued all the time I staid about the Exchange, as also while I passed by the Bank. And here I cannot but take notice, that through the whole course of my remarks, I never observed my glass to rise at the same time the stocks did.

To complete the experiment, I prevailed upon a friend of mine, who works under me in the Occult Sciences, to make a progress with my glass through

the whole island of Great-Britain; and after his return, to present me with a register of his observations. I guessed before-hand at the temper of several places he passed through, by the characters they have had time out of mind. Thus that facetious divine, Dr. Fuller, speaking of the town of Banbury near a hundred years ago, tells us, it was a place famous for cakes and zeal, which I find by my glass is true to this day as to the latter part of this description; though I must confess, it is not in the same reputation for cakes that it was in the time of that learned author; and thus of other places. In short, I have now by me, digested in an alphabetical order, all the counties, corporations, and boroughs in Great-Britain, with their respective tempers, as they stand related to my Thermometer. But this I shall keep to myself, because I would by no means do any thing that may seem to influence any ensuing elections.

The point of doctrine which I would propagate by this my invention, is the same which was long ago advanced by that able teacher Horace, out of whom I have taken my text for this discourse. We should be careful not to over-shoot ourselves in the pursuits even of virtue. Whether Zeal or Moderation be the point we aim at, let us keep fire out of the one, and frost out of the other. But, alas! the world is too wise to want such a precaution. The terms High Church and Low Church, as commonly used, do not so much denote a principle, as they distinguish a party. They are like words of battle, they have nothing to do with their original signification; but are only given out to keep a body of men together, and to let them know friends from enemies.

I must confess I have considered, with some little attention, the influence which the opinions

of these great national sects have upon their practice; and do look upon it as one of the unaccountable things of our times, that multitudes of honest gentlemen, who entirely agree in their lives, should take it in their heads to differ in their religion.

N° 221. THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 7, 1710.

——————— Sicut meus est mos,
Nescio quid meditans nugarum, & totus in illis.

HOR. 1 Sat. IX. 1.

Musing, as wont, on this and that,
Such trifles, as I know not what.

FRANCIS.

From my own Apartment, September 6.

As I was this morning going out of my house, a little boy in a black coat delivered me the following letter. Upon asking who he was, he told me, that he belonged to my Lady Gimcrack. I did not at first recollect the name; but, upon inquiry, I found it to be the widow of Sir Nicholas, whose legacy I lately gave some account of to the world. The letter ran thus:

"Mr. Bickerstaff,

"I hope you will not be surprized to receive a letter from the widow Gimcrack. You know, Sir, that I have lately lost a very whimsical husband,

who, I find by one of your last week's Papers, was not altogether a stranger to you. When I married this gentleman, he had a very handsome estate; but upon buying a set of microscopes, he was chosen *a Fellow of the Royal Society; from which time I do not remember ever to have heard him speak as other people did*, or talk in a manner that any of his family could understand him He used, however, to pass away his time very innocently in conversation with several members of that learned body; for which reason, I never advised him against their company for several years, until at last I found his brain quite turned with their discourses. The first symptom which he discovered of his being a *Virtuoso*, as you call him, poor man! was about fifteen years ago; when he gave me positive orders to turn off an old weeding-woman, that had been employed in the family for some years. He told me, at the same time, that there was no such thing in nature as a weed, and that it was his design to let his garden produce what it pleased; so that, you may be sure, it makes a very pleasant show as it now lies. About the same time he took a humour to ramble up and down the country, and would often bring home with him his pockets full of moss and pebbles. This, you may be sure, gave me a heavy heart; though at the same time I must needs say, he had the character of a very honest man, notwithstanding he was reckoned a little weak, until he began to sell his estate, and buy those strange baubles that you have taken notice of. Upon Midsummer-day last, as he was walking with me in the fields, he saw a very odd-coloured butterfly just before us. I observed that he immediately changed colour, like a man that is surprized with a piece of good luck: and telling me, that it was what he had looked for above these twelve years, he threw off

his coat, and followed it. I lost sight of them both in less than a quarter of an hour; but my husband continued the chace over hedge and ditch until about sunset; at which time, as I was afterwards told, he caught the butterfly as she rested herself upon a cabbage, near five miles from the place where he first put her up. He was here lifted from the ground by some passengers in a very fainting condition, and brought home to me about midnight. His violent exercise threw him into a fever, which grew upon him by degrees, and at last carried him off. In one of the intervals of his distemper he called to me, and, after having excused himself for running out his estate, he told me, that he had always been more industrious to improve his mind than his fortune; and that his family must rather value themselves upon his memory as he was a wise man, than a rich one. He then told me, that it was a custom among the Romans for a man to give his slaves their liberty when he lay upon his death-bed. I could not imagine what this meant, until, after having a little composed himself, he ordered me to bring him a flea which he had kept for several months in a chain, with a design, as he said, to give it its manumission. This was done accordingly. He then made the Will, which I have since seen printed in your Works word for word. Only I must take notice, that you have omitted the codicil, in which he left a large *Concha Veneris*, as it is there called, to *a Member of the Royal Society*, who was often with him in his sickness, and *assisted him in his will*. And now, Sir, I come to the chief business of my letter, which is to desire your friendship and assistance in the disposal of those many rarities and curiosities which lie upon my hands. If you know any one that has an occasion for a parcel of dried spiders, I will sell them a penny-

worth. I could likewise let any one have a bargain of cockle shells. I would also desire your advice, whether I had best sell my beetles in a lump, or by retail. The gentleman above-mentioned, who was my husband's friend, would have me make an auction of all his goods, and is now drawing up a catalogue of every particular for that purpose, with the two following words in great letters over the head of them, *Auctio Grimcrackiana*. But, upon talking with him, I begin to suspect he is as mad as poor Sir Nicholas was. Your advice in all these particulars will be a great piece of charity to,

Sir,

Your most humble servant,

ELIZABETH GIMCRACK."

I shall answer the foregoing letter, and give the widow my best advice, as soon as I can find out chapmen for the wares which she has to put off. In the mean time, I shall give my reader the sight of a letter, which I have received from another female correspondent by the same post.

"GOOD MR. BICKERSTAFF,

"I am convinced by a late Paper of yours, that a passionate woman, who among the common people goes under the name of a scold, is one of the most insupportable creatures in the world. But, alas! Sir, what can we do? I have made a thousand vows and resolutions every morning, to guard myself against this frailty; but have generally broken them before dinner, and could never in my life hold out until the second course was set upon the table. What most troubles me is, that my husband is as patient and good-natured as your own Worship, or any man living can be. Pray give me some directions, for I would observe the strictest and se-

verest rules you can think of to cure myself of this distemper, which is apt to fall into my tongue every moment. I am, Sir,

Your most humble servant, &c."

In answer to this most unfortunate lady, I must acquaint her, that there is now in town an ingenious physician of my acquaintance, who undertakes to cure all the vices and defects of the mind by inward medicines or outward applications. I shall give the world an account of his patients and his cures in other Papers, when I shall be more at leisure to treat upon this subject. I shall only here inform my correspondent, that, for the benefit of such ladies as are troubled with virulent tongues, he has prepared a cold-bath, over which there is fastened, at the end of a long pole, a very convenient chair, curiously gilt and carved. When the patient is seated in this chair, the doctor lifts up the pole, and gives her two or three total immersions in the cold-bath, until such time as she has quite lost the use of speech. This operation so effectually chills the tongue, and refrigerates the blood, that a woman, who at her entrance into the chair is extremely passionate and sonorous, will come out as silent and gentle as a lamb. The doctor told me, he would not practise this experiment upon women of fashion, had not he seen it made upon those of meaner condition with very good effect.

N° 222. SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 9, 1710.

——————— *Chrysidis udas*
Ebrius ante fores extinctâ cum face cantat.
PERSIUS, Sat. V. 165.

Shall I, at Chrysis' door the night prolong
With midnight serenade, or drunken song?
R. WYNNE.

From my own Apartment, September 8.

WHEREAS, by letters from Nottingham, we have advice, that the young ladies of that place complain for want of sleep, by reason of certain riotous lovers, who for this last summer have very much infested the streets of that eminent city, with violins and bass-viols, between the hours of 12 and 4 in the morning, to the great disturbance of many of her Majesty's peaceable subjects: And whereas I have been importuned to publish some edict against those midnight alarms, which, under the name of serenades, do greatly annoy many well-disposed persons, not only in the place above-mentioned, but also in most of the polite towns of this island: I have taken that matter into my serious consideration, and do find that this custom is by no means to be indulged in this country and climate.

It is indeed very unaccountable, that most of our British youth should take such great delight in these nocturnal expeditions. Your robust true-born Briton, that has not yet felt the force of flames and darts, has a natural inclination to break windows;

while those whose natural ruggedness has been soothed and softened by gentle passions, have as strong a propensity to languish under them, especially if they have a fidler behind them to utter their complaints: for, as the custom prevails at present, there is scarce a young man of any fashion in a corporation, who does not make love with the town-music. The Waits often help him through his courtship; and my friend Banister * has told me, he was proffered five hundred pounds by a young fellow, to play but one winter under the window of a lady, that was a great fortune, but more cruel than ordinary. One would think they hoped to conquer their mistresses hearts as people tame hawks and eagles, by keeping them awake, or breaking their sleep when they are fallen into it.

I have endeavoured to search into the original of this impertinent way of making love, which, according to some authors, is of great antiquity. If we may believe Monsieur Dacier and other critics, Horace's tenth Ode of the third book was originally a Serenade. And if I was disposed to shew my learning, I could produce a line of him in another place, which seems to have been the burden of an old heathen Serenade.

—— *Audis minùs, & minùs jam,*
" *Me tuo longas pereunte noctes,*
" *Lydia, dormis?*" HOR. 1 Od. xxv. 8.

Now less and less assail thine ear
These plaints, " Ah! sleepest thou, my dear,
" While I, whole nights, thy True-love here
" Am dying?"
FRANCIS.

But notwithstanding the opinions of many learned men upon this subject, I rather agree with them

* Mr. John Banister, a composer, and at the head of the band in Drury lane.

who look upon this custom, as now practised, to have been introduced by castrated musicians; who found out this method of applying themselves to their mistresses at these hours, when men of hoarser voices express their passions in a more vulgar method. It must be confessed, that your Italian eunuchs do practise this manner of courtship to this day.

But whoever were the persons that first thought of the Serenade, the authors of all countries are unanimous in ascribing the invention to Italy.

There are two circumstances, which qualified that country above all others for this midnight music.

The first I shall mention was the softness of their climate.

This gave the lover opportunities of being abroad in the air, or of lying upon the earth whole hours together, without fear of damps or dews; but as for our tramontane lovers, when they begin their midnight complaint with,

> My lodging upon the cold ground is,

we are not to understand them in the rigour of the letter; since it would be impossible for a British swain to condole himself long in that situation, without dying for his mistress. A man might as well serenade in Greenland as in our region. Milton seems to have had in his thoughts the absurdity of these northern Serenades, in the censure which he passes upon them:

> ——————— Or midnight ball,
> Or Serenade, which the starv'd lover sings
> To his proud fair, best quitted with disdain.

The truth of it is, I have often pitied, in a winter night, a vocal musician, and have attributed

many of his trills and quavers to the coldness of the weather.

The second circumstance which inclined the Italians to this custom, was that musical genius which is so universal among them. Nothing is more frequent in that country, than to hear a cobler working to an opera-tune. You can scarce see a porter that has not one nail much longer than the rest, which you will find, upon inquiry, is cherished for some instrument. In short, there is not a labourer, or handicraft-man, that in the cool of the evening does not relieve himself with solos and sonatas.

The Italian sooths his mistress with a plaintive voice; and bewails himself in such melting music, that the whole neighbourhood sympathizes with him in his sorrow.

Qualis populeâ mœrens Philomela sub umbrâ ——
Flet noctem, ramoque sedens, miserabile carmen
Integrat, & mœstis latè loca questibus implet.

VIRG. Georg. IV. 511.

Thus Philomel beneath the poplar shade
With plaintive murmurs warbles through the glade —
Her notes harmonious tedious nights prolong,
And Echo multiplies the mournful song.

R. WYNNE.

On the contrary, our honest countrymen have so little an inclination to music, that they seldom begin to sing until they are drunk; which also is usually the time when they are most disposed to serenade.

N° 223. TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 12, 1710.

For when upon their ungot heirs,
Th' entail themselves and all that 's theirs,
What blinder bargain e'er was driv'n,
Or wager laid at six and seven,
To pass themselves away, and turn
Their children's tenants ere they 're born? HUD.

From my own Apartment, September 11.

I HAVE been very much solicited by Clarinda, Flavia, and Lysetta, to re-assume my discourse concerning the methods of disposing honourably the unmarried part of the world, and taking off those bars to it, jointures and settlements; which are not only the greatest impediments towards entering into that state, but also the frequent causes of distrust and animosity in it after it is consummated. I have with very much attention considered this case; and among all the observations that I have made through a long course of years, I have thought the coldness of wives to their husbands, as well as disrespect from children to parents, to arise from this one source. This trade for minds and bodies in the lump, without regard to either, but as they are accompanied with such sums of money, and such parcels of land, cannot but produce a commerce between the parties concerned, suitable to the mean motives upon which they at first came together. I have heretofore given an account, that this method of making settlements was first invented by a griping lawyer, who made use of the covetous tem-

pers of the parents of each side, to force two young people into these vile measures of diffidence, for no other end but to increase the skins of parchment, by which they were put into each other's possession out of each other's power. The law of our country has given an ample and generous provision for the wife, even the third of her husband's estate, and left to her good-humour and his gratitude the expectation of further provision; but the fantastical method of going further, with relation to their heirs, has a foundation in nothing but pride and folly: for as all men wish their children as like themselves, and as much better as they can possibly, it seems monstrous that we should give out of ourselves the opportunities of rewarding and discouraging them according to their deserts. This wise institution has no more sense in it, than if a man should begin a deed with, "Whereas no man living knows how long he shall continue to be a living creature, or an honest man. And whereas I *B.* am going to enter into the state of matrimony with Mrs. *D.* therefore I shall from henceforth make it indifferent to me whether from this time forward I shall be a fool or a knave. And therefore, in full and perfect health of body, and a sound mind, not knowing which of my children will prove better or worse, I give to my first-born, be he perverse, ungrateful, impious, or cruel, the lump and bulk of my estate; and leave one year's purchase only to each of my younger children, whether they shall be brave or beautiful, modest or honourable, from the time of the date hereof, wherein I resign my senses, and hereby promise to employ my judgment no further in the distribution of my worldly goods from the day of the date hereof; hereby further confessing and covenanting, that I am from henceforth married, and dead in law."

There is no man that is conversant in modern settlements, but knows this is an exact translation of what is inserted in these instruments. Mens passions could only make them submit to such terms; and therefore all unreasonable bargains in marriage ought to be set aside, as well as deeds extorted from men under force, or in prison, who are altogether as much masters of their actions, as he that is possessed with a violent passion.

How strangely men are sometimes partial to themselves, appears by the rapine of him that has a daughter's beauty under his direction. He will make no scruple of using it to force from her lover as much of his estate as is worth ten thousand pounds, and at the same time, as a justice on the bench, will spare no pains to get a man hanged that has taken but a horse from him.

It is to be hoped the legislature will in due time take this kind of robbery into consideration, and not suffer men to prey upon each other when they are about making the most solemn league, and entering into the strictest bonds. The only sure remedy is to fix a certain rate on every woman's fortune; one price for that of a maid, and another for that of a widow: for it is of infinite advantage, that there should be no frauds or uncertainties in the sale of our women.

If any man should exceed the settled rate, he ought to be at liberty after seven years are over, by which time his love may be supposed to abate a little, if it is not founded upon reason, to renounce the bargain, and be freed from the settlement upon restoring the portion; as a youth married under fourteen years old may be off, if he pleases, when he comes to age, and as a man is discharged from all bargains but that of marriage, made when he is under twenty-one.

It grieves me when I consider, that these restraints upon matrimony take away the advantage we should otherwise have over other countries, which are sunk much by those great checks upon propagation, the *convents*. It is thought chiefly owing to these, that Italy and Spain want above half their complement of people. Were the price of wives always fixed and settled, it would contribute to filling the nation, more than all the encouragements that can possibly be given to foreigners to transplant themselves hither.

I therefore, as censor of Britain, until a law is made, will lay down rules which shall be observed, with penalty of degrading all that break them, into *Pretty Fellows, Smarts, Squibs, Hunting-Horns, Drums,* and *Bagpipes.*

The females that are guilty of breaking my orders, I shall respectively pronounce to be *Kits, Hornpipes, Dulcimers,* and *Kettle-drums.* Such widows as wear the spoils of one husband, I will bury, if they attempt to rob another.

I ordain, That no woman ever demand one shilling to be paid after her husband's death, more than the very sum she brings him, or an equivalent for it in land.

That no settlement be made, in which the man settles on his children more than the reversion of the jointure, or the value of it in money; so that at his death, he may in the whole be bound to pay his family but double to what he has received. I would have the eldest, as well as the rest, have his provision out of this.

When men are not able to come up to those settlements I have proposed, I would have them receive so much of the portion only as they can come up to, and the rest to go to the woman by way of

pin money, or separate maintenance. In this, I think, I determine equally between the two sexes.

If any lawyer varies from these rules, or is above two days in drawing a marriage-settlement, or uses more words in it than one skin of parchment will contain, or takes above five pounds for drawing it, I would have him thrown over the bar.

Were these rules observed, a woman with a small fortune, and a great deal of worth, would be sure to marry according to her deserts, if the man's estate were to be less incumbered, in proportion as her fortune is less than he might have with others.

A man of a great deal of merit, and not much estate, might be chosen for his worth; because it would not be difficult for him to make a settlement.

The man that loves a woman best, would not lose her for not being able to bid so much as another, or for not complying with an extravagant demand.

A fine woman would no more be set up to auction as she is now. When a man puts in for her, her friends or herself take care to publish it; and the man that was the first bidder is made no other use of but to raise the price. He that loves her will continue in waiting as long as she pleases, if her fortune be thought equal to his; and, under pretence of some failure in the rent-roll, or difficulties in drawing the settlement, he is put off until a better bargain is made with another.

All the rest of the sex, that are not rich or beautiful to the highest degree, are plainly gainers, and would be married so fast, that the least charming of them would soon grow beauties to the bachelors.

Widows might be easily married, if they would not, as they do now, set up for discreet, only by being mercenary.

The making matrimony cheap and easy would be the greatest discouragement to vice: the limiting the expence of children would not make men ill inclined, or afraid of having them in a regular way; and the men of merit would not live unmarried, as they often do now, because the goodness of a wife cannot be insured to them; but the loss of an estate is certain, and a man would never have the affliction of a worthless heir added to that of a bad wife.

I am the more serious, large, and particular on this subject, because my Lucubrations, designed for the encouragement of virtue, cannot have the desired success as long as this incumbrance of settlements continues upon matrimony.

N° 224. THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 14, 1710.

Materiam superabat opus. ———

OVID. Met. II. 5.

The matter equall'd not the artist's skill.

R. WYNNE.

From my own Apartment, September 13.

It is my custom, in a dearth of news, to entertain myself with those collections of advertisements that appear at the end of all our public prints. These I consider as accounts of news from the little world, in the same manner that the foregoing parts of the

paper are from the great. If in one we hear that a sovereign prince is fled from his capital city, in the other we hear of a tradesman who hath shut up his shop, and run away. If in one we find the victory of a general, in the other we see the desertion of a private soldier. I must confess I have a certain weakness in my temper, that is often very much affected by these little domestic occurrences, and have frequently been caught with tears in my eyes over a melancholy advertisement.

But to consider this subject in its most ridiculous lights, advertisements are of great use to the vulgar. First of all, as they are instruments of ambition. A man that is by no means big enough for the Gazette, may easily creep into the advertisements; by which means we often see an apothecary in the same paper of news with a plenipotentiary, or a running-footman with an ambassador. An advertisement from Piccadilly goes down to posterity with an article from Madrid, and John Bartlett * of Goodman's-fields is celebrated in the same paper with the emperor of Germany. Thus the fable tells us, that the wren mounted as high as the eagle, by getting upon his back.

A second use which this sort of writings hath been turned to of late years, has been the management of controversy; insomuch that above half the advertisements one meets with now-a-days are purely polemical. The inventors of "Strops for razors" have written against one another this way for several years, and that with great bitterness; as the whole argument *pro* and *con* in the case of "the morning-gown" is still carried on after the same manner. I need not mention the several pro-

* A truss-maker.

prietors of Dr. Anderson's pills; nor take notice of the many satirical works of this nature so frequently published by Dr. Clark, who has had the confidence to advertise upon that *learned* knight, my very worthy friend, Sir William Read: but I shall not interpose in their quarrel: Sir William can give him his own in advertisements, that, in the judgment of the impartial, are as well penned as the doctor's.

The third and last use of these writings is to inform the world, where they may be furnished with almost every thing that is necessary for life. If a man has pains in his head, colics in his bowels, or spots in his cloaths, he may here meet with proper cures and remedies. If a man would recover a wife or a horse that is stolen or strayed; if he wants new sermons, electuaries, asses milks, or any thing else, either for his body or mind; this is the place to look for them in.

The great art in writing advertisements, is the finding out a proper method to catch the reader's eye, without which a good thing may pass over unobserved, or be lost among commissions of bankrupts. Asterisks and hands were formerly of great use for this purpose. Of late years the N.B. has been much in fashion, as also little cuts or figures, the invention of which we must ascribe to the author of spring-trusses. I must not here omit the blind *Italian character*, which, being scarce legible, always fixes and detains the eye, and gives the curious reader something like the satisfaction of prying into a secret.

But the great skill in an advertiser is chiefly seen in the style which he makes use of. He is to mention "the universal esteem, or general reputation," of things that were never heard of. If he is a *physician* or *astrologer*, he much change his

lodgings frequently; and, though he never saw any body in them besides his own family, give public notice of it, "for the information of the nobility and gentry." Since I am thus usefully employed in writing criticisms on the works of these diminutive authors, I must not pass over in silence an advertisement, which has lately made its appearance, and is written altogether in a Ciceronian manner. It was sent to me, with *five shillings*, to be inserted among my advertisements; but as it is a pattern of good writing in this way, I shall give it a place in the body of my paper.

"The highest compounded spirit of lavender, the most glorious, *if the expression may be used*, enlivening scent and flavour that can possibly be, which so raptures the spirits, delights the gust, and gives such airs to the countenance, as are not to be imagined but by those that have tried it. The meanest sort of the thing is admired by most gentlemen and ladies; but this far more, as by far it exceeds it, to the gaining among all a more than common esteem. It is sold, in neat flint bottles fit for the pocket, only at the golden Key in Wharton's Court, near Holborn-bars, for three shillings and six-pence, with directions."

At the same time that I recommend the several flowers in which this spirit of lavender is wrapped up, *if the expression may be used*, I cannot excuse my fellow-labourers for admitting into their papers several uncleanly advertisements, not at all proper to appear in the works of polite writers. Among these I must reckon the "Carminative Wind-expelling Pills." If the doctor had called them only his Carminative Pills, he had been as cleanly as one could have wished; but the second word entirely destroys the decency of the first. There are other

absurdities of this nature so very gross, that I dare not mention them; and shall therefore dismiss this subject with a public admonition to Michael Parrot, That he do not presume any more to mention a certain worm he knows of, which, by the way, has grown seven feet in my memory; for, if I am not much mistaken, it is the same that was but nine feet long about six months ago.

By the remarks I have here made, it plainly appears, that a collection of advertisements is a kind of miscellany; the writers of which, contrary to all authors, except men of quality, give money to the booksellers who publish their copies. The genius of the bookseller is chiefly shewn in his method of ranging and digesting these little tracts. The last paper I took up in my hand places them in the following order.

The true Spanish blacking for shoes, &c.

Pease and plaisters, &c.

Nectar and Ambrosia, &c.

Four freehold tenements of fifteen pounds *per annum*, &c.

Annotations upon the Tatler, &c.

The present state of England, &c.

A commission of bankruptcy being awarded against B. L. bookseller, &c.

N° 225. SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 16, 1710.

——— *Si quid novisti rectius istis,*
Candidus imperti; si non, his utere mecum.
HOR. 1 Ep. VI. 67.

——— If a better system's thine,
Impart it frankly; or make use of mine.
FRANCIS.

From my own Apartment, September 15.

THE hours which we spend in conversation are the most pleasing of any which we enjoy; yet, methinks, there is very little care taken to improve ourselves for the frequent repetition of them. The common fault in this case is that of growing too intimate, and falling into displeasing familiarities: for it is a very ordinary thing for men to make no other use of a close acquaintance with each other's affairs, but to teaze one another with unacceptable allusions. One would pass over patiently such as converse like animals, and salute each other with bangs on the shoulder, sly raps with canes, or other robust pleasantries practised by the rural gentry of this nation: but even among those who should have more polite ideas of things, you see a set of people who invert the design of conversation, and make frequent mention of ungrateful subjects; nay, mention them because they are ungrateful; as if the perfection of society were in knowing how to offend on the one part, and how to bear an offence on the other. In all parts of this populous town, you find

the merry world made up of an active and a passive companion; one who has good-nature enough to suffer all his friend shall think fit to say, and one who is resolved to make the most of his good-humour to show his parts. In the trading part of mankind, I have ever observed the jest went by the weight of purses, and the ridicule is made up by the gains which arise from it. Thus the packer allows the clothier to say what he pleases; and the broker has his countenance ready to laugh with the merchant, though the abuse is to fall on himself, because he knows that, as a go-between, he shall find his account in being in the good graces of a man of wealth. Among these just and punctual people the richest man is ever the better jester; and they know no such thing as a person who shall pretend to a superior laugh at a man, who does not make him amends by opportunities of advantage in another kind: but among people of a different way, where the pretended distinction in company is only what is raised from sense and understanding, it is very absurd to carry on a rough raillery so far, as that the whole discourse should turn upon each other's infirmities, follies, or misfortunes.

I was this evening with a set of wags of this class. They appear generally by two and two; and what is most extraordinary, is, that those very persons who are most together appear least of a mind when joined by other company. This evil proceeds from an indiscreet familiarity, whereby a man is allowed to say the most grating thing imaginable to another, and it shall be accounted weakness to show an impatience for the unkindness. But this and all other deviations from the design of pleasing each other when we meet, are derived from interlopers in society; who want capacity to put in a stock among regular companions, and therefore supply their wants

by stale histories, sly observations, and rude hints, which relate to the conduct of others. All cohabitants in general run into this unhappy fault; men and their wives break into reflections, which are like so much Arabic to the rest of the company; sisters and brothers often make the like figure, from the same unjust sense of the art of being intimate and familiar. It is often said, such a one cannot stand the mention of such a circumstance; if he cannot, I am sure it is for want of discourse, or a worse reason, that any companion of his touches upon it.

Familiarity, among the truly well-bred, never gives authority to trespass upon one another in the most minute circumstance; but it allows to be kinder than we ought otherwise to presume to be. Eusebius has wit, humour, and spirit; but there never was a man in his company who wished he had less; for he understands familiarity so well, that he knows how to make use of it in a way, that neither makes himself or his friend contemptible; but if any one is lessened by his freedom, it is he himself, who always likes the place, the diet, and the reception, when he is in the company of his friends. Equality is the life of conversation; and he is as much out who assumes to himself any part above another, as he who considers himself below the rest of the society. Familiarity in inferiors is sauciness; in superiors, condescension; neither of which are to have being among companions, the very word implying that they are to be equal. When, therefore, we have abstracted the company from all considerations of their quality or fortune, it will immediately appear, that to make it happy and polite, there must nothing be started which shall discover, that our thoughts run upon any such distinctions. Hence it will arise, that benevolence

must become the rule of society, and he that is most obliging must be most diverting.

This way of talking I am fallen into from the reflection that I am, wherever I go, entertained with some absurdity, mistake, weakness, or ill-luck of some man or other, whom not only I, but the person who makes me those relations, has a value for. It would therefore be a great benefit to the world, if it could be brought to pass, that no story should be a taking one, but what was to the advantage of the person of whom it is related. By this means, he that is now a wit in conversation, would be considered as a spreader of false news is in business.

But above all, to make a familiar fit for a bosom friend, it is absolutely necessary that we should always be inclined rather to hide, than rally each others infirmities. To suffer for a fault is a sort of atonement; and no body is concerned for the offence for which he has made reparation.

P. S. I have received the following letter, which rallies me for being witty sooner than I designed; but I have now altered my resolution, and intend to be facetious until the day in October heretofore mentioned, instead of beginning from that day.

"MR. BICKERSTAFF, *Sept.* 6, 1710.

"By your own reckoning, you came yesterday about a month before the time you looked yourself, much to the satisfaction of

Your most obliged, humble servant,

PLAIN ENGLISH."

St. James's Coffee-house, September 15.

Advices from Madrid of the eighth say, the duke of Anjou, with his court, and all the councils, were preparing to leave that place in a day or two, in order to remove to Valladolid. They add, that the palace was already unfurnished.

N° 226. TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 19, 1710.

— *Juvenis quondam, nunc femina, Cæneus,*
Rursus & in veterem fato revoluta figuram.
VIRG. Æn. VI. 448.

Cæneus, a woman once, and once a man;
But ending in the sex she first began. DRYDEN.

From my own Apartment, September 18.

It is one of the designs of this paper to transmit to posterity an account of every thing that is monstrous in my own times. For this reason, I shall here publish to the world the life of a person who was neither man nor woman; as written by one of my ingenious correspondents, who seems to have imitated Plutarch in that multifarious erudition, and those occasional dissertations, which he has wrought into the body of his history. The life I am putting out is that of Margery, alias John Young, commonly known by the name of Doctor Young; who, as the town very well knows, was a woman that practised physic in a man's cloaths, and, after having had two wives and several children, died about a month since.

"Sir,

"I here make bold to trouble you with a short account of the famous Doctor Young's life, which you may call, if you please, a second part of the farce of the *Sham Doctor*. This perhaps will not seem so strange to you, who, if I am not mistaken, have somewhere mentioned with honour your sister

Kirleus, as a practitioner both in physic and astrology: but, in the common opinion of mankind, a she-quack is altogether as strange and astonishing a creature, as the Centaur that practised physic in the days of Achilles, or as king Phys in the *Rehearsal.* Æsculapius, the great founder of your art, was particularly famous for his beard, as we may conclude from the behaviour of a tyrant, who is branded by heathen historians as guilty both of sacrilege and blasphemy; having robbed the statue of Æsculapius of a thick bushy golden beard, and then alledged for his excuse, That it was a shame the son should have a beard, when his father Apollo had none. This latter instance indeed seems something to favour a female professor, since, as I have been told, the antient statues of Apollo are generally made with the head and face of a woman: nay, I have been credibly informed by those who have seen them both, that the famous Apollo in the Belvedera did very much resemble Doctor Young. Let that be as it will, the Doctor was a kind of Amazon in physic, that made as great devastations and slaughters as any of our chief heroes in the art, and was as fatal to the English in these our days, as the famous Joan d'Arc was in those of our forefathers.

"I do not find any thing remarkable in the life which I am about to write until the year 1695; at which time the Doctor, being about twenty-three years old, was brought to-bed of a bastard-child. The scandal of such a misfortune gave so great an uneasiness to pretty Mrs. Peggy, for that was the name by which the Doctor was then called, that she left her family, and followed her lover to London, with a fixed resolution some way or other to recover her lost reputation: but instead of changing her life, which one would have expected from so

good a disposition of mind, she took it in her head to change her sex. This was soon done by the help of a sword and a pair of breeches. I have reason to believe, that her first design was to turn man-midwife, having herself had some experience in those affairs: but thinking this too narrow a foundation for her future fortune, she at length bought her *a gold-buttoned coat*, and set up for a physician. Thus we see the same fatal miscarriage in her youth made Mrs. Young a Doctor, that formerly made one of the same sex a Pope.

"The Doctor succeeded very well in his business at first; but very often met with accidents that disquieted him. As he wanted that deep magisterial voice which gives authority to a prescription, and is absolutely necessary for the right pronouncing of these words, 'Take these pills,' he unfortunately got the nick-name of the Squeaking Doctor. If this circumstance alarmed the Doctor, there was another which gave him no small disquiet, and very much diminished his gains. In short, he found himself run down as a superficial prating quack, in all families that had at the head of them a cautious father, or a jealous husband. These would often complain among one another, that they did not like such a smock-faced physician; though in truth, had they known how justly he deserved that name, they would rather have favoured his practice, than have apprehended any thing from it.

"Such were the motives that determined Mrs. Young to change her condition, and take in marriage a virtuous young woman, who lived with her in good reputation, and made her the father of a very pretty girl. But this part of her happiness was soon after destroyed, by a distemper which was too hard for our physician, and carried off his first wife. The Doctor had not been a widow long before he

married his second lady, with whom also he lived in very good understanding. It so happened, that the Doctor was with child at the same time that his lady was; but the little ones coming both together, they passed for twins. The Doctor having entirely established the reputation of his manhood, especially by the birth of the boy of whom he had been lately delivered, and who very much resembles him, grew into good business, and was particularly famous for the cure of venereal distempers; but would have had much more prac ice among his own sex, had not some of them been so unreasonable as to demand certain proofs of their cure, which the Doctor was not able to give them. The florid blooming look, which gave the Doctor some uneasiness at first, instead of betraying his person, only recommended his physic. Upon this occasion I cannot forbear mentioning what I thought a very agreeable surprize; in one of Moliere's plays, where a young woman applies herself to a sick person in the habit of a quack, and speaks to her patient, who was something scandalized at the youth of his physician, to the following purpose.—I began to practise in the reign of Francis the First, and am now in the hundred and fiftieth year of my age: but, by the virtue of my medicaments, have maintained myself in the same beauty and freshness I had at fifteen. For this reason Hippocrates lays it down as a rule, that a student in physic should have a sound constitution, and a healthy look; which indeed seem as necessary qualifications for a physician, as a good life and virtuous behaviour for a divine. But to return to our subject. About two years ago the Doctor was very much afflicted with the vapours, which grew upon him to such a degree, that about si weeks since they made an end of him. His de

discovered the disguise he had acted under, and brought him back again to his former sex. It is said, that at his burial the pall was held up by six women of some fashion. The doctor left behind him a widow, and two fatherless children, if they may be called so, besides the little boy before-mentioned. In relation to whom we may say of the Doctor, as the good old ballad about The Children in the Wood says of the unnatural uncle, that he was father and mother both in one. These are all the circumstances that I could learn of Doctor Young's life, which might have given occasion to many obscene fictions: but as I know those would never have gained a place in your Paper, I have not troubled you with any impertinence of that nature, having stuck to the truth very scrupulously, as I always do when I subscribe myself, Sir,

Yours, &c."

I shall add as a postscript to this letter, that I am informed the famous Saltero, who sells coffee in his museum at Chelsea, has by him a curiosity, which helped the Doctor to carry on his imposture, and will give great satisfaction to the curious inquirer.

N° 227. THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 21, 1710.

Omnibus invideas, Zoile, nemo tibi. MARTIAL.

Thou envy'st all; but no man envies thee.

R. WYNNE.

From my own Apartment, September 20.

IT is the business of reason and philosophy to sooth and allay the passions of the mind, or turn them to a vigorous prosecution of what is dictated by the understanding. In order to this good end, I would keep a watchful eye upon the growing inclinations of youth, and be particularly careful to prevent their indulging themselves in such sentiments as may imbitter their more advanced age. I have now under cure a young gentleman, who lately communicated to me, that he was of all men living the most miserably envious. I desired the circumstances of his distemper; upon which, with a sigh that would have moved the most inhuman breast, "Mr. Bickerstaff," said he, "I am nephew to a gentleman of a very great estate, to whose favour I have a cousin that has equal pretensions with myself. This kinsman of mine is a young man of the highest merit imaginable, and has a mind so tender, and so generous, that I can observe he returns my envy with pity. He makes me, upon all occasions, the most obliging condescensions: and I cannot but take notice of the concern he is in, to see my life blasted with this racking passion, though it is against himself. In the presence of my uncle, when I am

in the room, he never speaks so well as he is capable of; but always lowers his talents and accomplishments out of regard to me. What I beg of you, dear Sir, is to instruct me how to love him, as I know he does me: and I beseech you, if possible, to set my heart right; that it may no longer be tormented where it should be pleased, or hate a man whom I cannot but approve."

The patient gave me this account with such candour and openness, that I conceived immediate hopes of his cure; because, in diseases of the mind, the person affected is half recovered when he is sensible of his distemper. "Sir," said I, "the acknowledgement of your kinsman's merit is a very hopeful symptom; for it is the nature of persons afflicted with this evil, when they are incurable, to pretend a contempt of the person envied, if they are taxed with that weakness. A man who is really envious will not allow he is so; but, upon such an accusation, is tormented with the reflection, that to envy a man is to allow him your superior. But in your case, when you examine the bottom of your heart, I am apt to think it is avarice, which you mistake for envy. Were it not that you have both expectations from the same man, you would look upon your cousin's accomplishments with pleasure. You, that now consider him as an obstacle to your interest, would then behold him as an ornament to your family." I observed my patient upon this occasion recover himself in some measure; and he owned to me, that "he hoped it was as I imagined; for that in all places, but where he was his rival, he had pleasure in his company." This was the first discourse we had upon this malady; but I do not doubt but, after two or three more, I shall, by just degrees, soften his envy into emulation.

Such an envy, as I have here described, may possibly enter into an ingenuous mind; but the envy which makes a man uneasy to himself and others, is a certain distortion and perverseness of temper, that renders him unwilling to be pleased with any thing without him, that has either beauty or perfection in it. I look upon it as a distemper in the mind, which I know no moralist that has described in this light, when a man cannot discern any thing, which another is master of that is agreeable. For which reason, I look upon the good-natured man to be endowed with a certain discerning faculty, which the envious are altogether deprived of. Shallow wits, superficial critics, and conceited fops, are with me so many blind men in respect of excellencies. They can behold nothing but faults and blemishes, and indeed see nothing that is worth seeing. Show them a poem, it is stuff; a picture, it is daubing. They find nothing in architecture that is not irregular, or in music that is not out of tune. These men should consider, that it is their envy which deforms every thing, and that the ugliness is not in the object, but in the eye. And as for nobler minds, whose merits are either not discovered, or are misrepresented by the envious part of mankind, they should rather consider their defamers with pity than indignation. A man cannot have an idea of perfection in another, which he was never sensible of in himself. Mr. Locke tells us, "That upon asking a blind man, what he thought scarlet was? he answered, That he believed it was like the sound of a trumpet." He was forced to form his conceptions of ideas which he had not, by those which he had. In the same manner, ask an envious man what he thinks of virtue? he will call it design; what of good-nature? and he will term it dulness. The difference is, that as the

person before-mentioned was born blind, your envious men have contracted the distemper themselves, and are troubled with a sort of an acquired blindness. Thus the devil in Milton, though made an angel of light, could see nothing to please him even in Paradise, and hated our first parents, though in their state of innocence.

N° 228. SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 23, 1710.

——— *Veniet manus, auxilio quæ*
Sit mihi ———————

HOR. 1 Sat. iv. 141.

A powerful aid from other hands will come.

R. WYNNE.

From my own Apartment, September 22.

A MAN of business, who makes a public entertainment, may sometimes leave his guests, and beg them to divert themselves as well as they can until his return. I shall here make use of the same privilege, being engaged in matters of some importance relating to the family of the Bickerstaffs, and must desire my readers to entertain one another until I can have leisure to attend them. I have therefore furnished out this paper, as I have done some few others, with letters of my ingenious correspondents, which, I have reason to believe, will please the public as much as my own more elaborate Lucubrations.

"SIR, *Lincoln, Sept.* 9.

"I have long been of the number of your admirers, and take this opportunity of telling you so. I know not why a man so famed for astrological observations may not be also a good casuist; upon which presumption it is I ask your advice in an affair, that at present puzzles quite that slender stock of divinity I am master of. I have now been some time in holy orders, and fellow of a certain college in one of the universities; but, weary of that unactive life, I resolve to be doing good in my generation. A worthy gentleman has lately offered me a fat rectory; but means, I perceive, his kinswoman should have the benefit of the clergy. I am a novice in the world, and confess it startles me, how the body of Mrs. Abigail can be annexed to the cure of souls. Sir, would you give us, in one of your Tatlers, the original and progress of smock-simony, and show us, that where the laws are silent, mens consciences ought to be so too, you could not more oblige our fraternity of young divines, and among the rest,

Your humble servant,

HIGH-CHURCH."

I am very proud of having a gentleman of this name for my admirer, and may, some time or other, write such a treatise as he mentions. In the mean time, I do not see why our clergy, who are frequently men of good families, should be reproached, if any of them chance to espouse a hand-maid with a rectory *in commendam*, since the best of our peers have often joined themselves to the daughters of very ordinary tradesmen, upon the same valuable considerations.

Globe in Moorfields, Sept. 16.

HONOURED SIR,

"I have now finished my almanack for the next year, in all the parts of it, except that which concerns the weather; and you having shown yourself, by some of your late works, more weatherwise than any of our astrologers, I most humbly presume to trouble you upon this head. You know very well, that in our ordinary almanacks the wind and rain; snow and hail, clouds and sunshine, have their proper seasons, and come up as regularly in their several months as the fruits and plants of the earth. As for my own part, I freely own to you, that I generally steal my weather out of some antiquated almanac, that foretold it several years ago. Now, Sir, what I humbly beg of you is, that you would lend me your *State* weather-glass, in order to fill up this vacant column in my works. This, I know, would sell my almanack beyond any other, and make me a richer man than Poor Robin. If you will not grant me this favour, I must have recourse to my old method, and will copy after an old almanack which I have by me, and which I think was for the year when the great storm was.

I am, Sir,

The most humble of your admirers.

T. PHILOMATH."

This gentleman does not consider, what a strange appearance his almanack would make to the ignorant, should he transpose his weather, as he must do, did he follow the dictates of my glass. What would the world say to see summers filled with clouds and storms, and winters with calms and sunshine; according to the variations of the weather, as they might accidentally appear in a *State*-baro-

meter? But let that be as it will, I shall apply my own invention to my own use; and if I do not make my fortune by it, it will be my own fault.

The next letter comes to me from another self-interested solicitor.

"Mr. Bickerstaff,

"I am going to set up for a Scrivener, and have thought of a project which may turn both to your account and mine. It came into my head, upon reading that learned and useful paper of yours concerning advertisements. You must understand, I have made myself master in the whole art of advertising, both as to the style and the letter. Now if you and I could so manage it, that nobody should write advertisements besides myself, or print them any where but in your paper, we might both of us get estates in a little time. For this end I would likewise propose, that you should enlarge the design of advertisements, and have sent you two or three samples of my work in this kind, which I have made for particular friends, and intend to open shop with. The first is for a gentleman, who would willingly marry, if he could find a wife to his liking; the second is for a poor whig, who is lately turned out of his post; and the third for a person of a contrary party, who is willing to get into one."

"Whereas A. B. next door to the Pestle and Mortar, being about 30 years old, of a spare make, with dark-coloured hair, bright eye, and a long nose, has occasion for a good-humoured, tall, fair, young woman, of about 3000*l.* fortune: these are to give notice, that if any such young woman has a mind to dispose of herself in marriage to such a person as the abovementioned, she may be pro-

vided with a husband, a coach and horses, and proportionable settlement."

"C. D. designing to quit his place, has great quantities of paper, parchment, ink, wax, and wafers, to dispose of, which will be sold at very reasonable rates."

"E. F. a person of good behaviour, six feet high, of a black complexion, and sound principles, wants an employ. He is an excellent penman and accomptant, and speaks French."

N° 229. TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 26, 1710.

Quæsitam meritis sume superbiam.

HOR. 3 Od. xxx. 13.

With conscious pride ——
Assume the honours justly thine.

FRANCIS.

From my own Apartment, September 25.

THE whole creation preys upon itself. Every living creature is inhabited. A flea has a thousand invisible insects that teaze him as he jumps from place to place, and revenge our quarrels upon him. A very ordinary microscope shews us, that a louse is itself a very lousy creature. A whale, besides those seas and oceans in the several vessels of his body, which are filled with innumerable shoals of little animals, carries about him a whole world of inhabitants; insomuch that, if we believe the calculations some

have made, there are more living creatures, which are too small for the naked eye to behold, about the Leviathan, than there are of visible creatures upon the face of the whole earth. Thus every nobler creature is, as it were, the basis and support of multitudes that are his inferiors.

This consideration very much comforts me, when I think on those numberless vermin that feed upon this paper, and find their sustenance out of it; I mean the small wits and scribblers, that every day turn a penny by nibbling at my Lucubrations. This has been so advantageous to this little species of writers, that, if they do me justice, I may expect to have my statue erected in Grub-street, as being a common benefactor to that quarter.

They say, when a fox is very much troubled with fleas, he goes into the next pool with a little lock of wool in his mouth, and keeps his body under water until the vermin get into it; after which he quits the wool, and diving, leaves his tormentors to shift for themselves, and get their livelihood where they can. I would have these gentlemen take care that I do not serve them after the same manner; for though I have hitherto kept my temper pretty well, it is not impossible but I may some time or other disappear; and what will then become of them? Should I lay down my paper, what a famine would there be among the hawkers, printers, booksellers, and authors! It would be like Doctor Burgess's dropping *his cloak*, with the whole congregation hanging upon the skirts of it. To enumerate some of these my doughty *antagonists*; I was threatened to be answered weekly *Tit for Tat*; I was undermined by the *Whisperer*; haunted by *Tom Brown's Ghost*; scolded at by a *Female Tatler*; and slandered by another of the same character, under the title of *Atalantis*. I have been *annotated*, *retattled*,

examined, and *condoled:* but it being my standing maxim never to speak ill of the dead, I shall let these authors rest in peace; and take great pleasure in thinking, that I have sometimes been the means of their getting a belly-full. When I see myself thus surrounded by such formidable enemies, I often think of the Knight of the Red Cross in Spenser's "Den of Error," who, after he has cut off the dragon's head, and left it wallowing in a flood of ink, sees a thousand monstrous reptiles making their attempts upon him, one with many heads, another with none, and all of them without eyes.

The same so sore annoyed has the Knight,
That, well nigh choaked with the deadly stink,
His forces fail, he can no longer fight;
Whose courage when the fiend perceiv'd to shrink,
She poured forth out of her hellish sink
Her fruitful cursed spawn of serpents small,
Deformed monsters, foul, and black as ink;
Which swarming all about his legs did crawl,
And him encumbred sore, but could not hurt at all.

As gentle shepherd in sweet even tide,
When ruddy Phœbus gins to welk in west,
High on an hill, his flock to viewen wide,
Marks which do bite their hasty supper best;
A cloud of cumbrous gnats do him molest,
All striving to infix their feeble stings,
That from their noyance he no where can rest;
But with his clownish hands their tender wings
He brusheth oft, and oft doth mar their murmurings.

If ever I should want such a fry of little authors to attend me, I shall think my paper in a very decaying condition. They are like ivy about an oak, which adorns the tree at the same time that it eats into it; or like a great man's equipage, that do honour to the person on whom they feed. For my part, when I see myself thus attacked, I do not con-

sider my *antagonists* as malicious, but hungry; and therefore am resolved never to take any notice of them.

As for those who detract from my labours, without being prompted to it by an empty stomach; in return to their censures, I shall take pains to excel, and never fail to persuade myself, that their enmity is nothing but their envy or ignorance.

Give me leave to conclude, like an old man, and a moralist, with a fable.

The owls, bats, and several other birds of night, were one day got together in a thick shade, where they abused their neighbours in a very sociable manner. Their satire at last fell upon the sun, whom they all agreed to be very troublesome, impertinent, and inquisitive. Upon which, the sun, who overheard them, spoke to them after this manner. "Gentlemen, I wonder how you dare abuse one that, you know, could in an instant scorch you up, and burn every mother's son of you: but the only answer I shall give you, or the revenge I shall take of you, is, to 'shine on.'"

N°230. THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 28, 1710.

From my own Apartment, September 28.

THE following letter has laid before me many great and manifest evils in the world of letters, which I had overlooked; but they open to me a very busy scene, and it will require no small care and application to amend errors which are become so universal.

The affectation of politeness is exposed in this epistle with a grèat deal of wit and discernment; so that whatever discourses I may fall into hereafter upon the subjects the writer treats of, I shall at present lay the matter before the world, without the least alteration from the words of my correspondent.

"To Isaac Bickerstaff, Esquire.

"Sir,

"There are some abuses among us of great consequence, the reformation of which is properly your province; though, as far as I have been conversant in your papers, you have not yet considered them. These are, the deplorable ignorance that for some years hath reigned among our *English* writers, the great depravity of our taste, and the continual corruption of our style. I say nothing here of those who handle particular sciences, Divinity, Law, Physic, and the like; I mean the traders in history, politics, and the *Belles Lettres*; together with those by whom books are not translated, but, as the common expressions are, *done* out of *French, Latin*, or other language, and *made English*. I cannot but observe to you, that until of late years a Grubstreet book was always bound in sheep-skin, with suitable print and paper, the price never above a shilling, and taken off wholly by common tradesmen or country pedlars: but now they appear in all sizes and shapes, and in all places. They are handed about from lapfuls in every coffee-house to persons of quality; are shewn in Westminster-hall and the Court of Requests. You may see them gilt, and in royal paper of five or six hundred pages, and rated accordingly. I would engage to furnish you with a catalogue of *English* books, published within the compass of seven years past, which at the first hand

would cost you a hundred pounds, wherein you shall not be able to find ten lines together of common grammar or common sense.

"These two evils, ignorance, and want of taste, have produced a third; I mean the continual corruption of our *English* tongue, which, without some timely remedy, will suffer more by the false refinements of twenty years past, than it hath been improved in the foregoing hundred And this is what I design chiefly to enlarge upon, leaving the former evils to your animadversion.

"But, instead of giving you a list of the late refinements crept into our language, I here send you the copy of a letter I received, some time ago, from a most accomplished person in this way of writing; upon which I shall make some remarks. It is in these terms:

"SIR,

"I *Cou'd n't* get the things you sent for all *about Town*——*I thôt* to *ha* come down myself, and then *I'd h brot 'um*; but I *ha'nt don't*, and I believe I *can't do't*, that's *Pozz*——*Tom* begins to *gi'mself* airs, because *he's* going with the *Plenipo's*——'Tis said the *French* king will *bamboozl us agen*, which causes many speculations. The *Jacks* and others of that *Kidney* are very *uppish* and *alert upon't*, as you may see by their *Phizz's*——*Will Hazard* has got the *Hipps*, having lost *to the Tune of* five *hund'rd* pound, *tho'* he understands play very well, *no Body better*. He has promis't me upon *Rep*, to leave off play; but you know 'tis a weakness *he's* too apt to *give into*, *tho'* he has as much wit as any man, *no Body more*. He has lain *incog* ever since——The *Mobb's* very quiet with us now——I believe you *thôt* I *banter'd* you in my last, like a *Country Put*——I *shan't* leave town this month, *&c.*"

"This letter is in every point an admirable pattern of the present polite way of writing; nor is it of less authority for being an epistle. You may gather every flower in it, with a thousand more of equal sweetness, from the books, pamphlets, and single papers offered us every day in the coffee-houses: and these are the beauties introduced to supply the want of wit, sense, humour, and learning, which formerly were looked upon as qualifications for a writer. If a man of wit, who died forty years ago, were to rise from the grave on purpose, how would he be able to read this letter? and after he had got through that difficulty, how would he be able to understand it? The first thing that strikes your eye, is the breaks at the end of almost every sentence; of which I know not the use, only that it is a refinement, and very frequently practised. Then you will observe the abbreviations and elisions, by which consonants of most obdurate sound are joined together, without one softening vowel to intervene; and all this only to make one syllable of two, directly contrary to the example of the *Greeks* and *Romans*, altogether of the *Gothic* strain, and a natural tendency towards relapsing into barbarity, which delights in monosyllables, and uniting of mute consonants, as it is observable in all the Northern languages. And this is still more visible in the next refinement, which consists in pronouncing the first syllable in a word that has many, and dismissing the rest, such as *Phizz*, *Hipps*, *Mobb*, *Pozz*, *Rep*, and many more, when we are already overloaded with monosyllables, which are the disgrace of our language. Thus we cram one syllable, and cut off the rest, as the owl fattened her mice after she had bit off their legs to prevent them from running away; and if ours be the same reason for maiming our words, it will certainly answer the end; for I am sure no other

nation will desire to borrow them. Some words are hitherto but fairly split, and therefore only in their way to perfection, as *Incog*, and *Plenipo*: but in a short time, it is to be hoped, they will be further docked to *Inc.* and *Plen.* This reflection has made me of late years very impatient for a peace, which I believe would save the lives of many brave words, as well as men. The war has introduced abundance of polysyllables, which will never be able to live many more campaigns, *Speculations*, *Operations*, *Preliminaries*, *Ambassadors*, *Pallisadoes*, *Communication*, *Circumvallation*, *Battalions*: as numerous as they are, if they attack us too frequently in our coffee-houses, we shall certainly put them to flight, and cut off the rear.

"The third refinement observable in the letter I send you, consists in the choice of certain words invented by some pretty fellows, such as *Banter*, *Bamboozle*, *Country Put*, and *Kidney*, as it is there applied; some of which are now struggling for the vogue, and others are in possession of it. I have done my utmost for some years past to stop the progress of *Mobb* and *Banter*, but have been plainly borne down by numbers, and betrayed by those who promised to assist me.

"In the last place, you are to take notice of certain choice phrases scattered through the letter, some of them tolerable enough, until they were worn to rags by servile imitators. You might easily find them though they were not in a different print, and therefore I need not disturb them.

"These are the false refinements in our style which you ought to correct: first, by argument and fair means; but, if those fail, I think you are to make use of your authority as Censor, and by an annual *Index Expurgatorius* expunge all words and phrases that are offensive to good sense, and con-

demn those barbarous mutilations of vowels and syllables. In this last point the usual pretence is, that they spell as they speak. A noble standard for language! to depend upon the caprice of every coxcomb, who, because words are the cloathing of our thoughts, cuts them out and shapes them as he pleases, and changes them oftener than his dress. I believe all reasonable people would be content that such refiners were more sparing in their words, and liberal in their syllables: and upon this head I should be glad you would bestow some advice upon several young readers in our churches, who, coming up from the university full fraught with admiration of our town politeness, will needs correct the style of their prayer-books. In reading the Absolution, they are very careful to say *Pardons* and *Absolves*; and in the prayer for the Royal Family, it must be *endue'um, enrich'um, prosper'um*, and *bring'um*. Then in their sermons they use all the modern terms of art, *Sham, Banter, Mob, Bubble, Bully, Cutting, Shuffling*, and *Palming*; all which, and many more of the like stamp, as I have heard them often in the pulpit from such young sophisters, so I have read them in some of 'those sermons that have made most noise of late.' The design, it seems, is to avoid the dreadful imputation of pedantry; to shew us that they know the town, understand men and manners, and have not been poring upon old unfashionable books in the university.

"I should be glad to see you the instrument of introducing into our style that simplicity which is the best and truest ornament of most things in life, which the politer ages always aimed at in their building and dress, *Simplex munditiis*, as well as their productions of wit. It is manifest that all new affected modes of speech, whether borrowed from the court, the town, or the theatre, are the first

perishing parts in any language; and, as I could prove by many hundred instances, have been so in ours. The writings of Hooker, who was a country clergyman, and of Parsons the Jesuit, both in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, are in a style that, with very few allowances, would not offend any present reader, and are much more clear and intelligible than those of Sir Harry Wooton, Sir Robert Naunton, Osborn, Daniel the historian, and several others who *writ* later; but being men of the court, and affecting the phrases then in fashion, they are often either not to be understood, or appear perfectly ridiculous.

"What remedies are to be applied to these evils, I have not room to consider, having, I fear, already taken up most of your Paper. Besides, I think it is our office only to represent abuses, and yours to redress them. I am, with great respect, Sir,

"Your, &c."

N°231. SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 30, 1710.

Principiis obsta——

OVID. Rem. Amor. ver. 91.

Prevent the growing evil——

R. WYNNE.

From my own Apartment, September 29.

THERE are very many ill habits that might with much ease have been prevented, which, after we have indulged ourselves in them, become incorrigi-

ble. We have a sort of proverbial expression, of "Taking a woman down in her wedding shoes," if you would bring her to reason. An early behaviour of this sort had a very remarkable good effect in a family, wherein I was several years an intimate acquaintance.

A gentleman in Lincolnshire had four daughters, three of which were early married very happily; but the fourth, though no way inferior to any of her sisters, either in person or accomplishments, had from her infancy discovered so imperious a temper, usually called a High Spirit, that it continually made great uneasiness in the family, became her known character in the neighbourhood, and deterred all her lovers from declaring themselves. However, in process of time, a gentleman of a plentiful fortune and long acquaintance, having observed that quickness of spirit to be her only fault, made his addresses, and obtained her consent in due form. The lawyers finished the writings, in which, by the way, there was no pin-money, and they were married. After a decent time spent in the father's house, the bridegroom went to prepare his seat for her reception. During the whole course of his courtship, though a man of the most equal temper, he had artificially lamented to her, that he was the most passionate creature breathing. By this one intimation, he at once made her understand warmth of temper to be what he ought to pardon in her, as well as that he alarmed her against that constitution in himself. She at the same time thought herself highly obliged by the composed behaviour which he maintained in her presence. Thus far he with great success soothed her from being guilty of violencies, and still resolved to give her such a terrible apprehension of his fiery spirit, that she should never dream of giving way to her own. He returned on the day appointed for

carrying her home; but, instead of a coach and six horses, together with the gay equipage suitable to the occasion, he appeared without a servant, mounted on the skeleton of a horse, which his huntsman had, the day before, brought in to feast his dogs on the arrival of their new mistress, with a pillion fixed behind, and a case of pistols before him, attended only by a favourite hound. Thus equipped, he in a very obliging, but somewhat positive manner, desired his Lady to seat herself on the cushion; which done, away they crawled. The road being obstructed by a gate, the dog was commanded to open it: the poor cur looked up and wagged his tail; but the master, to shew the impatience of his temper, drew a pistol, and shot him dead. He had no sooner done it, but he fell into a thousand apologies for his unhappy rashness, and begged as many pardons for his excesses before one for whom he had so profound a respect. Soon after their steed stumbled, but with some difficulty recovered: however, the bridegroom took occasion to swear, if he frightened his wife so again, he would run him through! And alas! the poor animal, being now almost tired, made a second trip; immediately on which the careful husband alights, and, with great ceremony, first takes off his Lady, then the accoutrements, draws his sword, and saves the huntsman the trouble of killing him: then says to his wife, "Child, pr'ythee take up the saddle;" which she readily did, and tugged it home, where they found all things in the greatest order, suitable to their fortune and the present occasion. Some time after, the father of the Lady gave an entertainment to all his daughters and their husbands; where, when the wives were retired, and the gentlemen passing a toast about, our last married man took occasion to observe to the rest of

his brethren, how much, to his great satisfaction, he found the world mistaken as to the temper of his Lady, for that she was the most meek and humble woman breathing. The applause was received with a loud laugh: but, as a trial which of them would appear the most master at home, he proposed they should all by turns send for their wives down to them. A servant was dispatched, and answer was made by one, "tell him I will come by-and-by; and another, "that she would come when the cards were out of her hand;" and so on. But no sooner was her husband's desire whispered in the ear of our last married lady, but the cards were clapped on the table, and down she comes with, "my dear, would you speak with me?" He receives her in his arms, and, after repeated caresses, tells her the experiment, confesses his good-nature, and assures her, that since she could now command her temper, he would no longer disguise his own.

I received the following letter with a dozen of wine, and cannot but do justice to the liquor, and give my testimony, "That I have tried it upon several of my acquaintance, who were given to impertinent abbreviations, with great success."

"Mr. Bickerstaff,

"I send you by this bearer, and not *per* bearer, a dozen of that claret which is to be sold at Garraway's coffee-house, on Thursday the fifth day of October next. I can assure you I have found by experience the efficacy of it, in amending a fault you complain of in your last. The very first draught of it has some effect upon the speech of the drinker, and restores all the letters taken away by the elisions so justly complained of. Will Hazard was cured of his *Hypocondria* by three glasses; and the gentle-

man, who gave you an account of his late indisposition, has in public company, after the first quart, spoke every syllable of the word *Plenipotentiary*.

"Yours, &c."

Nº 232. TUESDAY, OCTOBER 3, 1710.

From my own Apartment, October 2.

I HAVE received the following letter from my unfortunate old acquaintance the Upholsterer, who, I observed, had long absented himself from the bench at the upper end of the Mall. Having not seen him for some time, I was in fear I should soon hear of his death; especially since he never appeared, though the noons have been of late pretty warm, and the councils at that place very full from the hour of twelve to three, which the sages of that board employ in conference, while the unthinking part of mankind are eating and drinking for the support of their own private persons, without any regard to the public.

"SIR,

"I should have waited on you very frequently to have discoursed you upon some matters of moment, but that I love to be well informed in the subject upon which I consult my friends, before I enter into debate with them. I have therefore, with the utmost care and pains, applied myself to the reading all the writings and pamphlets which have come out since the trial, and have studied night and day in

order to be master of the whole controversy: but the authors are so numerous, and the state of affairs alters so very fast, that I am now a fortnight behind-hand in my reading, and know only how things stood twelve days ago. I wish you would enter into those useful subjects; for, if I may be allowed to say so, these are no times to jest in. As for my own part, you know very well that I am of a public spirit, and never regarded my own interest, but looked further; and let me tell you, that while some people are minding only themselves and families, and others are thinking only of their own country, things go on strangely in the north. I foresee very great evils arising from the neglect of transactions at a distance; for which reason I am now writing a letter to a friend in the country, which I design as an answer to the Czar of Muscovy's letter to the Grand Seignior concerning his Majesty of Sweden. I have endeavoured to prove, that it is not reasonable to expect that his Swedish Majesty should leave Bender without forty thousand men; and I have added to this an apology for the Cossacks. But the matter multiplies upon me, and I grow dim with much writing; therefore desire, if you have an old *green pair* of spectacles, such as you used about your fiftieth year, that you would send them to me; as also, that you would please to desire Mr. Morphew to send me in a bushel of coals on the credit of my answer to his Czarian Majesty; for I design it shall be printed for Morphew, and the weather grows sharp. I shall take it kindly if you would order him also to send me the Papers as they come out. If there are no fresh pamphlets published, I compute that I shall know before the end of next month what has been done in town to this day. If it were not for an ill custom lately introduced by a certain author, of talking Latin at the beginning of Papers,

matters would be in a much clearer light than they are: but, to our comfort, there are solid writers who are not guilty of this pedantry. The *Post-Man* writes like an angel. The *Moderator* is fine reading. It would do you no harm to read the *Post-Boy* with attention; he is very deep of late. He is instructive; but I confess a little satirical: a sharp pen! he cares not what he says. The *Examiner* is admirable, and is become a grave and substantial author. But, above all, I am at a loss how to govern myself in my judgment of those whose whole writings consist in interrogatories: and then the way of answering, by proposing questions as hard to them, is quite as extraordinary. As for my part, I tremble at these novelties; we expose, in my opinion, our affairs too much by it. You may be sure the French King will spare no cost to come at the reading of them. I dread to think if the fable of the Blackbirds should fall into his hands. But I shall not venture to say more until I see you. In the mean time,

"I am, &c.

"P. S. I take the Bender letter in the Examiner to be spurious."

This unhappy correspondent, whose fantastical loyalty to the king of *Sweden* has reduced him to this low condition of reason and fortune, would appear much more monstrous in his madness, did we not see crouds very little above his circumstances from the same cause, a passion to politics.

It is no unpleasant entertainment to consider the commerce even of the sexes interrupted by difference in state affairs. A wench and her gallant parted last week upon the words *unlimited* and *passive*; and there is such a jargon of terms got into the mouths of the very silliest of the women, that you

cannot come into a room even among them, but you find them divided into Whig and Tory. What heightens the humour is, that all the hard words they know, they certainly suppose to be terms useful in the disputes of the parties. I came in this day where two were in very hot debate; and one of them proposed to me to explain to them what was the difference between *circumcision* and *predestination.* You may be sure I was at a loss; but they were too angry at each other to wait for my explanation, and proceeded to lay open the whole state of affairs, instead of the usual topics of dress, gallantry, and scandal.

I have often wondered how it should be possible that this turn to politics should so universally prevail, to the exclusion of every other subject out of conversation; and, upon mature consideration, find it is for want of discourse. Look round you among all the young fellows you meet, and you see those who have the least relish for books, company, or pleasure, though they have no manner of qualities to make them succeed in those pursuits, shall make very passable politicians. Thus the most barren invention shall find enough to say to make one appear an able man in the top coffee-houses. It is but adding a certain vehemence in uttering yourself, let the thing you say be never so flat, and you shall be thought a very sensible man, if you were not too hot. As love and honour are the noblest motives of life; so the pretenders to them, without being animated by them, are the most contemptible of all sorts of pretenders. The unjust affectation of any thing that is laudable is ignominious in proportion to the worth of the thing we affect: thus, as love of one's country is the most glorious of all passions, to see the most ordinary tools in a nation give themselves airs

that way, without any one good quality in their own life, has something in it romantic, yet not so ridiculous as odious.

Advertisement.

*** Mr. Bickerstaff has received Sylvia's letter from *The Bath*, and his sister is set out thither. Tom Frontley, who is one of the guides for the town, is desired to bring her into company, and oblige her with a mention in the next lampoon.

N° 233. THURSDAY, OCTOBER 5, 1710.

——Sunt certa piacula, quæ te
Ter purè lecto poterunt recreare libello.

HOR. 1 Ep. i. 36.

And, like a charm, to th' upright mind and pure,
If thrice read o'er, will yield a certain cure.

R. Wynne.

From my own Apartment, October 4.

When the mind has been perplexed with anxious cares and passions, the best method of bringing it to its usual state of tranquillity is, as much as we possibly can, to turn our thoughts to the adversities of persons of higher consideration in virtue and merit than ourselves. By this means all the little incidents of our own lives, if they are unfortunate, seem to be the effect of justice upon our faults and indiscre-

tions. When those whom we know to be excellent, and deserving of a better fate, are wretched, we cannot but resign ourselves, whom most of us know to merit a much worse state than that we are placed in. For such, and many other occasions, there is one admirable relation which one might recommend for certain periods of one's life, to touch, comfort, and improve the heart of man. Tully says somewhere, "the pleasures of an husbandman are next to those of a philosopher." In like manner one may say, for methinks they bear the same proportion one to another, the pleasures of humanity are next to those of devotion. In both these latter satisfactions, there is a certain humiliation which exalts the soul above its ordinary state. At the same time that it lessens our value of ourselves, it enlarges our estimation of others. The history I am going to speak of, is that of Joseph in Holy Writ, which is related with such majestic simplicity, that all the parts of it strike us with strong touches of nature and compassion; and he must be a stranger to both, who can read it with attention, and not be overwhelmed with the vicissitudes of joy and sorrow. I hope it will not be a prophanation, to tell it one's own way here, that they, who may be unthinking enough to be more frequently readers of such papers as this, than of Sacred Writ, may be advertised, that the greatest pleasures the imagination can be entertained with are to be found there, and that even the style of the Scriptures is more than human.

Joseph, a beloved child of Israel, became invidious to his elder brethren, for no other reason but his superior beauty and excellence of body and mind, insomuch that they could not bear his growing virtue, and let him live. They therefore conspire his death; but nature pleaded so strongly for him in the heart of one of them, that by his persuasion they deter-

mined rather to bury him in a pit, than be his immediate executioners with their own hands. When thus much was obtained for him, their minds still softened towards him, and they took the opportunity of some passengers to sell him into Egypt. Israel was persuaded by the artifice of his sons, that the youth was torn to pieces by wild beasts: but Joseph was sold to slavery, and still exposed to new misfortunes, from the same cause as before, his beauty and his virtue. By a false accusation he was committed to prison; but in process of time delivered from it, in consideration of his wisdom and knowledge, and made the governor of Pharaoh's house. In this elevation of his fortune, his brothers were sent into Egypt, to buy necessaries of life in a famine. As soon as they are brought into his presence, he beholds, but he beholds with compassion, the men who had sold him to slavery approaching him with awe and reverence. While he was looking over his brethren, he takes a resolution to indulge himself in the pleasure of stirring their and his own affections, by keeping himself concealed, and examining into the circumstances of their family. For this end, with an air of severity, as a watchful minister to Pharaoh, he accuses them as spies, who are come into Egypt with designs against the state. This led them into the account which he wanted of them, the condition of their ancient father and little brother, whom they had left behind them. When he had learned that his brother was living, he demands the bringing him to Egypt, as a proof of their veracity.

But it would be a vain and empty endeavour, to attempt laying this excellent representation of the passions of man in the same colours as they appear in the Sacred Writ, in any other manner, or almost any other words, than those made use of in the page

itself. I am obliged, therefore, to turn my designed narration rather into a comment upon the several parts of that beautiful and passionate scene. When Joseph expects to see Benjamin, how natural and how forcible is the reflection, "This affliction is come upon us, in that we saw the anguish of our brother's soul without pity!" How moving must it be to Joseph to hear Reuben accuse the rest, that they would not hear what he pleaded in behalf of his innocence and distress! He turns from them, and weeps; but commands his passion so far as to give orders for binding one of them in the presence of the rest, while he at leisure observed their different sentiments and concern in their gesture and countenance. When Benjamin is demanded in bondage for stealing the cup, with what force, and what resignation, does Judah address his brother!

"In what words shall I speak to my lord? with what confidence can I say any thing? Our guilt is but too apparent; we submit to our fate. We are my lord's servants, both we and he also with whom the cup is found." When that is not accepted, how pathetically does he recapitulate the whole story! And, approaching nearer to Joseph, delivers himself as follows; which, if we fix our thoughts upon the relation between the pleader and the judge, is it impossible to read without tears:

"SIR,

"Let me intrude so far upon you, even in the high condition in which you are, and the miserable one in which you see me and my brethren, to inform you of the circumstances of us unhappy men that prostrate ourselves before you. When we were first examined by you, you inquired—for what reason my lord inquired we know not—but you inquired, whether we had not a father or a brother,

We then acquainted you, that we had a father, an old man, who had a child of his old age, and had buried another son, whom he had by the same woman. You were pleased to command us to bring the child he had remaining down to you: we did so; and he has forfeited his liberty. But my father said to us, You know that my wife bare me two sons; one of them was torn in pieces; if mischief befal this also, it will bring my grey hairs with sorrow to the grave. Accept, therefore, oh my Lord! me for your bondman, and let the lad return with his brethren, that I may not see the evil that shall come on my father." Here Joseph's passion grew too great for further disguise, and he reveals himself with exclamations of transport and tenderness.

After their recovery from their first astonishment, his brethren were seized with fear for the injuries they had done him; but how generously does he keep them in countenance, and make an apology for them! "Be not angry with yourselves for selling me hither; call it not so, but think Providence sent me before you to preserve life!"

It would be endless to go through all the beauties of this sacred narrative; but any one who shall read it, at an hour when he is disengaged from all other regards or interests than what arise from it, will feel the alternate passion of a father, a brother, and a son, so warm in him, that they will incline him to exert himself in such of those characters as happen to be his, much above the ordinary course of his life.

N° 234. SATURDAY, OCTOBER 7, 1710.

From my own Apartment, October 6.

I HAVE reason to believe, that certain of my contemporaries have made use of an art I some time ago professed, of being often designedly dull; and for that reason shall not exert myself when I see them lazy. He that has so much to struggle with, as the man who pretends to censure others, must keep up his fire for an onset, and may be allowed to carry his arms a little carelessly upon an ordinary march. This Paper therefore shall be taken up by my correspondents, two of which have sent me the two following plain, but sensible and honest letters, upon subjects no less important than those of Education and Devotion.

"SIR,

"I am an old man retired from all acquaintance with the town, but what I have from your Papers, not the worst entertainment of my solitude; yet being still a well-wisher to my country, and the commonwealth of learning *(a qua confiteor nullam ætatis meæ partem abhorruisse)*, and hoping the plain phrase in writing that was current in my younger days would have lasted for my time, I was startled at the picture of modern politeness, transmitted by your ingenious correspondent, and grieved to see our sterling *English* language fallen into the hands of Clippers and Coiners. That mutilated epistle, consisting of *Hippo*, *Rep's*, and such like enormous curtailings, was a mortifying spectacle,

but with the reserve of comfort to find this and other abuses of our mother tongue so pathetically complained of, and to the proper person for redressing them, the Censor of Great-Britain.

"He had before represented the deplorable ignorance that for several years past has reigned amongst our English writers, the great depravity of our taste, and continual corruption of our style. But, Sir, before you give yourself the trouble of prescribing remedies for these distempers, which you own will require the greatest care and application, give me leave, having long had my eye upon these mischiefs, and thoughts exercised about them, to mention what I humbly conceive to be the cause of them, and in your friend Horace's words, *Quo fonte derivata clades in patriam populumque fluxit.*

"I take our corrupt ways of writing to proceed from the mistakes and wrong measures in our common methods of Education, which I always looked upon as one of our national grievances, and a singularity that renders us, no less than our situation,

——— *Penitus toto divisos orbe Britannos.*

VIRG. 1 Ecl. 67.

A race of men from all the world disjoin'd.

DRYDEN.

"This puts me upon consulting the most celebrated critics on that subject, to compare our practice with their precepts, and find where it was that we came short, or went wide.

"But after all, I found our case required something more than these doctors had directed, and the principal defect of our *English* discipline to lie in the initiatory part, which, although it needs the greatest care and skill, is usually left to the conduct of those blind guides, *viz.* Chance and Ignorance.

"I shall trouble you with but a single instance, pursuant to what your sagacious friend has said, that he could furnish you with a catalogue of English books, which would cost you an hundred pounds at first hand, wherein you could not find ten lines together of common grammar; which is a necessary consequence of our mismanagement in that province.

"For can any thing be more absurd than our way of proceeding in this part of literature? to push tender wits into the intricate mazes of grammar, and a *Latin* grammar? to learn an unknown art by an unknown tongue? to carry them a dark round-about way to let them in at a back-door? Whereas by teaching them first the grammar of their mother-tongue so easy to be learned, their advance to the grammars of *Latin* and *Greek* would be gradual and easy; but our precipitate way of hurrying them over such a gulph, before we have built them a bridge to it, is a shock to their weak understandings, which they seldom, or very late, recover. In the mean time we wrong nature, and slander infants, who want neither capacity nor will to learn, until we put them upon service beyond their strength; and then indeed we balk them.

"The liberal arts and sciences are all beautiful as the Graces; nor has Grammar, the severe mother of all, so frightful a face of her own; it is the vizard put upon it that scares children. She is made to speak hard words, that to them sound like conjuring. Let her talk intelligibly, and they will listen to her.

"In this, I think, as on other accounts, we show ourselves true Britons, always overlooking our natural advantages. It has been the practice of the wisest nations to learn their own language by stated rules, to avoid the confusion that would follow

from leaving it to vulgar use. Our English tongue, says a learned man, is the most determinate in its construction, and reducible to the fewest rules; whatever language has less grammar in it, is not intelligible; and whatever has more, all that it has more is superfluous; for which reasons he would have it made the foundation of learning Latin, and all other languages.

"To speak and write without absurdity the language of one's country is commendable in persons of all stations, and to some indispensably necessary: and to this purpose I would recommend, above all things, the having a grammar of our mother-tongue first taught in our schools, which would facilitate our youths learning their Latin and Greek grammars, with spare time for arithmetic, astronomy, cosmography, history, &c. that would make them pass the spring of their life with profit and pleasure, that is now miserably spent in grammatical perplexities.

"But here, methinks, I see the reader smile, and ready to ask me, as the lawyer did sexton Diego on his bequeathing rich legacies to the poor of the parish, where are these mighty sums to be raised? Where is there such a grammar to be had? I will not answer as he did, 'Even where your Worship pleases.' No, it is our good fortune to have such a grammar, with notes, now in the press, and to be published next term.

"I hear it is a chargeable work, and wish the publisher to have customers of all that have need of such a book; yet fancy that he cannot be much a sufferer, if it is only bought by all that have more need for it than they think they have.

"A certain author brought a poem to Mr. Cowley, for his perusal and judgment of the performance,

which he demanded at the next visit with a poetaster's assurance; and Mr. Cowley, with his usual modesty, desired that he would be pleased to look a little to the grammar of it. 'To the grammar of it! what do you mean, Sir, would you send me to school again?' 'Why, Mr. H——, would it do you any harm?'

"This put me on considering how this voyage of literature may be made with more safety and profit, expedition and delight; and at last, for compleating so good a service, to request your directions in so deplorable a case: hoping that, as you have had compassion on our overgrown coxcombs in concerns of less consequence, you will exert your charity towards innocents, and vouchsafe to be guardian to the children and youth of Great-Britain in this important affair of education, wherein mistakes and wrong measures have so often occasioned their aversion to books, that had otherwise proved the chief ornament and pleasure of their life. I am, with sincerest respect, Sir,

Yours, &c."

"Mr. Bickerstaff, *St. Clement's, Oct. 5.*

"I observe, as the season begins to grow cold, so does people's devotion; insomuch, that instead of filling the churches, that united zeal might keep one warm there, one is left to freeze in almost bare walls by those who in hot weather are troublesome the contrary way. This, Sir, needs a regulation that none but you can give to it, by causing those who absent themselves on account of weather only this winter-time, to pay the apothecaries bills occasioned by coughs, catarrhs, and other distempers, contracted by sitting in empty seats. Therefore, to you I apply myself for redress, having gotten such a

cold on Sunday was sevennight, that has brought me almost to your Worship's age from sixty, within less than a fortnight. I am,

Your Worship's in all obedience,

W. E."

N° 235. TUESDAY, OCTOBER 10, 1710.

Scit Genius, natale comes qui temperat astrum.

HOR. 2 Ep. ii. 187.

But whence these turns of inclination rose,
The Genius this, the God of Nature, knows:
That mystic Power, which our actions guides,
Attends our stars, and o'er our lives presides.

FRANCIS.

From my own Apartment, October 9.

AMONG those inclinations which are common to all men, there is none more unaccountable than that *unequal* love by which parents distinguish their children from each other. Sometimes vanity and self-love appear to have a share towards this effect; and in other instances I have been apt to attribute it to mere instinct: but, however that is, we frequently see the child, that has been beholden to neither of these impulses in his parents, in spite of being neglected, snubbed, and thwarted at home, acquire a behaviour which makes him as agreeable to all the rest of the world, as that of every one else of their family is to each other. I fell into this way of thinking from an intimacy which I have

with a very good house in our neighbourhood, where there are three daughters of a very different character and genius. The eldest has a great deal of wit and cunning; the second has good sense, but no artifice; the third has much vivacity, but little understanding. The first is a fine, but scornful woman; the second is not charming, but very winning; the third is no way commendable, but very desirable. The father of these young creatures was ever a great pretender to wit, the mother a woman of as much coquetry. This turn in the parents has biassed their affections towards their children. The old man supposes the eldest of his own genius; and the mother looks upon the youngest as herself renewed. By *this* means, all the lovers that approach the house are discarded by the father, for not observing *Mrs.* Mary's wit and beauty; and by the mother, for being blind to the mien and air of *Mrs.* Biddy. Come never so many pretenders, they are not suspected to have the least thought of *Mrs.* Betty, the middle daughter. Betty, therefore, is mortified into a woman of a great deal of merit, and knows she must depend on that only for her advancement. The middlemost is thus the favourite of all her acquaintance, as well as mine; while the other two carry a certain insolence about them in all conversations, and expect the partiality which they meet with at home to attend them wherever they appear. So little do parents understand that they are, of all people, the least judges of their children's merit, that what they reckon such is seldom any thing else but a repetition of their own faults and infirmities.

There is, methinks, some excuse of being particular, when one of the offspring has any defect in nature. In this case, the child, if we may so speak, is so much the longer the child of its parents,

and calls for the continuance of their care and indulgence from the slowness of its capacity, or the weakness of its body. But there is no enduring to see men enamoured only at the sight of their own impertinences repeated, and to observe, as we may sometimes, that they have a secret dislike of their children for a degeneracy from their very crimes. Commend me to Lady Goodly; she is equal to all her own children, but prefers them to those of all the world beside. My lady is a perfect hen in the care of her brood; she fights and squabbles with all that appear where they come, but is wholly unbiassed in dispensing her favours among them. It is no small pains she is at to defame all the young women in her neighbourhood, by visits, whispers, intimations, and hearsays; all which she ends with thanking Heaven, "that no one living is so blessed with such obedient and well-inclined children as herself. Perhaps," says she, "Betty cannot dance like *Mrs.* Frontinet, and it is no great matter whether she does or not; but she comes into a room with a good grace; though she says it that should not, she looks like a gentlewoman. Then, if *Mrs.* Rebecca is not so talkative as the mighty wit *Mrs.* Clapper, yet she is discreet, she knows better what she says when she does speak. If her wit be slow, her tongue never runs before it." This kind parent lifts up her eyes and hands in congratulation of her own good fortune, and is maliciously thankful that none of her girls are like any of her neighbours: but this preference of her own to all others is grounded upon an impulse of nature; while those, who like one before another of their own, are so unpardonably unjust, that it could hardly be equalled in the children, though they preferred all the rest of the world to such parents. It is no unpleasant entertainment to see a ball at a dancing-school, and

observe the joy of relations when the young ones, for whom they are concerned, are in motion. You need not be told whom the dancers belong to. At their first appearance, the passions of their parents are in their faces, and there is always a nod of approbation stolen at a good step, or a graceful turn.

I remember, among all my acquaintance, but one man whom I have thought to live with his children with equanimity and a good grace. He had three sons and one daughter, whom he bred with all the care imaginable in a liberal and ingenuous way. I have often heard him say, "he had the weakness to love one much better than the other, but that he took as much pains to correct that as any other criminal passion that could arise in his mind." His method was, to make it the only pretension in his children to his favour, to be kind to each other; and he would tell them, "that he who was the best brother, he would reckon the best son." This turned their thoughts into an emulation for the superiority in kind and tender affection towards each other. The boys behaved themselves very early with a manly friendship; and their sister, instead of the gross familiarities, and impertinent freedoms in behaviour, usual in other houses, was always treated by them with as much complaisance as any other young lady of their acquaintance. It was an unspeakable pleasure to visit, or sit at a meal, in that family. I have often seen the old man's heart flow at his eyes with joy, upon occasions which would appear indifferent to such as were strangers to the turn of his mind; but a very slight accident, wherein he saw his children's good-will to one another, created in him the godlike pleasure of loving them because they loved each other. This great command of himself, in hiding his first impulse to partiality, at last improved to a

steady justice towards them; and that, which at first was but an expedient to correct his weakness, was afterwards the measure of his virtue.

The truth of it is, those parents who are interested in the care of one child more than that of another, no longer deserve the name of parents, but are, in effect, as childish as their children, in having such unreasonable and ungoverned inclinations. A father of this sort has degraded himself into one of his own offspring; for none but a child would take part in the passions of children.

N° 236. THURSDAY, OCTOBER 12, 1710.

Nescio qua natale solum dulcedine mentem
Tangit, et immemorem non sinit esse sui.

OVID. Ep. ex Pont. I. III.

A nameless fondness for our native clime
Triumphs o'er change, and all-devouring time,
Our next regards our friends and kindred claim;
And every bosom feels the sympathetic flame.

R. WYNNE.

From my own Apartment, October 11.

I FIND in the registers of my family, that the branch of the Bickerstaffs, from which I am descended, came originally out of *Ireland*. This has given me a kind of natural affection for that country. It is therefore with pleasure that I see not only some of the greatest warriors, but also of the greatest wits, to be natives of that kingdom. The

gentleman who writes the following letter is one of these last. The matter of fact contained in it is literally true, though the diverting manner in which it is told may give it the colour of a fable.

"To Isaac Bickerstaff, Esquire, at his House in Great-Britain.

"Sir, *Dublin.*

"Finding by several passages in your Tatlers, that you are a person curious in natural knowledge, I thought it would not be unacceptable to you to give you the following history of the migration of frogs into this country. There is an antient tradition among the wild philosophers of this kingdom, that the whole island was once as much infested by frogs, as that, wherein Whittington made his fortune, was by mice. Insomuch that it is said, Macdonald the First could no more sleep, by reason of these Dutch nightingales, as they are called at Paris, than Pharaoh could when they croaked in his bed-chamber. It was in the reign of this great monarch, that St. Patrick arrived in Ireland, being as famous for destroying vermin as any rat-catcher of our times. If we may believe the tradition, he killed more in one day than a flock of storks could have done in a twelvemonth. From that time for about five hundred years, there was not a frog to be heard in Ireland, notwithstanding the bogs still remained, which in former ages had been so plentifully stocked with those inhabitants.

"When the arts began to flourish in the reign of King Charles II. and that great monarch had placed himself at the head of the Royal Society, to lead them forward into the discoveries of Nature, it is said, that several proposals were laid before his majesty, for the importing of frogs into Ireland. In order to it, a virtuoso of known abilities was unanimously

elected by the Society, and intrusted with the whole management of that affair. For this end, he took along with him a sound able-bodied frog, of a strong hale constitution, that had given proofs of his vigour by several leaps that he made before that learned body. They took ship, and sailed together until they came within sight of the hill of Hoath, before the frog discovered any symptoms of being indisposed by his voyage: but as the wind chopped about, and began to blow from the Irish coast, he grew sea-sick, or rather land-sick; for his learned companion ascribed it to the particles of the soil with which the wind was impregnated. He was confirmed in his conjecture, when, upon the wind's turning about, his fellow-traveller sensibly recovered, and continued in good health until his arrival upon the shore, where he suddenly relapsed, and expired upon a Ring's-End car in his way to Dublin. The same experiment was repeated several times in that reign, but to no purpose. A frog was never known to take three leaps upon Irish turf, before he stretched himself out, and died.

"Whether it were that the philosophers on this side the water despaired of stocking the island with this useful animal, or whether, in the following reign, it was not thought proper to undo the miracle of a popish saint; I do not hear of any further progress made in this affair until about two years after the battle of the Boyne.

"It was then that an ingenious physician, to the honour as well as improvement of his native country, performed what the English had been so long attempting in vain. This learned man, with the hazard of his life, made a voyage to Liverpool, where he filled several barrels with the choicest spawn of frogs that could be found in those parts.

This cargo he brought over very carefully, and afterwards disposed of it in several warm beds, that he thought most capable of bringing it to life. The doctor was a very ingenious physician, and a very good protestant; for which reason, to show his zeal against popery, he placed some of the most promising spawn in the very fountain that is dedicated to the saint, and known by the name of St. Patrick's well, where these animals had the impudence to make their first appearance. They have, since that time, very much increased and multiplied in all the neighbourhood of this city. We have here some curious inquirers into natural history, who observe their motions with a design to compute in how many years they will be able to hop from Dublin to Wexford; though, as I am informed, not one of them has yet passed the mountains of Wicklow.

"I am further informed, that several graziers of the county of Cork have entered into a project of planting a colony in those parts, at the instance of the French protestants; and I know not but the same design may be on foot in other parts of the kingdom, if the wisdom of the British nation do not think fit to prohibit the further importation of English frogs. I am, Sir,

Your most humble servant,

T. B."

There is no study more becoming a rational creature than that of Natural Philosophy; but, as several of our modern *virtuosi* manage it, their speculations do not so much tend to open and enlarge the mind, as to contract and fix it upon trifles.

This in England is in a great measure owing to the worthy elections that are so frequently made in our Royal Society. They seem to be in a confederacy against men of polite genius, noble thought,

and diffusive learning; and chuse into their assemblies such as have no pretence to wisdom, but want of wit; or to natural knowledge, but ignorance of every thing else. I have made observations in this matter so long, that when I meet with a young fellow that is an humble admirer of these sciences, but more dull than the rest of the company, I conclude him to be a Fellow of the Royal Society.

N° 237. SATURDAY, OCTOBER 14, 1710.

In nova fert animus mutatas dicere formas
Corpora. OVID. Met. I. 1.

Of bodies chang'd to various forms I sing.
DRYDEN.

From my own Apartment, October 13.

COMING home last night before my usual hour, I took a book into my hand, in order to divert myself with it until bed-time. Milton chanced to be my author, whose admirable poem of "Paradise Lost" serves at once to fill the mind with pleasing ideas, and with good thoughts, and was therefore the most proper book for my purpose. I was amusing myself with that beautiful passage in which the Poet represents Eve sleeping by Adam's side, with the devil sitting at her ear, and inspiring evil thoughts, under the shape of a toad. Ithuriel, one of the guardian angels of the place, walking his nightly rounds, saw the great enemy of mankind hid in

this loathsome animal, which he touched with his spear. This spear being of a celestial temper, had such a secret virtue in it, that whatever it was applied to, immediately flung off all disguise, and appeared in its natural figure. I am afraid the reader will not pardon me, if I content myself with explaining the passage in prose, without giving it in the author's own inimitable words:

——— On he led his radiant files,
Dazzling the morn. These to the bower direct,
In search of whom they sought. Him there they found,
Squat like a toad, close at the ear of Eve;
Essaying by his devilish art to reach
The organs of her fancy, and with them forge
Illusions as he list, Phantasms and Dreams;
Or if, inspiring venom, he might taint
The animal spirits (that from pure blood arise
Like gentle breaths from rivers pure), thence raise
At least distemper'd, discontented thoughts,
Vain hopes, vain aims, inordinate desires,
Blown up with high conceits, ingendring pride.
Him, thus intent, Ithuriel with his spear
Touch'd lightly; for no falsehood can endure
Touch of celestial temper, but returns
Of force to his own likeness. Up he starts
Discover'd and surpriz'd. As when a spark
Lights on a heap of nitrous powder, laid
Fit for the tun, some magazine to store
Against a rumour'd war, the smutty grain,
With sudden blaze diffus'd, inflames the air;
So started up in his own shape the fiend.

I could not forbear thinking how happy a man would be in the possession of this spear; or what an advantage it would be to a minister of state were he master of such a white staff. It would help him to discover his friends from his enemies, men of abilities from pretenders: it would hinder him from being imposed upon by appearances and

professions; and might be made use of as a kind of state-test, which no artifice could elude.

These thoughts made very lively impressions on my imagination, which were improved, instead of being defaced, by sleep, and produced in me the following dream: I was no sooner fallen asleep, but methought the angel Ithuriel appeared to me, and, with a smile that still added to his celestial beauty, made me a present of the spear which he held in his hand; and disappeared. To make trials of it, I went into a place of public resort.

The first person that passed by me, was a lady that had a particular shyness in the cast of her eye, and a more than ordinary reservedness in all the parts of her behaviour. She seemed to look upon man as an obscene creature, with a certain scorn and fear of him. In the height of her airs I touched her gently with my wand, when, to my unspeakable surprize, she fell in such a manner as made me blush in my sleep. As I was hasting away from this undisguised prude, I saw a lady in earnest discourse with another, and overheard her say, with some vehemence, "Never tell me of him, for I am resolved to die a virgin!" I had a curiosity to try her; but, as soon as I laid my wand upon her head, she immediately fell in labour. My eyes were diverted from her by a man and his wife, who walked near me hand in hand after a very loving manner. I gave each of them a gentle tap, and the next instant saw the woman in breeches, and the man with a fan in his hand. It would be tedious to describe the long series of metamorphoses that I entertained myself with in my night's adventure, of Whigs disguised in Tories, and Tories in Whigs; men in red coats, that denounced terror in their countenances, trembling at the touch of my spear; others in black, with peace in their mouths, but

swords in their hands. I could tell stories of noblemen changed into usurers, and magistrates into beadles; of free-thinkers into penitents, and reformers into whore-masters. I must not, however, omit the mention of a grave citizen who passed by me with an huge clasped Bible under his arm, and a band of a most immoderate breadth; but, upon a touch on the shoulder, he let drop his book, and fell a-picking my pocket.

In the general I observed, that those who appeared good, often disappointed my expectations; but that, on the contrary, those who appeared very bad, still grew worse upon the experiment; as the toad in Milton, which one would have thought the most deformed part of the creation, at Ithuriel's stroke became more deformed, and started up into a devil.

Among all the persons that I touched, there was but one who stood the test of my wand; and, after many repetitions of the stroke, stuck to his form, and remained steady and fixed in his first appearance. This was a young man, who boasted of foul distempers, wild debauches, insults upon holy men, and affronts to religion.

My heart was extremely troubled at this vision. The contemplation of the whole species, so intirely sunk in corruption, filled my mind with a melancholy that is inexpressible, and my discoveries still added to my affliction.

In the midst of these sorrows which I had in my heart, methought there passed by me a couple of coaches with *purple liveries*. There sat in each of them a person with a very venerable aspect. At the appearance of them the people, who were gathered round me in great multitudes, divided into parties, as they were disposed to favour either of those reverend persons. The enemies of one of

them begged me to touch him with my wand, and assured me I should see his lawn converted into a cloke. The opposite party told me with as much assurance, that if I laid my wand upon the other, I should see his garments embroidered with flower-de-luces, and his head covered with a cardinal's hat. I made the experiment, and, to my great joy, saw them both without any change, distributing their blessings to the people, and praying for those who had reviled them. Is it possible, thought I, that good men, who are so few in number, should be divided among themselves, and give better quarter to the vicious that are in their party, than the most strictly virtuous who are out of it? Are the ties of faction above those of religion?—I was going on in my soliloquies, but some sudden accident awakened me, when I found my hand grasped, but my spear gone. The reflection on so very odd a dream made me figure to myself, what a strange face the world would bear, should all mankind appear in their proper shapes and characters, without hypocrisy and disguise? I am afraid the earth we live upon would appear to other intellectual beings no better than a planet peopled with monsters. This should, methinks, inspire us with an honest ambition of recommending ourselves to those invisible spies, and of being what we would appear. There was one circumstance in my foregoing dream, which I at first intended to conceal; but, upon second thoughts, I cannot look upon myself as a candid and impartial historian, if I do not acquaint my reader, that upon taking Ithuriel's spear into my hand, though I was before an old decrepit fellow, I appeared a very handsome, jolly, black man. But I know my enemies will say this is praising my own beauty, for which reason I will speak no more of it.

N° 238. TUESDAY, OCTOBER 17, 1710.

——— *Poetica surgit*
Tempestas ——— JUV. Sat. XII. 23.

Thus dreadful rises the poetic storm. R. WYNNE.

From my own Apartment, October 16.

STORMS at sea are so frequently described by the antient poets, and copied by the moderns, that whenever I find the winds begin to rise in a new heroic poem, I generally skip a leaf or two until I come into fair weather. Virgil's tempest is a master-piece in this kind, and is indeed so naturally drawn, that one who has made a voyage can scarce read it without being sea-sick. Land-showers are no less frequent among the poets than the former, but I remember none of them which have not fallen in the country; for which reason they are generally filled with the lowings of oxen, and the bleatings of sheep, and very often embellished with a rainbow.

Virgil's land-shower is likewise the best in its kind. It is indeed a shower of consequence, and contributes to the main design of the poem, by cutting off a tedious ceremonial, and bringing matters to a speedy conclusion between two potentates of different sexes. My ingenious kinsman, Mr. Humphry Wagstaff, who treats of every subject after a manner that no other author has done, and better than any other can do, has sent me the de-

scription of a city-shower. I do not question but the reader remembers my cousin's description of the morning as it breaks in town, which is printed in the ninth Tatler, and is another exquisite piece of this local poetry.

Careful observers may foretel the hour
(By sure prognostics) when to dread a Shower;
While rain depends, the pensive cat gives o'er
Her frolics, and pursues her tail no more.
Returning home at night, you'll find the sink
Strike your offended sense with double stink.
If you be wise, then go not far to dine,
You'll spend in coach-hire more than save in wine.
A coming Shower your shooting corns presage,
Old aches will throb, your hollow tooth will rage.
Sauntering in coffee-house is Dulman seen;
He damns the climate, and complains of spleen.
Meanwhile the South, rising with dabbled wings,
A sable cloud athwart the welkin flings,
That swill'd more liquor than it could contain,
And, like a drunkard, gives it up again.
Brisk Susan whips her linen from the rope,
While the first drizzling Shower is borne aslope:
Such is that sprinkling which some careless quean
Flirts on you from her mop, but not so clean.
You fly, invoke the gods; then, turning, stop
To rail; she, singing, still whirls on her mop.
Not yet the dust had shunn'd th' unequal strife,
But, aided by the wind, fought still for life;
And, wafted with its foe by violent gust,
'Twas doubtful which was rain, and which was dust.
Ah! where must needy Poet seek for aid,
When dust and rain at once his coat invade?
His only coat, where dust, confus'd with rain
Roughen the nap, and leave a mingled stain?
Now in contiguous drops the flood comes down,
Threatening with deluge this devoted town.
To shops in crowds the daggled females fly,
Pretend to cheapen goods, but nothing buy.
The Templar spruce, while every spout's abroach,
Stays till 'tis fair, yet seems to call a coach.

The tuck'd-up sempstress walks with hasty strides,
While streams run down her *oil'd umbrella's* sides.
Here various kinds, by various fortunes led,
Commence acquaintance underneath a shed.
Triumphant Tories and desponding Whigs
Forget their feuds, and join to save their wigs.
Box'd in a chair, the beau impatient sits,
While spouts run clattering o'er the roof by fits;
And ever-and-anon with frightful din
The leather sounds; he trembles from within.
So when Troy-chairmen bore the wooden steed,
Pregnant with Greeks impatient to be freed
(Those bully Greeks, who, as the moderns do,
Instead of paying chairmen, run them through),
Laocoon struck the outside with his spear,
And each imprison'd hero quak'd for fear.
Now from all parts the swelling kennels flow,
And bear their trophies with them as they go:
Filth of all hues and odours seem to tell
What street they sail'd from, by their sight and smell.
They, as each torrent drives, with rapid force,
From Smithfield or St. 'Pulchre's shape their course,
And in huge confluent join'd at Snow-hill ridge,
Fall from the conduit, prone to Holborn-bridge.
Sweepings from butchers stalls, dung, guts, and blood,
Drown'd puppies, stinking sprats, all drench'd in mud,
Dead cats and turnip-tops come tumbling down the flood.

N° 239. THURSDAY, OCTOBER 19, 1710.

—— *Mecum certâsse feretur?* OVID. Met. xiii. 20.

Shall he contend with me to get a name? R. WYNNE.

From my own Apartment, October 18.

It is ridiculous for any man to criticise on the works of another, who has not distinguished himself by his own performances. A judge would make but an indifferent figure who had never been known at the bar. Cicero was reputed the greatest orator of his age and country, before he wrote a book "De Oratore;" and Horace the greatest poet, before he published his "Art of Poetry." This observation arises naturally in any one who casts his eye upon this last-mentioned author, where he will find the criticisms placed in the latter end of his book, that is, after the finest odes and satires in the Latin tongue.

A modern, whose name I shall not mention, because I would not make a silly Paper sell, was born a *Critic* and an *Examiner*, and, like one of the race of the serpent's teeth, came into the world with a sword in his hand. His works put me in mind of the story that is told of the German monk, who was taking a catalogue of a friend's library, and, meeting with a Hebrew book in it, entered it under the title of, "A book that has the beginning where the end should be." This author, in the last of his crudities, has amassed together a heap of quotations,

to prove that Horace and Virgil were both of them modester men than myself; and if his works were to live as long as mine, they might possibly give posterity a notion, that Isaac Bickerstaff was a very conceited old fellow, and as vain a man as either Tully or Sir Francis Bacon. Had this serious writer fallen upon me only, I could have overlooked it; but to see Cicero abused is, I must confess, what I cannot bear. The censure he passes upon this great man runs thus: "The itch of being very abusive is almost inseparable from vain-glory. Tully has these two faults in so high a degree, that nothing but his being the best writer in the world can make amends for them." The scurrilous wretch goes on to say, that I am as bad as Tully. His words are these: "And yet the Tatler, in his Paper of September the twenty-sixth, has outdone him in both. He speaks of himself with more arrogance, and with more insolence of others." I am afraid, by his discourse, this gentleman has no more read Plutarch than he has Tully. If he had, he would have observed a passage in that historian, wherein he has, with great delicacy, distinguished between two passions which are usually complicated in human nature, and which an ordinary writer would not have thought of separating. Not having my Greek spectacles by me, I shall quote the passage word for word as I find it translated to my hand. "Nevertheless, though he was intemperately fond of his own praise, yet he was very free from envying others, and most liberally profuse in commending both the antients and his contemporaries, as is to be understood by his writings; and many of those sayings are still recorded, as that concerning Aristotle, 'that he was a river of flowing gold:' of Plato's dialogue, 'that if Jupiter were to speak, he would discourse as he did.' Theophrastus he was

wont to call his peculiar delight; and being asked, 'which of Demosthenes his orations he liked best?' He answered, '*The longest.*'

"And as for the eminent men of his own time either for eloquence or philosophy, there was not one of them which he did not, by writing or speaking favourably of, render more illustrious."

Thus the critic tells us, that Cicero was excessively vain-glorious and abusive; Plutarch, that he was vain, but not abusive. Let the reader believe which of them he pleases.

After this he complains to the world, that I call him names, and that, in my passion, I said he was a flea, a louse, an owl, a bat, a small wit, a scribbler, and a nibbler. When he has thus bespoken his reader's pity, he falls into that admirable vein of mirth, which I shall set down at length, it being an exquisite piece of raillery, and written in great gaiety of heart. "After this list of names," *viz.* flea, louse, owl, bat, &c. "I was surprized to hear him say, that he has hitherto kept his temper pretty well; I wonder how he will write when he has lost his temper! I suppose, as he is now very angry and unmannerly, he will then be exceeding courteous and good-humoured." If I can outlive this raillery, I shall be able to bear any thing.

There is a method of criticism made use of by this author, for I shall take care how I call him a scribbler again, which may turn into ridicule any work that was ever written, wherein there is a variety of thoughts. This the reader will observe in the following words: "He," meaning me, "is so intent upon being something extraordinary, that he scarce knows what he would be; and is as fruitful in his similès as a brother of his whom I lately took notice of. In the compass of a few lines he compares himself to a fox, to Daniel Burgess, to the

Knight of the Red Cross, to an oak with ivy about it, and to a great man with an equipage." I think myself as much honoured by being joined in this part of his Paper with the gentleman whom he here calls my brother, as I am in the beginning of it, by being mentioned with Horace and Virgil.

It is very hard that a man cannot publish ten Papers without stealing from himself; but to show you that this is only a knack of writing, and that the author is got into a certain road of criticism, I shall set down his remarks on the works of the gentleman whom he here glances upon, as they stand in his sixth Paper, and desire the reader to compare them with the foregoing passage upon mine.

"In thirty lines his patron is a river, the *primum mobile*, a pilot, a victim, the sun, any thing, and nothing. He bestows increase, conceals his source, makes the machine move, teaches to steer, expiates our offences, raises vapours, and looks larger as he sets."

What poem can be safe from this sort of criticism? I think I was never in my life so much offended, as at a wag whom I once met with in a coffee-house. He had in his hand one of the "*Miscellanies*," and was reading the following short copy of verses, which, without flattery to the author, is, I think, as beautiful in its kind as any one in the English tongue:

Flavia the least and slightest toy
Can with resistless art employ.
This Fan in meaner hands would prove
An engine of small force in love;
But she, with such an air and mien,
Not to be told, or safely seen,
Directs its wanton motions so,
That it wounds more than Cupid's bow;
Gives coolness to the matchless dame,
To every other breast a flame.

When this coxcomb had done reading them, "Hey-day!" says he, "what instrument is this that Flavia employs in such a manner as is not to be told, nor safely seen? In ten lines it is a toy, a Cupid's bow, a fan, and an engine in love. It has wanton motions, it wounds, it cools, and inflames."

Such criticisms make a man of sense sick, and a fool merry.

The next paragraph of the paper we are talking of, falls upon somebody whom I am at a loss to guess at: but I find the whole invective turns upon a man, who, it seems, has been imprisoned for debt. Whoever he was, I most heartily pity him; but at the same time must put the *Examiner* in mind, that notwithstanding he is a Critic, he still ought to remember he is a Christian. Poverty was never thought a proper subject for ridicule; and I do not remember that I ever met with a satire upon a beggar.

As for those little retortings of my own expressions, of "being dull by design, witty in October, shining, excelling," and so forth; they are the common cavils of every witling, who has no other method of showing his parts, but by little variations and repetitions of the man's words whom he attacks.

But the truth of it is, the paper before me, not only in this particular, but in its very essence, is like Ovid's *Echo*,

—— *Quæ nec reticere loquenti,*
Nec prior ipsa loqui didicit —— OVID. Met. iii. 357.

She who in other's words her silence breaks,
Nor speaks herself but when another speaks.

ADDISON.

I should not have deserved the character of a Censor, had I not animadverted upon the above-

mentioned author, by a gentle chastisement: but I know my reader will not pardon me, unless I declare, that nothing of this nature for the future, unless it be written with some wit, shall divert me from my care of the public.

N° 240. SATURDAY, OCTOBER 21, 1710.

Ad populum phaleras. ——— PERS. Sat. III. 30.

Such pageantry be to the people shown :
There boast thy horse's trappings, and thy own.
DRYDEN.

From my own Apartment, October 20.

I DO not remember that in any of my Lucubrations I have touched upon that useful science of physic, notwithstanding I have declared myself more than once a professor of it. I have indeed joined the study of astrology with it, because I never knew a physician recommend himself to the public, who had not a sister art to embellish his knowledge in medicine. It has been commonly observed, in compliment to the ingenious of our profession, that Apollo was god of verse as well as physic; and, in all ages, the most celebrated practitioners of our country were the particular favourites of the Muses. Poetry to physic is indeed like the gilding to a pill; it makes the art shine, and covers the severity of the doctor with the agreeableness of the companion.

The very foundation of poetry is good sense, if we may allow Horace to be a judge of the art.

Scribendi rectè sapere est & principium & fons.
HOR. Ars Poet. 309.

Such judgment is the ground of writing well.
ROSCOMMON.

And if so, we have reason to believe, that the same man who writes well can prescribe well, if he has applied himself to the study of both. Besides, when we see a man making profession of two different sciences, it is natural for us to believe he is no pretender in that which we are not judges of, when we find him skilful in that which we understand.

Ordinary quacks and charlatans are thoroughly sensible how necessary it is to support themselves by these collateral assistances, and therefore always lay their claims to some supernumerary accomplishments, which are wholly foreign to their profession.

About twenty years ago it was impossible to walk the streets without having an advertisement thrust into your hand, of a doctor "who had arrived at the knowledge of the Green and Red Dragon, and had discovered the female fern-seed." Nobody ever knew what this meant; but the Green and Red Dragon so amused the people, that the doctor lived very comfortably upon them. About the same time there was pasted a very hard word upon every corner of the streets. This, to the best of my remembrance, was

TETRACHYMAGOGON,

which drew great shoals of spectators about it, who read the bill that it introduced with unspeakable

curiosity; and, when they were sick, would have nobody but this learned man for their physician.

I once received an advertisement of one "who had studied thirty years by candle-light for the good of his countrymen." He might have studied twice as long by day-light, and never have been taken notice of. But Lucubrations cannot be overvalued. There are some who have gained themselves great reputation for physic by their birth, as the "seventh son of a seventh son;" and others by not being born at all, as the *unborn doctor*, who, I hear, is lately gone the way of his patients; having died worth five hundred pounds *per annum*, though he was not born to a halfpenny.

My ingenious friend doctor Saffold succeeded my old contemporary doctor Lilly in the studies both of physic and astrology, to which he added that of poetry, as was to be seen both upon the sign where he lived, and in the bills which he distributed. He was succeeded by Doctor Case, who erased the verses of his predecessor out of the sign-post, and substituted in their place two of his own, which were as follow:

Within this place
Lives Doctor Case.

He is said to have got more by this distich, than Mr. Dryden did by all his works. There would be no end of enumerating the several imaginary perfections, and unaccountable artifices, by which this tribe of men insnare the minds of the vulgar, and gain crowds of admirers. I have seen the whole front of a mountebank's stage, from one end to the other, faced with patents, certificates, medals, and great seals, by which the several princes of Europe have testified their particular respect and esteem for the Doctor. Every great man with a sounding title

has been his patient. I believe I have seen twenty mountebanks that have given physic to the Czar of Muscovy. The Great Duke of Tuscany escapes no better. The Elector of Brandenburgh was likewise a very good patient.

This great condescension of the doctor draws upon him much good-will from his audience; and it is ten to one, but if any of them be troubled with an aching tooth, his ambition will prompt him to get it drawn by a person, who has had so many princes, kings, and emperors, under his hands.

I must not leave this subject without observing, that as physicians are apt to deal in poetry, apothecaries endeavour to recommend themselves by oratory, and are therefore, without controversy, the most eloquent persons in the whole British nation. I would not willingly discourage any of the arts, especially that of which I am an humble professor: but I must confess, for the good of my native country, I could wish there might be a suspension of physic for some years, that our kingdom, which has been so much exhausted by the wars, might have leave to recruit itself.

As for myself, the only physic which has brought me safe to almost the age of man, and which I prescribe to all my friends, is *Abstinence.* This is certainly the best physic for prevention, and very often the most effectual against a present distemper. In short, my *Recipe* is, "Take nothing."

Were the body politic to be physicked like particular persons, I should venture to prescribe to it after the same manner. I remember when our whole island was shaken with an earthquake some years ago, there was an impudent mountebank who sold pills, which, as he told the country people, were "very good against an earthquake." It may, perhaps, be thought as absurd to prescribe a diet for

the allaying popular commotions, and national ferments. But I am verily persuaded, that if in such a case a whole people were to enter into a course of *Abstinence*, and eat nothing but water-gruel for a fortnight, it would abate the rage and animosity of parties, and not a little contribute to the cure of a distracted nation. Such a *fast* would have a natural tendency to the procuring of those ends, for which a *fast* is usually proclaimed. If any man has a mind to enter on such a voluntary *Abstinence*, it might not be improper to give him the caution of Pythagoras in particular; *Abstine à Fabis*, "Abstain from Beans:" that is, say the interpreters, "Meddle not with elections;" beans having been made use of by the voters among the Athenians in the choice of magistrates.

N° 241. TUESDAY, OCTOBER 24, 1710.

From my own Apartment, October 23.

A METHOD of spending one's time agreeably is a thing so little studied, that the common amusement of our young gentlemen, especially of such as are at a distance from those of the first breeding, is *Drinking*. This way of entertainment has custom on its side; but, as much as it has prevailed, I believe there have been very few companies that have been guilty of excess this way, where there have not happened more accidents which make against, than for the continuance of it. It is very common that events

arise from a debauch which are fatal, and always such as are disagreeable. With all a man's reason and good sense about him, his tongue is apt to utter things out of mere gaiety of heart, which may displease his best friends. Who then would trust himself to the power of wine, without saying more against it, than that it raises the imagination, and depresses the judgment? Were there only this single consideration, that we are less masters of ourselves, when we drink in the least proportion above the exigencies of thirst; I say, were this all that could be objected, it were sufficient to make us abhor this vice. But we may go on to say, that as he who drinks but a little is not master of himself, so he who drinks much is a slave to himself. As for my part, I ever esteemed a *Drunkard* of all vicious persons the most vicious: for if our actions are to be weighed and considered according to the intention of them, what can we think of him, who puts himself into a circumstance wherein he can have no intention at all, but incapacitates himself for the duties and offices of life, by a suspension of all his faculties? If a man considers that he cannot, under the oppression of drink, be a friend, a gentleman, a master, or a subject; that he has so long banished himself from all that is dear, and given up all that is sacred to him; he would even then think of a debauch with horror. But when he looks still further, and acknowledges, that he is not only expelled out of all the relations of life, but also liable to offend against them all; what words can express the terror and detestation he would have of such a condition? And yet he owns all this of himself, who says he was drunk last night.

As I have all along persisted in it, that all the vicious in general are in a state of death; so I think I

may add to the non-existence of *Drunkards*, that they died by their own hands. He is certainly as guilty of suicide who perishes by a slow, as he that is dispatched by an immediate poison. In my last Lucubration I proposed the general use of water-gruel, and hinted that it might not be amiss at this very season. But as there are some whose cases, in regard to their families, will not admit of delay; I have used my interest in several wards of the city, that the wholesome restorative abovementioned may be given in tavern-kitchens to all the morning-draughts-men, within the walls, when they call for wine before noon. For a further restraint and mark upon such persons, I have given orders, that in all the offices where policies are drawn upon lives, it shall be added to the article which prohibits that the nominee should cross the sea, the words, "Provided also, that the above-mentioned A. B. shall not drink before dinner during the term mentioned in this indenture."

I am not without hopes, that by this method I shall bring some unsizeable friends of mine into shape and breadth, as well as others, who are languid and consumptive, into health and vigour. Most of the self-murderers whom I yet hinted at, are such as preserve a certain regularity in taking their poison, and make it mix pretty well with their food. But the most conspicuous of those who destroy themselves, are such as in their youth fall into this sort of debauchery; and contract a certain uneasiness of spirit, which is not to be diverted but by tippling as often as they can fall into company in the day, and conclude with downright *Drunkenness* at night. These gentlemen never know the satisfaction of youth; but skip the years of manhood, and are decrepit soon after they are of age. I was godfather

to one of these old fellows. He is now three-and-thirty, which is the grand climacteric of a young *Drunkard.* I went to visit the crazy wretch this morning, with no other purpose but to rally him under the pain and uneasiness of being sober.

But as our faults are double when they affect others besides ourselves, so this vice is still more odious in a married than a single man He that is the husband of a woman of honour, and comes home over-loaded with wine, is still more contemptible in proportion to the regard we have to the unhappy consort of his bestiality. The imagination cannot shape to itself any thing more monstrous and unnatural than the familiarities between *Drunkenness* and *Chastity*. The wretched Astræa, who is the perfection of beauty and innocence, has long been thus condemned for life. The romantic tales of virgins devoted to the jaws of monsters, have nothing in them so terrible as the gift of Astræa to that Bacchanal.

The reflection of such a match as spotless innocence with abandoned lewdness, is what puts this vice in the worst figure it can bear with regard to others; but when it is looked upon with respect only to the *Drunkard* himself, it has deformities enough to make it disagreeable, which may be summed up in a word, by allowing, that he who resigns his reason, is actually guilty of all that he is liable to from the want of reason.

P. S. Among many other enormities, there are two in the following letters which I think should be suddenly amended; but since they are sins of omission only, I shall not make remarks upon them until I find the delinquents persist in their errors; and the inserting the letters themselves shall be all their present admonition.

"MR. BICKERSTAFF, *October* 16.

"Several that frequent divine-service at Saint Paul's, as well as myself, having, with great satisfaction, observed the good effect which your animadversion had on an excess in performance there; it is requested, that you will take notice of a contrary fault, which is, the unconcerned silence, and the motionless postures, of others who come thither. If this custom prevails, the congregation will resemble an audience at a play-house, or, rather, a silent meeting of quakers. Your censuring such church-mutes, in the manner you think fit, may make these dissenters join with us, out of fear lest you should further animadvert upon their non-conformity. According as this succeeds, you shall hear from, Sir,

"Your most humble servant,

B. B."

'Mr. BICKERSTAFF,

"I was the other day in company with a gentleman, who, in reciting his own qualifications, concluded every period with these words, *the best of any man in England*. Thus, for example: he kept the best house of any man in England; he understood this, and that, and the other, the best of any man in England. How harsh and ungrateful soever this expression might sound to one of my nation, yet the gentleman was one whom it no ways became me to interrupt; but perhaps a new term put into his *by-words* (as they call a sentence a man particularly affects) may cure him. I therefore took a resolution to apply to you, who, I dare say, can easily persuade this gentleman, whom I cannot believe an enemy to the Union, to mend his phrase, and be hereafter the wisest of any man in Great-Britain. I am, Sir,

Your most humble servant,

SCOTO-BRITANNUS."

ADVERTISEMENT.

"Whereas Mr. Humphrey Trelooby, wearing his own hair, a pair of buck-skin breeches, a hunting-whip, with a new pair of spurs, has complained to the Censor, that on Thursday last he was defrauded of half-a-crown, under pretence of a duty to the sexton for seeing the cathedral of St. Paul, London: it is hereby ordered, that none hereafter require above sixpence of any country gentleman under the age of twenty-five for that liberty; and that all which shall be received above the said sum, of any person, for beholding the inside of that sacred edifice, be forthwith paid to Mr. John Morphew, for the use of Mr. Bickerstaff, under pain of further censure on the above-mentioned extortion."

N°242. THURSDAY, OCTOBER 26, 1710.

———————— *Quis iniquæ*
Tam patiens urbis, tam ferreus ut teneat se?

JUV. Sat. i. 30.

To view so lewd a town, and to refrain,
What hoops of iron could my spleen contain?

DRYDEN.

From my own Apartment, October 25.

IT was with very great displeasure I heard this day a man say of a companion of his, with an air of approbation, "You know Tom never fails of saying

a spiteful thing. He has a great deal of wit, but satire is his particular talent. Did you mind how he put the young fellow out of countenance that pretended to talk to him?" Such impertinent applauses, which one meets with every day, put me upon considering, what true raillery and satire were in themselves; and this, methought, occurred to me from reflection upon the great and excellent persons that were admired for talents this way. When I had run over several such in my thoughts, I concluded, however unaccountable the assertion might appear at first sight, that good-nature was an essential quality in a satirist, and that all the sentiments which are beautiful in this way of writing, must proceed from that quality in the author. Good-nature produces a disdain of all baseness, vice, and folly; which prompts them to express themselves with smartness against the errors of men, without bitterness towards their persons. This quality keeps the mind in equanimity, and never lets an offence unseasonably throw a man out of his character. When Virgil said, "he that did not hate Bavius might love Mævius," he was in perfect good humour; and was not so much moved at their absurdities, as passionately to call them sots or blockeads in a direct invective, but laughed at them with a delicacy of scorn, without any mixture of anger.

The best good man, with the worst-natur'd muse,

was the character among us of a gentleman as famous for his humanity as his wit.

The ordinary subjects for satire are such as incite the greatest indignation in the best tempers, and consequently men of such a make are the best qualified for speaking of the offences in human life. These men can behold vice and folly, when they injure persons to whom they are wholly unacquainted, with

the same severity as others resent the ills they do to themselves. A good-natured man cannot see an overbearing fellow put a bashful man of merit out of countenance, or out-strip him in the pursuit of any advantage, but he is on fire to succour the oppressed, to produce the merit of the one, and confront the impudence of the other.

The men of the greatest character in this kind were Horace and Juvenal. There is not, that I remember, one ill-natured expression in all their writings, nor one sentence of severity, which does not apparently proceed from the contrary disposition. Whoever reads them, will, I believe, be of this mind; and if they were read with this view, it might possibly persuade our young fellows, that they may be very witty men without speaking ill of any but those who deserve it. But, in the perusal of these writers, it may not be unnecessary to consider, that they lived in very different times. Horace was intimate with a prince of the greatest goodness and humanity imaginable, and his court was formed after his example: therefore the faults that poet falls upon were little inconsistencies in behaviour, false pretences to politeness, or impertinent affectations of what men were not fit for. Vices of a coarser sort could not come under his consideration, or enter the palace of Augustus. Juvenal, on the other hand, lived under Domitian, in whose reign every thing that was great and noble was banished the habitations of the men in power. Therefore he attacks vice as it passes by in triumph, not as it breaks into conversation. The fall of empire, contempt of glory, and a general degeneracy of manners, are before his eyes in all his writings. In the days of Augustus, to have talked like Juvenal had been madness; or in those of Domitian, like Horace. Morality and virtue are every where recommended in Horace, as

became a man in a polite court, from the beauty, the propriety, the convenience of pursuing them. Vice and corruption are attacked by Juvenal in a style which denotes, he fears he shall not be heard without he calls to them in their own language, with a barefaced mention of the villanies and obscenities of his contemporaries.

This accidental talk of these two great men carries me from my design, which was to tell some coxcombs that run about this town with the name of smart satirical fellows, that they are by no means qualified for the characters they pretend to, of being severe upon other men; for they want good-nature. There is no foundation in them for arriving at what they aim at; and they may as well pretend to flatter as rally agreeably, without being good-natured.

There is a certain impartiality necessary to make what a man says bear any weight with those he speaks to. This quality, with respect to men's errors and vices, is never seen but in good-natured men. They have ever such a frankness of mind, and benevolence to all men, that they cannot receive impressions of unkindness without mature deliberation; and writing or speaking ill of a man upon personal considerations, is so irreparable and mean an injury, that no one possessed of this quality is capable of doing it: but in all ages there have been interpreters to authors when living, of the same genius with the commentators into whose hands they fall when dead. I dare say it is impossible for any man of more wit than one of these to take any of the four-and-twenty letters, and form out of them a name to describe the character of a vicious man with greater life, but one of these would immediately cry, "Mr. Such-a-one is meant in that place." But the truth of it is, satirists describe the age, and backbiters assign their descriptions to private men.

In all terms of reproof, when the sentence appears to arise from personal hatred or passion, it is not then made the cause of mankind, but a misunderstanding between two persons. For this reason the representations of a good-natured man bear a pleasantry in them, which shews there is no malignity at heart, and by consequence they are attended to by his hearers or readers, because they are unprejudiced. This deference is only what is due to him; for no man thoroughly nettled can say a thing general enough, to pass off with the air of an opinion declared, and not a passion gratified. I remember a humorous fellow at Oxford, when he heard any one had spoken ill of him, used to say, "I will not take my revenge of him until I have forgiven him." What he meant by this was, that he would not enter upon this subject until it was grown as indifferent to him as any other: and I have by this rule, seen him more than once triumph over his adversary with an inimitable spirit and humour; for he came to the assault against a man full of sore places, and he himself invulnerable.

There is no possibility of succeeding in a satirical way of writing or speaking, except a man throws *himself* quite out of the question. It is great vanity to think any one will attend to a thing, because it is your quarrel. You must make your satire the concern of society in general if you would have it regarded. When it is so, the good-nature of a man of wit will prompt him to many brisk and disdainful sentiments and replies, to which all the malice in the world will not be able to repartee.

Nº 243. SATURDAY, OCTOBER 28, 1710.

Infert se septus nebulâ, mirabile dictu!
Per medios, miscetque viris, neque cernitur ulli.

VIRG. Æn. i. 443.

Conceal'd in clouds, prodigious to relate!
He mix'd, unmark'd, among the busy throng,
——————————— and pass'd unseen along.

DRYDEN.

From my own Apartment, October 27.

I HAVE somewhere made mention of Gyges's ring; and intimated to my reader, that it was at present in my possession, though I have not since made any use of it. The tradition concerning this ring is very romantic, and taken notice of both by Plato and Tully, who each of them make an admirable use of it for the advancement of morality. This Gyges was the master shepherd to king Candaules. As he was wandering over the plains of Lydia, he saw a great chasm in the earth, and had the curiosity to enter it. After having descended pretty far into it, he found the statue of a horse in brass, with doors in the sides of it. Upon opening them, he found the body of a dead man, bigger than ordinary, with a ring upon his finger, which he took off, and put it upon his own. The virtues of it were much greater than he at first imagined; for, upon his going into the assembly of shepherds, he observed, that he was invisible when he turned the stone of the ring within the palm of his hand, and visible when he

turned it towards his company. Had Plato and Cicero been as well versed in the occult sciences as I am, they would have found a great deal of mystic learning in this tradition: but it is impossible for an adept to be understood by one who is not an adept.

As for myself, I have, with much study and application, arrived at this great secret of making myself invisible, and by that means conveying myself where I please; or, to speak in Rosicrucian lore, I have entered into the clifts of the earth, discovered the brazen horse, and robbed the dead giant of his ring. The tradition says further of Gyges, that by the means of this ring he gained admission into the most retired parts of the court, and made such use of those opportunities, that he at length became king of Lydia. For my own part, I, who have always rather endeavoured to improve my mind than my fortune, have turned this ring to no other advantage, than to get a thorough insight into the ways of men, and to make such observations upon the errors of others as may be useful to the public, whatever effect they may have upon myself.

About a week ago, not being able to sleep, I got up, and put on my magical ring; and, with a thought, transported myself into a chamber where I saw a light. I found it inhabited by a celebrated beauty, though she is of that species of women which we call a slattern. Her head-dress and one of her shoes lay upon a chair, her petticoat in one corner of the room, and her girdle, that had a copy of verses made upon it but the day before, with her thread stockings, in the middle of the floor. I was so foolishly officious, that I could not forbear gathering up her cloaths together, to lay them upon the chair that stood by her bed-side; when, to my great surprize, after a little muttering, she cried out, "What do

you do? Let my petticoat alone." I was startled at first, but soon found that she was in a dream; being one of those who, to use Shakspeare's expression, "are so loose of thought," that they utter in their sleep every thing that passes in their imagination. I left the apartment of this female rake, and went into her neighbour's, where there lay a male coquette. He had a bottle of salts hanging over his head, and upon the table by his bed-side Suckling's poems, with a little heap of black patches on it. His snuff-box was within reach on a chair: but while I was admiring the disposition which he made of the several parts of his dress, his slumber seemed interrupted by a pang that was accompanied by a sudden oath, as he turned himself over hastily in his bed. I did not care for seeing him in his nocturnal pains, and left the room.

I was no sooner got into another bed-chamber, but I heard very harsh words uttered in a smooth uniform tone. I was amazed to hear so great a volubility in reproach, and thought it too coherent to be spoken by one asleep; but, upon looking nearer, I saw the head-dress of the person who spoke, which shewed her to be a female, with a man lying by her side broad awake, and as quiet as a lamb. I could not but admire his exemplary patience, and discovered by his whole behaviour, that he was then lying under the discipline of a curtain-lecture.

I was entertained in many other places with this kind of nocturnal eloquence; but observed, that most of those whom I found awake, were kept so either by envy or by love. Some of these were sighing, and others cursing, in soliloquy; some hugged their pillows, and others gnashed their teeth.

The covetous I likewise found to be a very wakeful people. I happened to come into a room where

one of them lay sick. His physician and his wife were in close whisper near his bed-side. I overheard the doctor say to the poor gentlewoman, "he cannot possibly live until five in the morning." She received it like the mistress of a family, prepared for all events. At the same instant came in a servant-maid, who said, "Madam, the undertaker is below, according to your order." The words were scarce out of her mouth, when the sick man cried out with a feeble voice, "Pray, doctor, how went Bank-stock to-day at 'Change?" This melancholy object made me too serious for diverting myself further this way. As I was going home, I saw a light in a garret, and entering into it, heard a voice crying, *and, hand, stand, band, fanned, tanned.* I concluded him by this, and the furniture of his room, to be a lunatic; but, upon listening a little longer, perceived it was a poet, writing an heroic upon the ensuing peace.

It was now towards morning, an hour when spirits, witches, and conjurers, are obliged to retire to their own apartments, and, feeling the influence of it, I was hastening home, when I saw a man had got half way into a neighbour's house. I immediately called to him, and turning my ring, appeared in my proper person. There is something magisterial in the aspect of the Bickerstaffs, which made him run away in confusion.

As I took a turn or two in my own lodging, I was thinking that, old as I was, I need not go to bed alone, but that it was in my power to marry the finest lady in this kingdom, if I would wed her with this ring. For what a figure would she that should have it make at a visit, with so perfect a knowledge as this would give her of all the scandal in the town? But, instead of endeavouring to dispose of

myself and it in matrimony, I resolved to lend it to my loving friend, the author of the "Atalantis," to furnish a new "Secret History of Secret Memoirs."

N° 244. TUESDAY, OCTOBER 31, 1710.

Quid voveat dulci nutricula majus alumno,
Quam sapere, et fari ut possit quæ sentiat? ——

HOR. 1 Ep. iv. 8.

What can the fondest mother wish for more,
Ev'n for her darling son, than solid sense,
Perceptions clear, and flowing eloquence?

R. Wynne.

Will's Coffee-house, October 30.

It is no easy matter, when people are advancing in any thing, to prevent their going too fast for want of patience. This happens in nothing more frequently than in the prosecution of studies. Hence it is, that we meet crowds who attempt to be eloquent before they can speak. They affect the flowers of rhetoric before they understand the parts of speech. In the ordinary conversation of this town, there are so many who can, as they call it, talk well, that there is not one in twenty that talks to be understood. This proceeds from an ambition to excel, or, as the term is, to shine in company. The matter is not to make themselves understood, but admired. They come together with a certain emulation, rather than benevo-

lence. When you fall among such companions, the safe way is to give yourself up, and let the orators declaim for your esteem, and trouble yourself no further. It is said, that a poet must be born so; but I think it may be much better said of an orator, especially when we talk of our town poets and orators: but the town poets are full of rules and laws; the town orators go through thick and thin, and are, forsooth, persons of such eminent natural parts, and knowledge of the world, that they despise all men as unexperienced scholastics, who wait for an occasion before they speak, or who speak no more than is necessary. They had half persuaded me to go to the tavern the other night, but that a gentleman whispered me, "Pr'ythee, Isaac, go with us; there is Tom Varnish will be there, and he is a fellow that talks as well as any man in England."

I must confess, when a man expresses himself well upon any occasion, and his falling into an account of any subject arises from a desire to oblige the company, or from fulness of the circumstance itself, so that his speaking of it at large is occasioned only by the openness of a companion; I say, in such a case as this, it is not only pardonable, but agreeable, when a man takes the discourse to himself; but when you see a fellow watch for opportunities for being copious, it is excessively troublesome. A man that stammers, if he has understanding, is to be attended to with patience and good-nature; but he that speaks more than he needs, has no right to such an indulgence. The man who has a defect in his speech takes pains to come to you, while a man of weak capacity, with fluency of speech, triumphs in outrunning you. The stammerer strives to be fit for your company; the loquacious man endeavours to shew you, you are not fit for his.

With thoughts of this kind do I always enter into that man's company who is recommended as a person that talks well; but if I were to choose the people with whom I would spend my hours of conversation, they should be certainly such as laboured no farther than to make themselves readily and clearly apprehended, and would have patience and curiosity to understand me. To have good sense, and ability to express it, are the most essential and necessary qualities in companions. When thoughts rise in us fit to utter, among familiar friends there needs but very little care in cloathing them.

Urbanus is, I take it, a man one might live with whole years, and enjoy all the freedom and improvement imaginable, and yet be insensible of a contradiction to you in all the mistakes you can be guilty of. His great good-will to his friends, has produced in him such a general deference in his discourse, that if he differs from you in his sense of any thing, he introduces his own thoughts by some agreeable circumlocution; or, "he has often observed such and such a circumstance that made him of another opinion.' Again, where another would be apt to say, "this I am confident of, I may pretend to judge of this matter as well as any body;" Urbanus says, "I am verily persuaded: I believe one may conclude." In a word, there is no man more clear in his thoughts and expressions than he is, or speaks with greater diffidence. You shall hardly find one man of any consideration, but you shall observe one of less consequence form himself after him. This happens to Urbanus; but the man who steals from him almost every sentiment he utters in a whole week, disguises the theft by carrying it with a quite different air. Umbratilis knows Urbanus's doubtful way of speaking proceeds from good-nature and good-breeding, and not from uncertainty in his opi-

nions. Umbratilis, therefore, has no more to do but repeat the thoughts of Urbanus in a positive manner, and appear to the undiscerning a wiser man than the person from whom he borrows: but those who know him, can see the servant in his master's habit; and the more he struts, the less do his cloaths appear his own.

In conversation, the medium is neither to affect silence or eloquence; not to value our approbation, and to endeavour to excel us who are of your company, are equal injuries. The great enemies therefore to good company, and those who transgress most against the laws of equality, which is the life of it, are, the clown, the wit, and the pedant. A clown, when he has sense, is conscious of his want of education, and, with an aukward bluntness, hopes to keep himself in countenance by overthrowing the use of all polite behaviour. He takes advantage of the restraint good-breeding lays upon others not to offend him, to trespass against them, and is under the man's own shelter while he intrudes upon him. The fellows of this class are very frequent in the repetition of the words *rough* and *manly*. When these people happen to be by their fortunes of the rank of gentlemen, they defend their other absurdities by an impertinent courage; and, to help out the defect of their behaviour, add their being dangerous to their being disagreeable. This gentleman (though he displeases, professes to do so; and, knowing that, dares still go on to do so) is not so painful a companion, as he who will please you against your will, and resolves to be a wit.

This man, upon all occasions, and whoever he falls in company with, talks in the same circle, and in the same round of chat which he has learned at one of the tables of this coffee-house. As poetry is in itself an elevation above ordinary and common

sentiments; so there is no fop so very near a madman in indifferent company as a poetical one. He is not apprehensive that the generality of the world are intent upon the business of their own fortune and profession, and have as little capacity as curiosity to enter into matters of ornament or speculation. I remember at a full table in the city, one of these ubiquitary wits was entertaining the company with a soliloquy, for so I call it when a man talks to those who do not understand him, concerning wit and humour. An honest gentleman who sat next to me, and was worth half a plumb*, stared at him, and observing there was some sense, as he thought, mixt with his impertinence, whispered me, "Take my word for it, this fellow is more knave than fool." This was all my good friend's applause of the wittiest man of talk that I was ever present at, which wanted nothing to make it excellent, but that there was no occasion for it.

The pedant is so obvious to ridicule, that it would be to be one to offer to explain him. He is a gentleman so well known, that there is none but those of his own class who do not laugh at and avoid him. Pedantry proceeds from much reading and little understanding. A pedant among men of learning and sense, is like an ignorant servant giving an account of a polite conversation. You may find he has brought with him more than could have entered into his head without being there, but still that he is not a bit wiser than if he had not been there at all.

* Fifty thousand pounds.

N° 245. THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 2, 1710.

From my own Apartment, November 1.

The lady hereafter-mentioned, having come to me in very great haste, and paid me much above the usual fee, as a cunning-man, to find her stolen goods, and also having approved my late discourse of advertisements, obliged me to draw up this, and insert it in the body of my Paper.

Advertisement.

*** Whereas Bridget Howd'ye, late servant to the Lady Fardingale, a short, thick, lively, hard-favoured wench of about twenty-nine years of age, her eyes small and bleared, and nose very broad at bottom, and turning up at the end, her mouth wide, and lips of an unusual thickness, two teeth out before, the rest black and uneven, the tip of her left ear being of a mouse colour, her voice loud and shrill, quick of speech, and something of a Welsh accent, withdrew herself on Wednesday last from her ladyship's dwelling-house, and, with the help of her consorts, carried off the following goods of her said lady, *viz.* a *thick wadded callico wrapper*, a musk-coloured velvet mantle lined with squirrel skins, eight night-shifts, four pair of silk stockings curiously darned, six pair of *laced shoes*, new and old, with the heels of half *two inches higher* than their fellows; a quilted petticoat of the largest size, and one of canvas with whale-bone hoops; three

pair of stays, bolstered below the left shoulder, *two pair of hips* of the newest fashion, six round-about aprons with pockets, and four striped muslin *night-rails* very little frayed; a silver pot for coffee or chocolate, the lid much bruised; a *broad brimmed flat silver plate for sugar with Rhenish wine*; a *silver ladle for plumb-porridge*; a silver cheese-toaster with three tongues, an ebony handle, and silvering at the end; a *silver posnet to butter eggs*; one caudle and two cordial-water cups, two cocoa-cups, and an ostrich's egg, with rims and feet of silver, a marrow-spoon with a scoop at the other end, a silver orange-strainer, eight sweet meat spoons made with forks at the end, an agate handle knife and fork in a sheath, a silver tongue-scraper, a silver tobacco-box, with a tulip graved on the top; and a Bible bound in shagreen, with gilt leaves and clasps, never opened but once. Also a small cabinet, with six drawers inlaid with red tortoise-shell, and brass gilt ornaments at the four corners, in which were two *leather forehead-cloths*, three pair of *oiled dog-skin gloves*, seven *cakes of superfine Spanish wool*, half-a-dozen of Portugal dishes, and a *quire of paper from thence*; two *pair of bran-new plumpers*, four black-lead combs, three pair of *fashionable eyebrows*, two sets of ivory teeth, little the worse for wearing, and one pair of box for common use; Adam and Eve in *bugle-work*, without fig leaves, upon canvas, curiously wrought with her ladyship's own hand; several filligrane curiosities; a crotchet of one hundred and twenty-two diamonds, set strong and deep in silver, with a rump-jewel after the same fashion; bracelets of braided hair, *pomander and seed-pearl*; a large old purple velvet purse embroidered, and shutting with a spring, containing two pictures in miniature, the features visible; a broad thick gold ring with a hand-in-hand engraved upon it, and

within this poesy, "While life does last, I'll hold thee fast;" another set round with small rubies and sparks, six wanting; another of Turkey stone, cracked through the middle; an Elizabeth and four Jacobus's, one guinea, the first of the coin, an angel with a hole bored through, a broken half of a Spanish piece of gold, a crown-piece with the breeches, an old nine-pence bent both ways by Lilly the almanack maker for luck at langteraloo, and twelve of the shells called blackmoor's teeth; one small amber box with *apoplectic balsam,* and one silver-gilt of a larger size for cashu and carraway comfits, to be taken at long sermons, the lid enamelled, representing a Cupid fishing for hearts, with a piece of gold on his hook; over his head this rhyme, "Only with gold, You me shall hold." In the lower drawer was a large new gold repeating watch made by a Frenchman; a gold chain, and all the proper appurtenances hung upon steel swivels, to wit, lockets with the hair of dead and living lovers, seals with arms, emblems and devices cut in cornelian, agate, and onyx, with Cupids, hearts, darts, altars, flames, rocks, pickaxes, roses, thorns, and sunflowers; as also variety of ingenious French mottos; together with gold etuys for quills, scissars, needles, thimbles, and a spunge dipped in Hungary water, left but the night before by a young lady going upon a frolic *incog.* There was also a bundle of letters, dated between the years one thousand six hundred and seventy, and one thousand six hundred and eighty-two, most of them signed Philander, the rest Strephon, Amyntas, Corydon, and Adonis; together with a collection of receipts to make pastes for the hands, pomatums, lip-salves, white-pots, beautifying creams, water of talc, and frog spawn water; decoctions for clearing the complexion, and an approved medicine to procure abortion.

Whoever can discover the aforesaid goods, so that they may be had again, shall have fifty guineas for the whole, or proportionable for any part.

N. B. Her ladyship is pleased to promise ten pounds for the pacquet of letters over and above, or five for Philander's only, being her first love. "My lady bestows those of Strephon to the finder, being so written, that they may serve to any woman who reads them."

P. S. As I am a patron of persons who have no other friend to apply to, I cannot suppress the following complaint:

"Sir,

"I am a blackmoor boy, and have, by my lady's order, been christened by the chaplain. The good man has gone further with me, and told me a great deal of good news; as, that I am as good as my lady herself as I am a Christian, and many other things: but for all this, the parrot, who came over with me from our country, is as much esteemed by her as I am. Besides this, the shock-dog has a collar that cost almost as much as mine. I desire also to know, whether now I am a Christian, I am obliged to dress like a Turk, and wear a turbant.

"I am, Sir,

"Your most humble servant,

"Pompey."

N° 246. SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 4, 1710.

—— *Vitiis nemo sine nascitur; optimus ille*
Qui minimis urgetur. HOR. 1 Sat. III. 68.

—— We have all our vices, and the best
Is he, who with the fewest is opprest. FRANCIS.

From my own Apartment, November 3.

WHEN one considers the turn which conversation takes in almost every set of acquaintance, club, or assembly, in this town or kingdom, one cannot but observe, that in spite of what I am every day saying, and all the moral writers since the beginning of the world have said, the subject of discourse is generally upon one another's faults. This in a great measure proceeds from self-conceit, which were to be endured in one or other individual person; but the folly has spread itself almost over all the species; and one cannot only say, Tom, Jack, or Will, but in general, "that man is a coxcomb." From this source it is, that any excellence is faintly received, any imperfection unmercifully exposed. But if things were put in a true light, and we would take time to consider, that man, in his very nature, is an imperfect being, our sense of this matter would be immediately altered, and the word *imperfection* would not carry an unkinder idea than the word *humanity*. It is a pleasant story that we, forsooth, who are the only imperfect creatures in the universe, are the only beings that will not allow of imperfection. Somebody has taken notice, that we stand

in the middle of existencies, and are, by this one circumstance, the most unhappy of all others. The brutes are guided by instinct, and know no sorrow; the angels have knowledge, and they are happy; but men are governed by opinion, which is I know not what mixture of instinct and knowledge, and are neither indolent nor happy. It is very observable, that critics are a people between the learned and the ignorant, and, by that situation, enjoy the tranquillity of neither. As critics stand among men, so do men in general between brutes and angels. Thus every man, as he is a critic and a coxcomb, until improved by reason and speculation, is ever forgetting himself, and laying open the faults of others.

At the same time that I am talking of the cruelty of urging people's faults with severity, I cannot but bewail some which men are guilty of for want of admonition. These are such as they can easily mend, and nobody tells them of, for which reason I shall make use of the penny-post (as I have with success to several young ladies about turning their eyes, and holding up their heads) to certain gentlemen, whom I remark habitually guilty of what they may reform in a moment. There is a fat fellow, whom I have long remarked wearing his breast open in the midst of winter, out of an affectation of youth. I have therefore sent him just now the following letter in my physical capacity:

"SIR,

"From the twentieth instant to the first of May next, both days inclusive, I beg of you to button your waistcoat from your collar to your waistband. I am your most humble servant,

ISAAC BICKERSTAFF, Philomath."

There is a very handsome well-shaped youth that frequents the coffee-houses about Charing-Cross, and ties a very pretty ribbon with a cross of jewels at his breast. This being something new, and a thing in which the gentleman may offend the Herald's-office, I have addressed myself to him as I am Censor.

"Dear Countryman,

"Was that ensign of honour which you wear, given you by a prince or a lady that you have served? If you bear it as an absent lover, please to hang it on a black ribbon: if as a rewarded soldier, you may have my licence to continue the red.

Your faithful servant,

Bickerstaff, Censor."

These little intimations do great service, and are very useful, not only to the persons themselves, but to inform others how to conduct themselves towards them.

Instead of this honest private method, or a friendly one face to face, of acquainting people with things in their power to explain or amend, the usual way among people is to take no notice of things you can help, and nevertheless expose you for those you cannot.

Plumbeus and Levis are constantly in each other's company: they would, if they took proper methods, be very agreeable companions: but they so extravagantly aim at what they are unfit for, and each of them rallies the other so much in the wrong place, that, instead of doing each other the offices of friends, they do but instruct the rest of the world to laugh at them with more knowledge and skill. Plumbeus is of a saturnine and sullen complexion; Levis of a mercurial and airy disposition. Both

these gentlemen have but very slow parts, but would make a very good figure did they pursue what they ought. If Plumbeus would take to business, he would, in a few years, know the forms of orders so well as to direct and dictate with so much ease, as to be thought a solid, able, and, at the same time, a sure man of dispatch. Levis, with a little reading, and coming more into company, would soon be able to write a song, or lead up a country-dance. Instead of these proper pursuits, in obedience to their respective geniuses, Plumbeus endeavours to be a man of pleasure, and Levis the man of business. This appears in their speech, and in their dress; Plumbeus is ever egregiously fine, and talking something like wit; Levis is ever extremely grave, and, with a silly face, repeating maxims. These two pardon each other for affecting what each is incapable of, the one to be wise, and the other gay; but are extremely critical in their judgments of each other in their way towards what they pretend to. Plumbeus acknowledges Levis to be a man of great reach, because it is what Plumbeus never cared for being thought himself, and Levis allows Plumbeus to be an agreeable rake for the same reason. Now were these dear friends to be free with each other, as they ought to be, they would change characters, and be both as commendable, instead of being as ridiculous, as their capacities will admit of.

Were it not too grave, all that I would urge on this subject is, that men are bewildered when they consider themselves in any other view than that of strangers, who are in a place where it is no great matter whether they can, or unreasonable to expect they should, have every thing about them as well as at their own home. This way of thinking is, per-

haps, the only one that can put this being in a proper posture for the ease of society. It is certain, that this would reduce all faults into those which proceed from malice, or dishonesty: it would quite change our manner of beholding one another, and nothing that was not below a man's nature, would be below his character. The arts of this life would be proper advances towards the next; and a very good man would be a very fine gentleman. As it is now, human life is inverted, and we have not learned half the knowledge of this world before we are dropping into another. Thus, instead of the raptures and contemplations which naturally attend a well-spent life from the approach of eternity, even we old fellows are afraid of the ridicule of those who are born *since us*, and ashamed not to understand, as well as peevish to resign, the mode, the fashion, the ladies, the fiddles, the balls, and what not. Dick Reptile, who does not want humour, is very pleasant at our club when he sees an old fellow touchy at being laughed at for any thing that is not in the mode, and bawls in his ear, "Pr'ythee do not mind him; tell him thou art mortal."

N° 247. TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 7, 1710.

Edepol, næ nos æque sumus omnes invisæ viris
Propter paucas, quæ omnes faciunt dignæ ut videamur malo.
TER. Hecyr. II. iii. 1.

How unjustly
Do husbands stretch their censure to all wives
For the offences of a few, whose vices
Reflect dishonour on the rest. COLMAN.

By Mrs. JENNY DISTAFF, Half Sister to Mr. BICKERSTAFF.

From my own Apartment, November 6.

MY brother having written the above piece of Latin, desired me to take care of the rest of the ensuing Paper. Towards this he bid me answer the following letter, and said, nothing I could write properly on the subject of it would be disagreeable to the motto. It is the cause of my sex, and I therefore enter upon it with great alacrity. The epistle is literally thus:

Edinburgh, Octob. 23.

"MR. BICKERSTAFF,

"I presume to lay before you an affair of mine, and begs you'le be very sinceir in giving me your judgment and advice in this matter, which is as follows:

"A very agreeable young gentleman, who is endowed with all the good qualities that can make a man complete, has this long time maid love to me

in the most passionat manner that was posable. He has left nothing unsaid to make me believe his affections real; and, in his letters, expressed himself so hansomly and so tenderly, that I had all the reason imaginable to belive him sincere. In short, he positively has promised me he would marry me: but I find all he said nothing; for when the question was put to him, he would not; but still would continue my humble servant, and would go on at the ould rate, repeating the assurences of his fidelity, and at the same time has none in him. He now writs to me in the same endearing style he ust to do, would have me spake to no man but himself. His estate is in his own hand, his father being dead. My fortune at my own disposal, mine being also dead; and to the full answers his estate. Pray, Sir, be ingeinous, and tell me cordially, if you don't think I shall do myself an injury if I keep company, or a corospondance any longer with this gentleman. I hope you will faver an honest North-Britain, as I am, with your advice in this amour; for I am resolved just to follow your directions. Sir, you will do me a sensable pleasure, and very great honour, if you will please to insirt this poor scrole, with your answer to it, in your Tatler. Pray fail not to give me your answer; for on it depends the happiness of

Disconsolat ALMEIRA."

"MADAM,

"I have frequently read over your letter, and am of opinion, that, as lamentable as it is, it is the most common of any evil that attends our sex. I am very much troubled for the tenderness you express towards your lover, but rejoice at the same time that you can so far surmount your inclination for him, as to resolve to dismiss him when you

have my brother's opinion for it. His sense of the matter he desired me to communicate to you. Oh Almeria! the common failing of our sex is to value the merit of our lovers rather from the grace of their address, than the sincerity of their hearts. He has expressed himself so handsomely! Can you say that, after you have reason to doubt his truth? It is a melancholy thing, that in this circumstance of love, which is the most important of all others in female life, we women, who are, they say, always weak, are still weakest. The true way of valuing a man, is to consider his reputation among the men. For want of this necessary rule towards our conduct, when it is too late, we find ourselves married to the outcasts of that sex; and it is generally from being disagreeable among men, that fellows endeavour to make themselves pleasing to us. The little accomplishments of coming into a room with a good air, and telling, while they are with us, what we cannot hear among ourselves, usually make up the whole of a woman's man's merit. But if we, when we began to reflect upon our lovers, in the first place, considered what figures they make in the camp, at the bar, on the exchange, in their country, or at court, we should behold them in quite another view than at present.

"Were we to behave ourselves according to this rule, we should not have the just imputation of favouring the silliest of mortals, to the great scandal of the wisest, who value our favour as it advances their pleasure, not their reputation. In a word, Madam, if you would judge aright in love, you must look upon it as in a case of friendship. Were this gentleman treating with you for any thing but yourself, when you had consented to his offer, if he fell off, you would call him a cheat and an im-

postor. There is, therefore, nothing left for you to do but to despise him, and yourself for doing it with regret. I am,

Madam, &c."

I have heard it often argued in conversation, that this evil practice is owing to the perverted taste of the wits in the last generation. A libertine on the throne could very easily make the language and the fashion turn his own way. Hence it is that woman is treated as a mistress, and not a wife. It is from the writings of those times, and the traditional accounts of the debauches of their men of pleasure, that the coxcombs now-a-days take upon them, forsooth, to be false swains, and perjured lovers. Methinks I feel all the woman rise in me, when I reflect upon the nauseous rogues that pretend to deceive us; wretches, that can never have it in their power to overreach any thing living but their mistresses! In the name of goodness, if we are designed by nature as suitable companions to the other sex, why are we not treated accordingly? If we have merit, as some allow, why is it not as base in men to injure us, as one another? If we are the insignificants that others call us, where is the triumph in deceiving us? But when I look at the bottom of this disaster, and recollect the many of my acquaintance whom I have known in the same condition with the "Northern Lass" that occasions this discourse, I must own I have ever found the perfidiousness of men has been generally owing to ourselves, and we have contributed to our own deceit. The truth is, we do not conduct ourselves, as we are courted, but as we are inclined. When we let our imaginations take this unbridled swing, it is not he that acts best is most lovely, but he that

is most lovely acts best. When our humble servants make their addresses, we do not keep ourselves enough disengaged to be judges of their merit; and we seldom give our judgment of our lover, until we have lost our judgment for him.

While Clarinda was passionately attended and addressed to by Strephon, who is a man of sense and knowlege in the world, and Cassio, who has a plentiful fortune, and an excellent understanding, she fell in love with Damon at a ball. From that moment, she that was before the most reasonable creature of all my acquaintance, cannot hear Strephon speak, but it is something "so out of the way of ladies conversation:" and Cassio has never since opened his mouth before us, but she whispers me, "How seldom do riches and sense go together!" The issue of all this is, that for the love of Damon, who has neither experience, understanding, nor wealth, she despises those advantages in the other two which she finds wanting in her lover; or else thinks he has them for no other reason but because he is her lover. This, and many other instances, may be given in this town; but I hope thus much may suffice to prevent the growth of such evils at Edinburgh.

N° 248. THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 9, 1710.

——— *Media sese tulit obvia silva,*
Virginis os habitumque gerens. VIRG. Æn. I. 318.

Lo! in the deep recesses of the wood
Before my eyes a beauteous form appears,
A virgin's dress and modest looks she wears.
R. WYNNE.

By ISAAC BICKERSTAFF, Esquire.

From my own Apartment, November 8.

IT may perhaps appear ridiculous, but I must confess, this last summer, as I was riding in Enfield-chase, I met a young lady whom I could hardly get out of my head, and, for aught I know, my heart, ever since. She was mounted on a pad, with a very well-fancied furniture. She *set* her horse with a very graceful air; and, when I saluted her with my hat, she bowed to me so obligingly, that whether it was her civility or beauty that touched me so much, I know not; but I am sure I shall never forget her. She dwells in my imagination in a figure so much to her advantage, that if I were to draw a picture of Youth, Health, Beauty, or Modesty, I should represent any, or all of them, in the person of that young woman.

I do not find that there are any descriptions in the antient poets so beautiful as those they draw of nymphs in their pastoral dresses and exercises. Virgil gives Venus the habit of a Spartan huntress when she is to put Æneas in his way, and relieves

his cares with the most agreeable object imaginable. Diana and her train are always described as inhabitants of the woods, and followers of the chase. To be well diverted, is the safest guard to innocence; and, methinks, it should be one of the first things to be regarded among people of condition, to find out proper amusements for young ladies. I cannot but think this of riding might easily be revived among them, when they consider how much it must contribute to their beauty. This would lay up the best portion they could bring into a family, a good stock of health, to transmit to their posterity. Such a charming bloom, as this gives the countenance, is very much preferable to the real or affected feebleness or softness, which appear in the faces of our modern beauties.

The comedy, called, "The Ladies Cure," represents the affectation of wan looks and languid glances to a very entertaining extravagance. There is, as the lady in the play complains, something so robust in perfect health, that it is with her a point of breeding and delicacy to appear in public with a sickly air. But the natural gaiety and spirit which shine in the complexion of such as form to themselves a sort of diverting industry, by choosing recreations that are exercises, surpass all the false ornaments and graces that can be put on by applying the whole dispensary of a toilet. An healthy body, and a chearful mind, give charms as irresistible as inimitable. The beauteous Dyctinna, who came to town last week, has, from the constant prospect in a delicious country, and the moderate exercise and journies in the visits she made round it, contracted a certain life in her countenance, which will in vain employ both the painters and the poets to represent. The becoming negligence in her dress, the severe sweetness of her looks, and a certain innocent bold-

ness in all her behaviour, are the effect of the active recreations I am talking of.

But instead of such, or any other as innocent and pleasing method of passing away their time with alacrity, we have many in town who spend their hours in an indolent state of body and mind, without either recreations or reflections. I am apt to believe there are some parents imagine their daughters will be accomplished enough, if nothing interrupts their growth, or their shape. According to this method of education, I could name you twenty families, where all the girls hear of in this life is, that it is time to rise and to come to dinner, as if they were so insignificant as to be wholly provided for when they are fed and clothed.

It is with great indignation that I see such crowds of the female world lost to human society, and condemned to a laziness, which makes life pass away with less relish than in the hardest labour. Palestris in her drawing-room, is supported by spirits to keep off the returns of spleen and melancholy, before she can get over half of the day for want of something to do, while the wench in the kitchen sings and scowers from morning to night.

The next disagreeable thing to a lazy lady, is a very busy one. A man of business in good company, who gives an account of his abilities and dispatches, is hardly more insupportable than her they call a notable woman, and a manager. Lady Goodday, where I visited the other day, at a very polite circle, entertained a great lady with a *recipe* for a poultice, and gave us to understand, that she had done extraordinary cures since she was last in town. It seems a countryman had wounded himself with his scythe as he was mowing; and we were obliged to hear of her charity, her medicine, and her hu-

mility, in the harshest tone and coarsest language imaginable.

What I would request in all this prattle is, that our females would either let us have their persons, or their minds, in such perfection as nature designed them.

The way to this is, that those who are in the quality of gentlewomen, should propose to themselves some suitable method of passing away their time. This would furnish them with reflections and sentiments proper for the companions of reasonable men, and prevent the unnatural marriages which happen every day between the most accomplished women and the veriest oafs, the worthiest men and the most insignificant females. Were the general turn of women's education of another kind than it is at present, we should want one another for more reasons than we do as the world now goes. The common design of parents, is to get their girls off as well as they can; and they make no conscience of putting into our hands a bargain for our whole life, which will make our hearts ache every day of it. I shall, therefore, take this matter into serious consideration, and will propose, for the better improvement of the fair sex, a "Female Library." This collection of books shall consist of such authors as do not corrupt while they divert, but shall tend more immediately to improve them as they are women. They shall be such as shall not hurt a feature by the austerity of their reflections, nor cause one impertinent glance by the wantonness of them. They shall all tend to advance the value of their innocence as virgins, improve their understanding as wives, and regulate their tenderness as parents. It has been very often said in these Lucubrations, "that the ideas which most frequently pass through our imaginations, leave traces of them-

selves in our countenances." There shall be a strict regard had to this in my *Female Library*, which shall be furnished with nothing that shall give supplies to ostentation or impertinence; but the whole shall be so digested for the use of my students, that they shall not go out of character in their inquiries, but their knowledge appear only a cultivated innocence.

Nº 249. SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 11, 1710.

Per varios casus, per tot discrimina rerum,
Tendimus. ——— VIRG. Æn. I. 208.

Through various hazards, and events, we move.
DRYDEN.

From my own Apartment, November 10.

I WAS last night visited by a friend of mine, who has an inexhaustible fund of discourse, and never fails to entertain his company with a variety of thoughts and hints that are altogether new and uncommon. Whether it were in complaisance to my way of living, or his real opinion, he advanced the following paradox: that it required much greater talents to fill up and become a retired life than a life of business. Upon this occasion he rallied very agreeably the busy men of the age, who only valued themselves for being in motion, and passing through a series of trifling and insignificant actions. In the heat of his discourse, seeing a piece of money lying

on my table, "I defy," says he, "any of these active persons to produce half the adventures that this Twelvepenny-piece has been engaged in, were it possible for him to give us an account of his life."

My friend's talk made so odd an impression upon my mind, that soon after I was a-bed I fell insensibly into an unaccountable *reverie*, that had neither moral nor design in it, and cannot be so properly called a dream as a *delirium*.

Methought the Shilling that lay upon the table reared itself upon its edge, and, turning the face towards me, opened its mouth, and in a soft silver sound, gave me the following account of his life and adventures:

"I was born," says he, "on the side of a mountain, near a little village of Peru, and made a voyage to England in an ingot, under the convoy of Sir Francis Drake. I was, soon after my arrival, taken out of my Indian habit, refined, naturalized, and put into the British mode, with the face of Queen Elizabeth on one side, and the arms of the country on the other. Being thus equipped, I found in me a wonderful inclination to ramble, and visit all the parts of the new world into which I was brought. The people very much favoured my natural disposition, and shifted me so fast from hand to hand, that, before I was five years old, I had travelled into almost every corner of the nation. But in the beginning of my sixth year, to my unspeakable grief, I fell into the hands of a miserable old fellow, who clapped me into an iron chest, where I found five hundred more of my own quality who lay under the same confinement. The only relief we had, was to be taken out and counted over in the fresh air every morning and evening. After an imprisonment of several years, we heard

somebody knocking at our chest, and breaking it open with an hammer. This we found was the old man's heir, who, as his father lay dying, was so good as to come to our release. He separated us that very day. What was the fate of my companions I know not: as for myself, I was sent to the *apothecary's shop for a pint of sack.* The apothecary gave me to an herb-woman, the herb-woman to a butcher, the butcher to a brewer, and the brewer to his wife, who made a present of me to a non-conformist preacher. After this manner I made my way merrily through the world; for, as I told you before, we Shillings love nothing so much as travelling. I sometimes fetched in a shoulder of mutton, sometimes a play-book, and often had the satisfaction to treat a templer at a twelve penny ordinary, or carry him with *three friends* to Westminster-hall.

"In the midst of this pleasant progress which I made from place to place, I was arrested by a superstitious old woman, who shut me up in a greasy purse, in pursuance of a foolish saying, 'that while she kept a Queen Elizabeth's shilling about her, she should never be without money.' I continued here a close prisoner for many months, until at last I was exchanged for eight-and-forty farthings.

"I thus rambled from pocket to pocket until the beginning of the civil wars, when, to my shame be it spoken, I was employed in raising soldiers against the king: for, being of a very tempting breadth, a serjeant made use of me to inveigle country fellows, and list them into the service of the parliament.

"As soon as he had made one man sure, his way was, to oblige him to take a shilling of a more homely figure, and then practise the same trick upon another. Thus I continued doing great mischief to the crown, until my officer chancing one

morning to walk abroad earlier than ordinary, sacrificed me to his pleasures, and made use of me to seduce a milk-maid. This wench bent me, and gave me to her sweetheart, applying more properly than she intended the usual form of, 'to my love and from my love.' This ungenerous gallant marrying her within a few days after, pawned me for a dram of brandy; and drinking me out next day, I was beaten flat with an hammer, and again set a-running.

"After many adventures, which it would be tedious to relate, I was sent to a young spendthrift, in company with the will of his deceased father. The young fellow, who I found was very extravagant, gave great demonstrations of joy at receiving the will; but opening it, he found himself disinherited, and cut off from the possession of a fair estate by virtue of my being made a present to him. This put him into such a passion, that, after having taken me in his hand, and cursed me, he squirred me away from him as far as he could fling me. I chanced to light in an unfrequented place under a dead wall, where I lay undiscovered and useless during the usurpation of Oliver Cromwell.

"About a year after the king's return, a poor cavalier, that was walking there about dinner-time, fortunately cast his eye upon me, and, to the great joy of us both, carried me to a cook's shop, where he dined upon me, and drank the king's health. When I came again into the world, I found that I had been happier in my retirement than I thought, having probably by that means escaped wearing a monstrous pair of breeches.

"Being now of great credit and antiquity, I was rather looked upon as a medal than an ordinary coin; for which reason a gamester laid hold of me, and converted me to a counter, having got together

some dozens of us for that use. We led a melancholy life in his possession, being busy at those hours wherein current coin is at rest, and partaking the fate of our master; being in a few moments valued at a crown, a pound, or a sixpence, according to the situation in which the fortune of the cards placed us. I had at length the good luck to see my master break, by which means I was again sent abroad under my primitive denomination of a Shilling.

"I shall pass over many other accidents of less moment, and hasten to that fatal catastrophe when I fell into the hands of an artist, who conveyed me under ground, and, with an unmerciful pair of sheers, cut off my titles, clipped my brims, retrenched my shape, rubbed me to my inmost ring; and, in short, so spoiled and pillaged me, that he did not leave me worth a groat. You may think what confusion I was in to see myself thus curtailed and disfigured. I should have been ashamed to have shewn my head, had not all my old acquaintance been reduced to the same shameful figure, excepting some few that were punched through the belly. In the midst of this general calamity, when every body thought our misfortune irretrievable, and our case desperate, we were thrown into the furnace together, and, as it often happens with cities rising out of a fire, appeared with greater beauty and lustre than we could ever boast of before. What has happened to me since this change of sex which you now see, I shall take some other opportunity to relate. In the mean time, I shall only repeat two adventures, as being very extraordinary, and neither of them having ever happened to me above once in my life. The first was, my being in a poet's pocket, who was so taken with the brightness and novelty of my appearance, that it gave oc-

casion to the finest burlesque poem in the British language, entituled, from me, *The Splendid Shilling*. The second adventure, which I must not omit, happened to me in the year 1703, when I was given away in charity to a blind man; but indeed this was by mistake, the person who gave me having thrown me heedlessly into the hat among a penny-worth of farthings."

N° 250. TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 14, 1710.

Scis enim justum gemina suspendere lance
Ancipitis libræ? PERS. Sat. IV. 10.

Know'st thou, with equal hand, to hold the scale?
DRYDEN.

From my own Apartment, November 13.

I LAST winter erected a court of justice for the correcting of several enormities in dress and behaviour, which are not cognizable in any other courts of this realm. The vintner's case, which I there tried, is still fresh in every man's memory. That of the petticoat gave also a general satisfaction: not to mention the more important points of the cane and perspective; in which, if I did not give judgments and decrees according to the strictest rules of equity and justice, I can safely say, I acted according to the best of my understanding. But as for the proceedings of that court, I shall refer my reader to

an account of them, written by my secretary; which is now in the press, and will shortly be published under the title of Lillie's "Reports *."

As I last year presided over a court of justice, it is my intention this year to set myself at the head of a court of honour. There is no court of this nature any where at present, except in France; where, according to the best of my intelligence, it consists of such only as are marshals of that kingdom. I am likewise informed, that there is not one of that honourable board at present, who has not been driven out of the field by the duke of Marlborough: but whether this be only an accidental or a necessary qualification, I must confess, I am not able to determine.

As for the court of honour of which I am here speaking, I intend to sit myself in it as president, with several men of honour on my right-hand, and women of virtue on my left, as my assistants. The first place on the bench I have given to an old Tangereen captain with a wooden leg. The second is a gentleman of a long twisted periwig without a curl in it, a muff with very little hair upon it, and a thread-bare coat with new buttons; being a person of great worth, and second brother to a man of quality. The third is a gentleman usher, extremely well read in romances, and grandson to one of the greatest wits in Germany, who was some time master of the ceremonies to the duke of Wolfembuttle.

As for those who sit further on my right-hand, as it is usual in public courts †, they are such as will

* Charles Lillie.

† This alludes to the masters in chancery, who sit on the bench with the lord chancellor, *sole judge* of the court.

fill up the number of faces upon the bench, and serve rather for ornament than use.

The chief upon my left-hand are,

An old maiden lady, that preserves some of the t blood of England in her veins.

A Welsh woman of a little stature, but high spirit.

An old prude, that has censured every marriage for these thirty years, and is lately wedded to a young rake.

Having thus furnished my bench, I shall establish correspondences with the horse-guards, and the veterans of Chelsea-College; the former to furnish me with twelve men of honour as often as I shall have occasion for a grand jury; and the latter, with as many good men and true, for a petty jury.

As for the women of virtue, it will not be difficult for me to find them about midnight at crimp and basset.

Having given this public notice of my court, I must further add, that I intend to open it on this day sevennight, being Monday the twentieth instant; and do hereby invite all such as have suffered injuries and affronts, that are not to be redressed by the common laws of this land, whether they be short bows, cold salutations, supercilious looks, unreturned smiles, distant behaviour, or forced familiarity; as also all such as have been aggrieved by any ambiguous expression, accidental justle, or unkind repartee; likewise all such as have been defrauded of their right to the wall, tricked out of the upper end of the table, or have been suffered to place themselves, in their own wrong, on the back-seat of the coach. These, and all of these, I do, as I above said, invite to bring in their several cases and

complaints, in which they shall be relieved with all imaginable expedition.

I am very sensible, that the office I have now taken upon me will engage me in the disquisition of many weighty points, that daily perplex the you[th] of the British nation; and, therefore, I have already discussed several of them for my future use: as, "how far a man may brandish his cane in telling a story, without insulting his hearer;" "what degree of contradiction amounts to the lie;" "how a man shall resent another's staring and cocking a hat in his face;" "if asking pardon is an atonement for treading upon one's toes;" "whether a man may put up with a box on the ear, received from a stranger in the dark;" or, "whether a man of honour may take a blow of his wife;" with several other subtilties of the like nature.

For my direction in the duties of my office, I have furnished myself with a certain astrological pair of scales, which I have contrived for this purpose. In one of them I lay the injuries, in the other the reparations. The first are represented by little weights made of a metal resembling iron, and the other of gold. These are not only lighter than the weights made use of in avoirdupois, but also such as are used in Troy-weight. The heaviest of those that represent the injuries amount but to a scruple; and decrease by so many sub-divisions, that there are several imperceptible weights which cannot be seen without the help of a very fine microscope. I might acquaint my reader, that these scales were made under the influence of the sun when he was in Libra, and describe many signatures on the weights both of injury and reparation: but as this would look rather to proceed from an ostentation of my own art, than any care for the public, I shall pass it over in silence.

Nº251. THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 16, 1710.

Quisnam igitur liber? Sapiens, sibi qui imperiosus;
Quem neque pauperies, neque mors, nec vincula terrent:
Responsare cupidinibus, contemnere honores
Fortis, et in seipso totus; teres atque rotundus,
Externi ne quid valeat per læve morari;
In quem manca ruit semper fortuna.

HOR. 2 Sat. VII. 83.

Who then is free?—The wise, who well maintains
An empire o'er himself; whom neither chains,
Nor want, nor death, with slavish fear inspire,
Who boldly answers to his warm desire,
Who can ambition's vainest gifts despise,
Firm in himself who on himself relies,
Polish'd and round who runs his proper course,
And breaks misfortune with superior force.

FRANCIS.

From my own Apartment, November 15.

It is necessary to an easy and happy life, to possess our minds in such a manner as to be always well satisfied with our own reflections. The way to this state is to measure our actions by our own opinion, and not by that of the rest of the world. The sense of other men ought to prevail over us in things of less consideration, but not in concerns where truth and honour are engaged. When we look into the bottom of things, what at first appears a paradox is a plain truth; and those professions, which, for want of being duly weighed, seem to proceed from a sort of romantic philosophy, and ignorance of the world, after a little reflection, are so reasonable,

that it is direct madness to walk by any other rules. Thus to contradict our desires, and to conquer the impulses of our ambition, if they do not fall in with what we in our inward sentiments approve, is so much our interest, and so absolutely necessary to our real happiness, that to contemn all the wealth and power in the world, where they stand in competition with a man's honour, is rather good sense than greatness of mind.

Did we consider that the mind of a man is the man himself, we should think it the most unnatural sort of self-murder to sacrifice the sentiment of the soul to gratify the appetites of the body. Bless us! is it possible, that when the necessities of life are supplied, a man would flatter to be rich, or circumvent to be powerful! When we meet a poor wretch, urged with hunger and cold, asking an alms, we are apt to think this a state we could rather starve than submit to: but yet how much more despicable is his condition, who is above necessity, and yet shall resign his reason and his integrity to purchase superfluities! Both these are abject and common beggars; but sure it is less despicable to beg a supply to a man's hunger than his vanity. But custom and general prepossessions have so far prevailed over an unthinking world, that those necessitous creatures, who cannot relish life without applause, attendance, and equipage, are so far from making a contemptible figure, that distressed virtue is less esteemed than successful vice. But if a man's appeal, in cases that regard his honour, were made to his own soul, there would be a basis and standing rule for our conduct, and we should always endeavour rather to be, than appear honourable. Mr. Collier, in his "Essay on Fortitude," has treated this subject with great wit and magnanimity. "What," says he, "can be more

honourable than to have courage enough to execute the commands of reason and conscience; to maintain the dignity of our nature, and the station assigned us? to be proof against poverty, pain, and death itself? I mean so far as not to do any thing that is scandalous or sinful to avoid them; to stand adversity under all shapes with decency and resolution! To do this, is to be great above title and fortune. This argues the soul of an heavenly extraction, and is worthy the offspring of the Deity."

What a generous ambition has this man pointed to us! When men have settled in themselves a conviction, by such noble precepts, that there is nothing honourable which is not accompanied with innocence; nothing mean but what has guilt in it: I say, when they have attained thus much, though poverty, pain, and death, may still retain their terrors; yet riches, pleasures, and honours, will easily lose their charms, if they stand between us and our integrity.

What is here said with allusion to fortune and fame, may as justly be applied to wit and beauty; for these latter are as adventitious as the other, and as little concern the essence of the soul. They are all laudable in the man who possesses them, only for the just application of them. A bright imagination, while it is subservient to an honest and noble soul, is a faculty which makes a man justly admired by mankind, and furnishes him with reflections upon his own actions, which add delicates to the feast of a good conscience: but when wit descends to wait upon sensual pleasures, or promote the base purposes of ambition, it is then to be contemned in proportion to its excellence. If a man will not resolve to place the foundation of his happiness in his own mind, life is a bewildered and un-

happy state, incapable of rest or tranquillity. For to such a one, the general applause of valour, wit, nay of honesty itself, can give him but a very feeble comfort; since it is capable of being interrupted by any one who wants either understanding or good-nature to see or acknowledge such excellencies. This rule is so necessary, that one may very safely say, it is impossible to know any true relish of our being without it. Look about you in common life among the ordinary race of mankind, and you will find merit in every kind is allowed only to those who are in particular districts or sets of company: but, since men can have little pleasure in these faculties which denominate them persons of distinction, let them give up such an empty pursuit, and think nothing essential to happiness but what is in their own power; the capacity of reflecting with pleasure on their own actions, however they are interpreted.

It is so evident a truth, that it is only in our own bosoms we are to search for any thing to make us happy, that it is, methinks, a disgrace to our nature to talk of taking our measures from thence only, as a matter of fortitude. When all is well there, the vicissitudes and distinctions of life are the mere scenes of a drama; and he will never act his part well, who has his thoughts more fixed upon the applause of the audience than the design of his part.

The life of a man who acts with a steady integrity, without valuing the interpretation of his actions, has but one uniform regular path to move in, where he cannot meet opposition, or fear ambuscade. On the other side, the least deviation from the rules of honour introduces a train of numberless evils, and involves him in inexplicable mazes. He that has entered into guilt has bid adieu to rest;

and every criminal has his share of the misery expressed so emphatically in the tragedian,

Macbeth shall sleep no more!

It was with detestation of any other grandeur but the calm command of his own passions, that the excellent Mr. Cowley cries out with so much justice;

If e'er Ambition did my fancy cheat,
With any thought so mean as to be great,
Continue, Heaven, still from me to remove
The humble blessings of that life I love!

N° 252. SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 18, 1710.

Narratur et prisci Catonis
Sæpe mero caluisse virtus. HOR. 3 Od. xxi. 11.

Of old
Cato's virtue, we are told,
Often with a bumper glow'd,
And with social raptures flow'd. FRANCIS.

From my own Apartment, November 17.

THE following letter, and several others to the same purpose, accuse me of a rigour of which I am far from being guilty, to wit, the disallowing the chearful use of wine.

"*From my Country House, October* 25.

"MR. BICKERSTAFF,

"Your discourse against drinking, in Tuesday's Tatler, I like well enough in the main; but, in my

humble opinion, you are become too rigid, where you say to this effect: *Were there only this single consideration, that we are the less masters of ourselves if we drink the least proportion beyond the exigence of thirst.* I hope no one drinks wine to allay this appetite. This seems to be designed for a loftier indulgence of nature; for it were hard to suppose that the Author of Nature, who imposed upon her her necessities and pains, does not allow her her proper pleasures; and we may reckon among the latter the moderate use of the grape. Though I am as much against excess, or whatever approaches it, as yourself; yet I conceive one may safely go farther than the bounds you there prescribe, not only without forfeiting the title of being one's own master, but also to possess it in a much greater degree. If a man's expressing himself upon any subject with more life and vivacity, more variety of ideas, more copiously, more fluently, and more to the purpose, argues it; he thinks clearer, speaks more ready, and with greater choice of comprehensive and significant terms. I have the good fortune now to be intimate with a gentleman * remarkable for this temper, who has an inexhaustible source of wit to entertain the curious, the grave, the humourous, and the *frolic*. He can transform himself into different shapes, and adapt himself to every company; yet in a coffee-house, or in the ordinary course of affairs, he appears rather dull than sprightly. You can seldom get him to the tavern; but when once he is arrived to his pint, and begins to look about and like his company, you admire a thousand things in him, which before lay buried. Then you discover the brightness of his mind, and the strength of his judgment, accompa-

* Mr. Addison.

nied with the most graceful mirth. In a word, by this enlivening aid, he is whatever is polite, instructive, and diverting. What makes him still more agreeable is, that he tells a story, serious or comical, with as much delicacy of humour as Cervantes himself. And for all this, at other times, even after a long knowledge of him, you shall scarce discern in this incomparable person a whit more, than what might be expected from one of a common capacity. Doubtless, there are men of great parts that are guilty of downright bashfulness, that, by a strange hesitation and reluctance to speak, murder the finest and most elegant thoughts, and render the most lively conceptions flat and heavy.

"In this case, a certain quantity of my white or red cordial, which you will, is an easy, but an infallible remedy. It awakens the judgment, quickens the memory, ripens the understanding, disperses melancholy, chears the heart; in a word, restores the whole man to himielf and his friends, without the least pain or indisposition to the patient. To be taken only in the evening, in a reasonable quantity, before going to-bed. Note; My bottles are sealed with three flower-de-luces and a bunch of grapes. Beware of counterfeits. I am your most humble servant, &c."

Whatever has been said against the use of wine, upon the supposition that it enfeebles the mind, and renders it unfit for the duties of life, bears forcibly to the advantage of that delicious juice in cases where it only heightens conversation, and brings to light agreeable talents, which otherwise would have lain concealed under the oppression of an unjust modesty. I must acknowledge I have seen many of the temper mentioned by this correspondent, and own wine

may very allowably be used, in a degree above the supply of mere necessity, by such as labour under melancholy, or are tongue-tied by modesty. It is certainly a very agreeable change, when we see a glass raise a lifeless conversation into all the pleasures of wit and good-humour. But when Caska adds to his natural impudence the fluster of a bottle, that which fools called fire when he was sober, all men abhor as outrage when he is drunk. Thus he, that in the morning was only saucy, is in the evening tumultuous. It makes one sick to hear one of these fellows say, "they love a friend and a bottle." Noisy mirth has something too rustic in it to be considered without terror by men of politeness: but while the discourse improves in a well-chosen company, from the addition of spirits which flow from moderate cups, it must be acknowledged, that leisure-time cannot be more agreeably, or perhaps more usefully, employed, than at such meetings. There is a certain prudence in this, and all other circumstances, which makes right or wrong in the conduct of ordinary life. Sir Jeoffrey Wildacre has nothing so much at heart, as that his son should know the world betimes. For this end he introduces him among the sots of his own age, where the boy learns to laugh at his father from the familiarity with which he sees him treated by his equals. This the old fellow calls "living well with his heir, and teaching him to be too much his friend to be impatient for his estate." But, for the more exact regulation of society in this and other matters, I shall publish tables of the characters and relations among men, and by them instruct the town in making sets and companies for a bottle. This humour of Sir Jeoffrey shall be taken notice of in the first place; for there is, methinks, a sort of incest

in drunkenness, and sons are not to behold fathers stripped of all reverence.

It is shocking in nature for the young to see those, whom they should have an awe for, in circumstances of contempt. I shall therefore utterly forbid, that those whom nature should admonish to avoid too gross familiarities, shall be received into parties of pleasure where there is the least danger of excess. I should run through the whole doctrine of drinking, but that my thoughts are at present too much employed in the modelling my "Court of Honour," and altering the seats, benches, bar, and canopy, from that of the court wherein I, last winter, sat upon causes of less moment. By the way, I shall take an opportunity to examine, what method is to be taken to make joiners and other artificers get out of a house they have once entered; not forgetting to tie them under proper regulations. It is for want of such rules that I have, a day or two longer than I expected, been tormented and deafened with hammers; insomuch, that I neither can pursue this discourse, nor answer the following, and many other letters of the highest importance.

"Mr. Bickerstaff,

"We are man and wife, and have a boy and a girl; the lad seventeen, the maiden sixteen. We are quarrelling about some parts of their education. I Ralph cannot bear that I must pay for the girl's learning on the spinnet, when I know she has no ear. I Bridget have not patience to have my son whipped because he cannot make verses, when I know he is a blockhead. Pray, Sir, inform us, is it absolutely necessary that all who wear breeches must be taught to rhyme; all in petticoats to touch an instrument? Please to interpose in this and the

like cases, to end much solid distress which arises from trifling causes, as it is common in wedlock, and you will very much oblige us and ours,

RALPH } YOKEFELLOW."
BRIDGET }

N° 253. TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 21, 1710.

—— *Pietate gravem ac meritis si fortè virum quem*
Conspexere, silent, arrectisque auribus astant.

VIRG. Æn. i. 155.

If then some grave and pious man appear,
They hush their noise, and lend a listening ear.

DRYDEN.

From my own Apartment, November 20.

Extract of the Journal of the Court of Honour, 1710.

Diæ Lunæ, vicesimo Novembris, horâ nonâ antemeridianâ.

THE court being *sat*, an oath prepared by the Censor was administered to the assistants on his right-hand, who were all sworn upon their honour. The women on his left-hand took the same oath upon their reputation. Twelve gentlemen of the horse-guards were impannelled, having unanimously chosen Mr. Alexander Truncheon, who is their right-hand man in the troop, for their foreman in the jury. Mr. Truncheon immediately drew his sword, and, holding it with the point towards his own body, pre-

sented it to the Censor. Mr. Bickerstaff received it; and, after having surveyed the breadth of the blade, and sharpness of the point, with more than ordinary attention, returned it to the foreman in a very graceful manner. The rest of the jury, upon the delivery of the sword to their foreman, drew all of them together as one man, and saluted the bench with such an air, as signified the most resigned submission to those who commanded them, and the greatest magnanimity to execute what they should command.

Mr. Bickerstaff, after having received the compliments on his right-hand, cast his eye upon the left, where the whole female jury paid their respects by a low courtesy, and by laying their hands upon their mouths. Their forewoman was a professed Platonist, that had spent much of her time in exhorting the sex to set a just value upon their persons, and to make the men know themselves.

There followed a profound silence, when at length, after some recollection, the Censor, who continued hitherto uncovered, put on his hat with great dignity; and, after having composed the brims of it in a manner suitable to the gravity of his character, he gave the following charge; which was received with silence and attention, that being the only applause which he admits of, or is ever given in his presence.

"The nature of my office, and the solemnity of this occasion, requiring that I should open my first session with a speech, I shall cast what I have to say under two principal heads.

"Under the first, I shall endeavour to show the necessity and usefulness of this new-erected court; and, under the second, I shall give a word of advice and instruction to every constituent part of it.

" As for the first, it is well observed by Phædrus, an heathen poet;

Nisi utile est quod facimus, frustra est gloria.

Which is the same, ladies, as if I should say, it would be of no reputation for me to be president of a court which is of no benefit to the public. Now the advantages that may arise to the *weal-public* from this institution will more plainly appear, if we consider what it suffers for the want of it. Are not our streets daily filled with wild pieces of justice, and random penalties? Are not crimes undetermined, and reparations disproportioned? How often have we seen the lie punished by death, and the liar himself deciding his own cause! nay, not only acting the judge, but the executioner! Have we not known a box on the ear more severely accounted for than manslaughter? In these extra-judicial proceedings of mankind, an unmannerly jest is frequently as capital as a premeditated murder.

" But the most pernicious circumstance in this case is, that the man who suffers the injury must put himself upon the same foot of danger with him that gave it, before he can have his just revenge; so that the punishment is altogether accidental, and may fall as well upon the innocent as the guilty.

" I shall only mention a case which happens frequently among the more polite nations of the world, and which I the rather mention, because both sexes are concerned in it, and which therefore you gentlemen, and you ladies of the jury, will the rather take notice of; I mean, that great and known case of cuckoldom. Supposing the person who has suffered insults in his dearer and better half; supposing, I say, this person should resent the injuries done to his tender wife; what is the reparation he

may expect? Why, to be used worse than his poor lady, run through the body, and left breathless upon the bed of honour. What then, will you on my right-hand say, must the man do that is affronted? Must our sides be elbowed, our shins broken? Must the wall, or perhaps our mistress, be taken from us? May a man knit his forehead into a frown, toss up his arm, or pish at what we say, and must the villain live after it? Is there no redress for injured honour? Yes, gentlemen, that is the design of the judicature we have here established.

"A court of conscience, we very well know, was first instituted for the determining of several points of property, that were too little and trivial for the cognizance of higher courts of justice. In the same manner, our court of honour is appointed for the examination of several niceties and punctilios, that do not pass for wrongs in the eye of our common laws. But notwithstanding no legislators of any nation have taken into consideration these little circumstances, they are such as often lead to crimes big enough for their inspection, though they come before them too late for their redress.

"Besides, I appeal to you, ladies, *(here Mr. Bickerstaff turned to his left-hand)* if these are not the little stings and thorns in life, that make it more uneasy than its most substantial evils? Confess ingenuously, did you never lose a morning's devotions because you could not offer them up from the highest place of the pew? Have you not been in pain, even at a ball, because another has been taken out to dance before you? Do you love any of your friends so much as those that are below you? Or, have you any favourites that walk on your right-hand? You have answered me in your looks; I ask no more.

"I come now to the second part of my discourse, which obliges me to address myself in particular to the respective members of the court, in which I shall be very brief.

"As for you gentlemen and ladies, my assistants and grand juries, I have made choice of you on my right hand, because I know you very jealous of your honour; and you on my left, because I know you very much concerned for the reputation of others; for which reason I expect great exactness and impartiality in your verdicts and judgments.

"I must, in the next place, address myself to you, gentlemen of the counsel: you all know that I have not chosen you for your knowlege in the litigious parts of the law; but because you have all of you formerly fought duels, of which I have reason to think you have repented, as being now settled in the peaceable state of benchers. My advice to you is, only that in your pleadings you will be short and expressive. To which end, you are to banish out of your discourses all synonymous terms, and unnecessary multiplication of verbs and nouns. I do moreover forbid you the use of the words *also* and *likewise*; and must further declare, that if I catch any one among you, upon any pretence whatsoever, using the particle *or*, I shall instantly order him to be stripped of his gown, and thrown over the bar.

"This is a true copy:

CHARLES LILLIE."

N.B. The sequel of the proceedings of this day will be published on Tuesday next.

N° 254. THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 23, 1710.

Splendidè mendax —— HOR. 2 Od. iii. 35.

Gloriously false —— FRANCIS.

From my own Apartment, November 22.

THERE are no books which I more delight in than in travels, especially those that describe remote countries, and give the writer an opportunity of showing his parts without incurring any danger of being examined or contradicted. Among all the authors of this kind, our renowned countryman, Sir John Mandeville, has distinguished himself, by the copiousness of his invention, and the greatness of his genius. The second to Sir John I take to have been Ferdinand Mendez Pinto, a person of infinite adventure, and unbounded imagination. One reads the voyages of these two great wits, with as much astonishment as the travels of Ulysses in Homer, or of the Red-Cross Knight in Spenser. All is enchanted ground, and fairy-land.

I have got into my hands, by great chance, several *manuscripts* of these two eminent authors, which are filled with greater wonders than any of those they have communicated to the public; and indeed, were they not so well attested, they would appear altogether improbable. I am apt to think the ingenious authors did not publish them with the rest of their works, lest they should pass for fictions and fables: a caution not unnecessary, when the reputation of their veracity was not yet established in

the world. But as this reason has now no further weight, I shall make the public a present of these curious pieces, at such times as I shall find myself unprovided with other subjects.

The present Paper I intend to fill with an *extract* from Sir John's Journal, in which that learned and worthy knight gives an account of the freezing and thawing of several short speeches, which he made in the territories of *Nova Zembla*. I need not inform my reader, that the author of Hudibras alludes to this strange quality in that cold climate, when, speaking of abstracted notions cloathed in a visible shape, he adds that apt similè,

"Like words congeal'd in northern air."

Not to keep my reader any longer in suspense, the relation, put into modern language, is as follows:

"We were separated by a storm in the latitude of *seventy-three*, insomuch, that only the ship which I was in, with a Dutch and French vessel, got safe into a creek of *Nova Zembla*. We landed, in order to refit our vessels, and store ourselves with provisions. The crew of each vessel made themselves a cabbin of turf and wood, at some distance from each other, to fence themselves against the inclemencies of the weather, which was severe beyond imagination. We soon observed, that in talking to one another we lost several of our words, and could not hear one another at above two yards distance, and that too when we sat very near the fire. After much perplexity, I found that our words froze in the air, before they could reach the ears of the persons to whom they were spoken. I was soon confirmed in this conjecture, when, upon the increase of the cold, the whole company grew dumb, or rather deaf; for every man was sensible,

as we afterwards found, that he spoke as well as ever; but the sounds no sooner took air than they were condensed and lost. It was now a miserable spectacle to see us nodding and gaping at one another, every man talking, and no man heard. One might observe a seaman that could hail a ship at a league's distance, beckoning with his hand, straining his lungs, and tearing his throat; but all in vain:

" —— *Nec vox nec verba sequuntur.* OVID.

" Nor voice, nor words ensued.

" We continued here three weeks in this dismal plight. At length, upon a turn of wind, the air about us began to thaw. Our cabbin was immediately filled with a dry clattering sound, which I afterwards found to be the crackling of consonants that broke above our heads, and were often mixed with a gentle hissing, which I imputed to the letter *s*, that occurs so frequently in the English tongue. I soon after felt a breeze of whispers rushing by my ear; for those, being of a soft and gentle substance, immediately liquified in the warm wind that blew across our cabbin. These were soon followed by syllables and short words, and at length by entire sentences, that melted sooner or later, as they were more or less congealed; so that we now heard every thing that had been *spoken* during the whole three weeks that we had been *silent*, if I may use that expression. It was now very early in the morning, and yet, to my surprize, I heard somebody say, 'Sir John, it is midnight, and time for the ship's crew to go to-bed.' This I knew to be the pilot's voice; and, upon recollecting myself, I concluded that he had spoken these words to me some days before, though I could not hear them

until the present thaw. My reader will easily imagine how the whole crew was amazed to hear every man talking, and see no man opening his mouth. In the midst of this great surprize we were all in, we heard a volley of oaths and curses, lasting for a long while, and uttered in a very hoarse voice, which I knew belonged to the boatswain, who was a very choleric fellow, and had taken his opportunity of cursing and swearing at me, when he thought I could not hear him; for I had several times given him the strappado on that account, as I did not fail to repeat it for these his pious soliloquies, when I got him on ship-board.

"I must not omit the names of several beauties in Wapping, which were heard every now and then, in the midst of a long sigh that accompanied them; as, 'Dear Kate!' 'Pretty Mrs. Peggy!' 'When shall I see my Sue again!' This betrayed several amours which had been concealed until that time, and furnished us with a great deal of mirth in our return to England.

"When this confusion of voices was pretty well over, though I was afraid to offer at speaking, as fearing I should not be heard, I propósed a visit to the Dutch cabbin, which lay about a mile further up in the country. My crew were extremely rejoiced to find they had again recovered their hearing; though every man uttered his voice with the same apprehensions that I had done,

—— "*Et timide verba intermissa retentat.*

OVID. Met. i. 747.

"And try'd his tongue, his silence softly broke.

DRYDEN.

"At about half-a-mile's distance from our cabbin we heard the groanings of a bear, which at first

startled us; but, upon inquiry, we were informed by some of our company, that he was dead, and now lay in salt, having been killed upon that very spot about a fortnight before, in the time of the frost. Not far from the same place, we were likewise entertained with some posthumous snarls, and barkings of a fox.

"We at length arrived at the little Dutch settlement; and, upon entering the room, found it filled with sighs that smelt of brandy, and several other unsavoury sounds, that were altogether inarticulate. My valet, who was an Irishman, fell into so great a rage at what he heard, that he drew his sword; but not knowing where to lay the blame, he put it up again. We were stunned with these confused noises, but did not hear a single word until about half-an-hour after; which I ascribed to the harsh and obdurate sounds of that language, which wanted more time than ours to melt, and become audible.

"After having here met with a very hearty welcome, we went to the cabbin of the French, who, to make amends for their three weeks silence, were talking and disputing with greater rapidity and confusion than I ever heard in an assembly, even of that nation. Their language, as I found, upon the first giving of the weather, fell asunder and dissolved. I was here convinced of an error into which I had before fallen; for I fancied, that for the freezing of the sound, it was necessary for it to be wrapped up, and, as it were, preserved in breath: but I found my mistake when I heard the sound of a kit playing a minuet over our heads. I asked the occasion of it; upon which one of the company told me 'that it would play there above a week longer; for,' says he, 'finding ourselves bereft of speech, we prevailed upon one of the company, who had his musical instrument about him, to play to us from

morning to night; all which time we employed in dancing, in order to dissipate our chagrin, *& tuer le temps.*"

Here Sir John gives very good philosophical reasons, why the kit could not be heard during the frost; but, as they are something prolix, I pass them over in silence, and shall only observe, that the honourable author seems, by his quotations, to have been well versed in the ancient poets, which perhaps raised his fancy above the ordinary pitch of historians, and very much contributed to the embellishment of his writings.

Nº 255. SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 25, 1710.

—— *Nec te tua plurima, Pantheu,*
Labentem pietas, nec Apollinis insula texit.

VIRG. Æn. ii. 429.

Comes course the last, the red'ning doctor now
Slides off reluctant, with his meaning bow;
Dress, letters, wit, and merit, plead in vain,
For bear he must, indignity, and pain.

From my own Apartment, November 24.

"To the CENSOR of GREAT-BRITAIN.

"SIR,

"I AM at present under very great difficulties, which it is not in the power of any one, besides yourself, to redress. Whether or no you shall think it a pro-

per case to come before your court of honour, I cannot tell; but thus it is. I am chaplain to an honourable family, very regular at the hours of devotion, and, I hope, of an unblameable life; but for not offering to rise at the second course, I found my patron and his lady, very sullen and out of humour, though at first I did not know the reason of it. At length, when I happened to help myself to a jelly, the lady of the house, otherwise a devout woman, told me, that it did not become a man of my cloth to delight in such frivolous food: but as I still continued to sit out the last course, I was yesterday informed by the butler, that his lordship had no farther occasion for my service. All which is humbly submitted to your consideration by, Sir,

Your most humble servant, &c."

The case of this gentleman deserves pity; especially if he loves sweetmeats, to which, if I may guess by his letter, he is no enemy. In the mean time, I have often wondered at the indecency of discharging the holiest man from the table as soon as the most delicious parts of the entertainment are served up, and could never conceive a reason for so absurd a custom. Is it because a liquorish palate, or a sweet tooth, as they call it, is not consistent with the sanctity of his character? This is but a trifling pretence. No man, of the most rigid virtue, gives offence by any excesses in plum-pudding or plum-porridge, and that because they are *the first parts of the dinner.* Is there any thing that tends to incitation in sweetmeats more than in ordinary dishes? Certainly not. Sugar-plums are a very innocent diet, and conserves of a much colder nature than your common pickles. I have sometimes thought that the ceremony of the chaplain's flying away from the desert was typical and figurative, to mark out to the company how

they ought to retire from all the luscious baits of temptation, and deny their appetites the gratifications that are most pleasing to them; or, at least, to signify that we ought to stint ourselves in our most lawful satisfactions, and not make our pleasure, but our support, the end of eating. But most certainly, if such a lesson of temperance had been necessary at a table, our clergy would have recommended it to all the lay-masters of families, and not have disturbed other men's tables with such unseasonable examples of abstinence. The original, therefore, of this barbarous custom, I take to have been merely accidental. The chaplain retired, out of pure complaisance, to make room for the removal of the dishes, or possibly for the ranging of the desert. This by degrees grew into a duty, until at length, as the fashion improved, the good man found himself cut off from the third part of the entertainment; and, if the arrogance of the patron goes on, it is not impossible but, in the next generation, he may see himself reduced to the tythe, or tenth dish of the table; a sufficient caution not to part with any privilege we are once possessed of. It was usual for the priest in old times to feast upon the sacrifice, nay the honey-cake, while the hungry laity looked upon him with great devotion; or, as the late lord Rochester describes it, in a very lively manner,

And while the priest did eat, the people star'd.

At present the custom is inverted; the laity feast, while the priest stands by as an humble spectator. This necessarily puts a good man upon making great ravages on all the dishes that stand near him; and distinguishing himself by voraciousness of appetite, as knowing that his time is short. I would fain ask these stiff-necked patrons, whether they would not

take it ill of a chaplain, that in his grace after meat should return thanks for the whole entertainment with an exception to the desert? And yet I cannot but think that, in such a proceeding, he would but deal with them as they deserved. What would a Roman catholic priest think, who is always helped first, and placed next the ladies, should he see a clergyman giving his company the slip at the first appearance of the tarts or sweet-meats? Would not he believe that he had the same antipathy to a candied orange, or a piece of puff-paste, as some have to a Cheshire cheese, or a breast of mutton? Yet, to so ridiculous a height is this foolish custom grown, that even the Christmas pye, which in its very nature is a kind of consecrated cake, and a badge of distinction, is often forbidden to the Druid of the family. Strange! that a surloin of beef, whether boiled or roasted, when entire, is exposed to his utmost depredations and incisions; but, if minced into small pieces, and tossed up with plums and sugar, changes its property, and, forsooth, is meat for his master.

In this case I know not which to censure, the patron, or the chaplain, the insolence of power, or the abjectness of dependence. For my own part, I have often blushed to see a gentleman, whom I knew to have much more wit and learning than myself, and who was bred up with me at the university upon the same foot of a liberal education, treated in such an ignominious manner, and sunk beneath those of his own rank, by reason of that character which ought to bring him honour. This deters men of generous minds from placing themselves in such a station of life, and by that means frequently excludes persons of quality from the improving and agreeable conversation of a learned and obsequious friend.

Mr. Oldham* lets us know, that he was affrighted from the thought of such an employment, by the scandalous sort of treatment which often accompanies it:

Some think themselves exalted to the sky,
If they light in some noble family:
Diet, an horse, and thirty pounds a-year,
Besides th' advantage of his lordship's ear,
The credit of the business, and the state,
Are things that in a youngster's sense sound great.
Little the unexperienc'd wretch does know
What slavery he oft must undergo.
Who, though in silken scarf and cassock drest,
Wears but a gayer livery at best.
When dinner calls, the implement must wait
With holy words to consecrate the meat,
But hold it for a favour seldom known,
If he be deign'd the honour to sit down.
Soon as the tarts appear; "Sir Crape, withdraw,
"Those dainties are not for a spiritual maw.
"Observe your distance, and be sure to stand
"Hard by the cistern with your cap in hand:
"There for diversion you may pick your teeth,
"Till the kind voider comes for your relief."
Let others, who such meannesses can brook,
Strike countenance to every great man's look;
I rate my freedom higher.

This author's raillery is the raillery of a friend, and does not turn the sacred order into ridicule; but is a just censure on such persons as take advantage, from the necessities of a man of merit, to impose on him hardships that are by no means suitable to the dignity of his profession.

* In "A Satire, addressed to a Friend that is about to leave the University," &c.

N° 256. TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 28, 1710.

—— *Nostrum est tantas componere lites.*

VIRG. Ecl. iii. 108.

'Tis ours such warm contentions to decide.

R. WYNNE.

The Proceedings of the Court of Honour, held in Sheer-lane on Monday the twentieth of November, 1710, before ISAAC BICKERSTAFF, Esquire, Censor of Great-Britain.

PETER PLUMB, of London, merchant, was indicted by the honourable Mr. Thomas Gules, of Gule-hall in the country of Salop, for that the said Peter Plumb did, in Lombard-street, London, between the hours of two and three in the afternoon, meet the said Mr. Thomas Gules, and, after a short salutation, put on his hat, value *five-pence*, while the honourable Mr. Gules stood bare-headed for the space of two seconds. It was further urged against the criminal, that, during his discourse with the prosecutor, he feloniously stole the wall of him, having clapped his back against it in such a manner, that it was impossible for Mr. Gules to recover it again at his taking leave of him. The prosecutor alleged, that he was the cadet of a very ancient family; and that, according to the principles of all the younger brothers of the said family, he had never sullied himself with business, but had chosen rather to starve, like a man of honour, than do any thing be-

neath his quality. He produced several witnesses, that he had never employed himself beyond the twisting of a whip, or the making of a pair of nut-crackers, in which he only worked for his diversion, in order to make a present now and then to his friends. The prisoner being asked, "what he could say for himself," cast several reflections upon the honourable Mr. Gules; as, "that he was not worth a groat; that nobody in the city would trust him for a halfpenny; that he owed him money, which he had promised to pay him several times, but never kept his word; and, in short, that he was an idle beggarly fellow, and of no use to the public." This sort of language was very severely reprimanded by the Censor, who told the criminal, "that he spoke in contempt of the court, and that he should be proceeded against for contumacy, if he did not change his style." The prisoner, therefore, desired to be heard by his counsel, who urged in his defence, "that he put on his hat through ignorance, and took the wall by accident." They likewise produced several witnesses, that he made several motions with his hat in his hand, which are generally understood as an invitation to the person we talk with to be covered; and that, the gentleman not taking the hint, he was forced to put on his hat, as being troubled with a cold. There was likewise an Irishman, who deposed, "that he had heard him cough three-and-twenty times that morning." And as for the wall, it was alledged, that he had taken it inadvertently, to save himself from a shower of rain which was then falling. The Censor, having consulted the men of honour who sat at his right-hand on the bench, found they were all of opinion, that the defence made by the prisoner's counsel did rather aggravate than extenuate his crime; that the motions and intimations of the hat were a token of superiority in

conversation, and therefore not to be used by the criminal to a man of the prosecutor's quality, who was likewise vested with a double title to the wall at the time of their conversation, both as it was the upper hand, and as it was a shelter from the weather. The evidence being very full and clear, the jury, without going out of court, declared their opinion unanimously, by the mouth of their foreman, "that the prosecutor was bound in honour *to make the sun shine through* the criminal," or, as they afterwards explained themselves, "to whip him through the lungs."

The Censor, knitting his brows into a frown, and looking very sternly upon the jury, after a little pause, gave them to know, "that this court was erected for the finding out of penalties suitable to offences, and to restrain the outrages of private justice; and that he expected they should moderate their verdict." The jury therefore retired, and being willing to comply with the advices of the Censor, after an hour's conversation, delivered their opinion as follows:

"That, in consideration this was Peter Plumb's first offence, and that there did not appear any *malice prepense* in it, as also that he lived in good reputation among his neighbours, and that his taking the wall was only *se defendendo*, the prosecutor should let him escape with life, and content himself with the slitting of his nose, and the cutting off both his ears." Mr. Bickerstaff, smiling upon the court, told them, "that he thought the punishment, even under its present mitigation, too severe; and that such penalties might be of ill consequence in a trading nation." He therefore pronounced sentence against the criminal in the following manner: "that his *hat*, which was the instrument of offence, should be forfeited to the court; that the criminal should

go to the warehouse from whence he came, and thence, as occasion should require, proceed to the Exchange, or Garraway's coffee house, in what manner he pleased; but that neither he, nor any of the family of the Plumbs, should hereafter appear in the streets of London out of their coaches, that so the foot way might be left open and undisturbed for their betters."

Dathan, a pedling Jew, and T. R——, a Welshman, were indicted by the keeper of an alehouse in Westminster, for breaking the peace and two earthen mugs, in a dispute about the antiquity of their families, to the great detriment of the house, and disturbance of the whole neighbourhood. Dathan said for himself, "that he was provoked to it by the Welshman, who pretended that the Welsh were an ancienter people than the Jews; whereas," says he, "I can shew by this genealogy in my hand, that I am the son of Mesheck, that was the son of Naboth, that was the son of Shalem, that was the son of ——." The Welshman here interrupted him, and told him, "that he could produce *shennalogy* as well as himself;" for "that he was John ap Rice, ap Shenken, ap Shones." He then turned himself to the Censor, and told him in the same broken accent, and with much warmth, "that the Jew would needs uphold, that King Cadwallader was younger than Issachar." Mr. Bickerstaff seemed very much inclined to give sentence against Dathan, as being a Jew; but finding reasons, by some expressions which the Welshman let fall in asserting the antiquity of his family, to suspect that the said Welshman was a *Præ-Adamite*, he suffered the jury to go out, without any previous admonition. After some time they returned, and gave their verdict, "that it appearing the persons at the bar did neither of

them wear a sword, and that consequently they had no right to quarrel upon a point of honour; to prevent such frivolous appeals for the future, they should both of them be tossed in the same blanket, and there adjust the superiority as they could agree on it between themselves." The Censor confirmed the verdict.

Richard Newman was indicted by Major Punto, for having used the words, "perhaps it may be so," in a dispute with the said Major. The Major urged "that the word *perhaps* was questioning his veracity, and that it was an indirect manner of giving him the lie." Richard Newman had nothing more to say for himself, than that "he intended no such thing;" and threw himself upon the mercy of the court. The jury brought in their verdict special.

Mr. Bickerstaff stood up, and, after having cast his eyes over the whole assembly, hemmed thrice. He then acquainted them, "that he had laid down a rule to himself, which he was resolved never to depart from, and which, as he conceived, would very much conduce to the shortening the business of the court: I mean," says he, "never to allow of the lie being given by construction, implication, or induction, but by the sole use of the word itself." He then proceeded to shew the great mischiefs that had arisen to the English nation from that pernicious monosyllable; that it had bred the most fatal quarrels between the dearest friends; that it had frequently thinned the guards, and made great havock in the army; that it had sometimes weakened the city trained-bands; and, in a word, had destroyed many of the bravest men in the isle of Great-Britain. For the prevention of which evils for the future, he instructed the jury to present the *word itself* as a nuisance in the English tongue; and further pro-

mised them, that he would, upon such their preferment, publish an edict of the court, for the entire banishment and exclusion of it out of the discourses and conversation of all civil societies.

This is a true copy, CHARLES LILLIE.

Monday next is set apart for the trial of several female causes.

N. B. The case of the hassock will come on between the hours of nine and ten.

N° 257. THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 30, 1710.

In nova fert animus mutatas dicere formas
Corpora: Dii, cœptis, nam vos mutâstis et illas,
Aspirate meis!——

OVID. Met. i. 1.

Of bodies chang'd to various forms I sing,
Ye gods, from whom these miracles did spring,
Assist me in this arduous task!——

From my own Apartment, November 29.

EVERY nation is distinguished by productions that are peculiar to it. Great-Britain is particularly fruitful in religions, that shoot up and flourish in this climate more than in any other. We are so famous abroad for our great variety of sects and opinions, that an ingenious friend of mine, who is lately returned from his travels, assures me, there is a show at this time carried up and down in Germany,

which represents all the religions of Great Britain in wax-work. Notwithstanding that the pliancy of the matter, in which the images are wrought, makes it capable of being moulded into all shapes and figures; my friend tells me, that he did not think it possible for it to be twisted and tortured into so many screwed faces, and wry features, as appeared in several of the figures that composed the shew. I was indeed so pleased with the design of the German artist, that I begged my friend to give me an account of it in all its particulars, which he did after the following manner:

"I have often," says he, "been present at a show of elephants, camels, dromedaries, and other strange creatures, but I never saw so great an assembly of spectators as were met together at the opening of this great piece of wax-work. We were all placed in a large hall, according to the price that we had paid for our seats. The curtain that hung before the show was made by a master of tapestry, who had woven it in the figure of a monstrous *Hydra* that had several heads, which brandished out their tongues, and seemed to hiss at each other. Some of these heads were large and entire; and where any of them had been lopped away, there sprouted up several in the room of them, insomuch, that for one head cut off, a man might see ten, twenty, or an hundred, of a smaller size, creeping thro' the wound. In short, the whole picture was nothing but confusion and blood-shed. On a sudden," says my friend, "I was startled with a flourish of many musical instruments that I had never heard before, which was followed by a short tune, if it might be so called, wholly made up of jars and discords. Among the rest, there was an organ, a bagpipe, a *groaning board*, a stentorophontic trumpet, with several wind instruments of a most disagreeable sound, which I

do not so much as know the names of. After a short flourish, the curtain was drawn up, and we were presented with the most extraordinary assembly of figures that ever entered into a man's imagination. The design of the workman was so well expressed in the dumb show before us, that it was not hard for an Englishman to comprehend the meaning of it.

"The principal figures were placed in a row, consisting of seven persons. The middle figure, which immediately attracted the eyes of the whole company, and was much bigger than the rest, was formed like a matron, dressed in the habit of an elderly woman of quality in Queen Elizabeth's days. The most remarkable parts of her dress were, the beaver with the steeple crown, the scarf that was darker than sable, and the lawn apron that was whiter than ermin. Her gown was of the richest black velvet; and just upon her heart studded with large diamonds of an inestimable value, disposed in the form of a cross. She bore an inexpressible chearfulness and dignity in her aspect; and, though she seemed in years, appeared with so much spirit and vivacity, as gave her at the same time an air of old age and immortality. I found my heart touched with so much love and reverence at the sight of her, that the tears ran down my face as I looked upon her; and still the more I looked upon her, the more my heart was melted with the sentiments of filial tenderness and duty. I discovered every moment something so charming in this figure, that I could scarce take my eyes off it. On its right-hand there sat the figure of a woman so covered with ornaments, that her face, her body, and her hands, were almost entirely hid under them. The little you could see of her face was painted; and, what I thought very odd, had something in it like artificial wrinkles; but I was the less surprized at it, when I saw upon her

forehead an old fashioned tower of gray-hairs. Her headdress rose very high by three several stories or degrees; her garments had a thousand colours in them, and were embroidered with crosses in gold, silver, and silk. She had nothing on, so much as a glove or a slipper, which was not marked with this figure; nay, so superstitiously fond did she appear of it, that she sat cross-legged. I was quickly sick of this tawdry composition of ribbands, silks, and jewels, and therefore cast my eye on a dame which was just the reverse of it. I need not tell my reader, that the lady before described was Popery, or that she I am going to describe is Presbytery. She sat on the left-hand of the venerable matron, and so much resembled her in the features of her countenance, that she seemed her sister; but at the same time that one observed a likeness in her beauty, one could not but take notice, that there was something in it sickly and splenetic. Her face had enough to discover the relation; but it was drawn up into a peevish figure, soured with discontent, and overcast with melancholy. She seemed offended at the matron for the shape of her hat, as too much resembling the triple coronet of the person who sat by her. One might see likewise, that she dissented from the white apron and the cross; for which reasons she had made herself a plain homely dowdy, and turned her face towards the sectaries that sat on her left-hand, as being afraid of looking upon the matron, lest she should see the harlot by her.

"On the right-hand of Popery sat Judaism, represented by an old man embroidered with phylacteries, and distinguished by many typical figures, which I had not skill enough to unriddle. He was placed among the rubbish of a temple; but, instead of weeping over it, which I should have expected

from him, he was counting out a bag of money upon the ruins of it.

"On his right-hand was Deism, or Natural Religion. This was a figure of an half-naked aukward country wench, who, with proper ornaments and education, would have made an agreeable and beautiful appearance; but, for want of those advantages, was such a spectacle as a man would blush to look upon.

"I have now," continued my friend, "given you an account of those who were placed on the right-hand of the matron, and who, according to the order in which they sat, were Deism, Judaism, and Popery. On the left-hand, as I told you, appeared Presbytery. The next to her was a figure which somewhat puzzled me: it was that of a man looking, with horror in his eyes, upon a silver bason filled with water. Observing something in his countenance that looked like lunacy, I fancied at first, that he was to express that kind of distraction which the physicians call the *hydro-phobia*; but considering what the intention of the show was, I immediately recollected myself, and concluded it to be Anabaptism.

"The next figure was a man that sat under a most profound composure of mind. He wore an hat whose brims were exactly parallel with the horizon. His garment had neither sleeve nor skirt, nor so much as a superfluous button. What they called his cravat, was a little piece of white linen quilled with great exactness, and hanging below his chin about two inches. Seeing a book in his hand, I asked our artist what it was; who told me it was 'The Quaker's Religion;' upon which I desired a sight of it. Upon perusal, I found it to be nothing but a new-fashioned grammar, or an art of abridging ordinary discourse. The nouns were reduced to

a very small number, as *the Light, Friend, Babylon.* The principal of his pronouns was *thou*; and as for *you, ye,* and *yours,* I found they were not looked upon as parts of speech in this grammar. All the verbs wanted the second person plural; the paticiples ended all in *ing* or *ed,* which were marked with a particular accent. There were no adverbs besides *yea* and *nay.* The same thrift was observed in the prepositions. The conjunctions were only *hem!* and *ha!* and the interjections brought under the three heads of *sighing, sobbing,* and *groaning.*

"There was at the end of the grammar a little nomenclature, called, 'The Christian Man's Vocabulary," which gave new appellations, or, if you will, Christian names, to almost every thing in life. I replaced the book in the hand of the figure, not without admiring the simplicity of its garb, speech, and behaviour

"Just opposite to this row of religions, there was a statue dressed in a fool's coat, with a cap of bells upon his head, laughing and pointing at the figures that stood before him. This ideot is supposed to say in his heart what David's fool did some thousands of years ago, and was therefore designed as a proper representative of those among us, who are called Atheists and Infidels by others, and Free-thinkers by themselves.

"There were many other groupes of figures which I did not know the meaning of; but seeing a collection of both sexes turning their backs upon the company, and laying their heads very close together, I inquired after their religion, and found that they called themselves the Philadelphians, or the family of love.

"In the opposite corner there sat another little congregation of strange figures, opening their mouths

as wide as they could gape, and distinguished by the title of the Sweet Singers of Israel.

"I must not omit, that in this assembly of wax there were several pieces that moved by clock-work, and gave great satisfaction to the spectators. Behind the matron there stood one of these figures, and behind Popery another, which, as the artist told us, were each of them the genius of the person they attended. That behind Popery represented Persecution, and the other Moderation. The first of these moved by secret springs towards a great heap of dead bodies, that lay piled upon one another at a considerable distance behind the principal figures. There were written on the foreheads of these dead men several hard words, as, *Præ-Adamites*, *Sabbatarians*, *Camaronians*, *Muggletonians*, *Brownists*, *Independants*, *Masonites*, *Camisars*, and the like. At the approach of Persecution, it was so contrived, that, as she held up her bloody flag, the whole assembly of dead men, like those in the 'Rehearsal,' started up and drew their swords. This was followed by great clashings and noise, when, in the midst of the tumult, the figure of Moderation moved gently towards this new army, which, upon her holding up a paper in her hand, inscribed 'Liberty of Conscience,' immediately fell into a heap of carcasses, remaining in the same quiet posture in which they lay at first."

N° 258. SATURDAY, DECEMBER 2, 1710.

Occidit miseros crambe repetita—

JUV. Sat. vii. 154.

The same stale viands, serv'd up o'er and o'er,
The stomach nauseates——

R. WYNNE.

From my own Apartment, December 1.

WHEN a man keeps a constant table, he may be allowed sometimes to serve up a cold dish of meat, or toss up the fragments of a feast in a ragoût. I have sometimes, in a scarcity of provisions, been obliged to take the same kind of liberty, and to entertain my reader with the leavings of a former treat. I must this day have recourse to the same method, and beg my guests to sit down to a kind of Saturday's dinner. To let the metaphor rest; I intend to fill up this Paper with a bundle of letters, relating to subjects on which I have formerly treated; and have ordered my bookseller to print, at the end of each letter, the minutes with which I indorsed it, after the first perusal of it.

"To ISAAC BICKERSTAFF, Esquire.

"SIR, *November* 22, 1710.

"Dining yesterday with Mr. South-British and Mr. William North-Briton, two gentlemen, who, before you ordered it otherwise, were known by the names of Mr. English, and Mr. William Scot: among other things, the maid of the house, who in

her time I believe may have been a North-British warming-pan, brought us up a dish of North-British collops. We liked our entertainment very well; only we observed the table-cloth, being not so fine as we could have wished, was North-British cloth. But the worst of it was, we were disturbed all dinner-time by the noise of the children, who were playing in the paved court at North-British hoppers; so we paid our North-Briton* sooner than we designed, and took coach to North-Briton Yard†, about which place most of us live. We had indeed gone a-foot, only we were under some apprehensions lest a North-British mist should wet a South-British man to the skin.

"We think this matter properly expressed, according to the accuracy of the new style, settled by you in one of your late Papers. You will please to give your opinion upon it to, Sir,

Your most humble servants, "J. S.
"M. P.
"N. R.‡"

See if this letter be conformable to the directions given in the Tatler abovementioned.

"To ISAAC BICKERSTAFF, Esquire.

"Sir, *Kent*, *Nov.* 22, 1710.

"A gentleman in my neighbourhood, who happens to be brother to a lord, though neither his father nor grandfather were so, is perpetually making use of this phrase, 'a person of my quality.' He has it in his mouth fifty times a-day, to his labourers, his servants, his children, his tenants, and his neighbours. Wet or dry, at home or abroad, drunk

* Scot i. e. share of the reckoning.

† Scotland-yard.

‡ Jonathan Swift, Matthew Prior, Nicholas Rowe.

or sober, angry or pleased, it is the constant burden of his style. Sir, as you are Censor of Great-Britain, as you value the repose of a loyal county, and the reputation of my neighbour, I beg you will take this cruel grievance into your consideration; else, for my own particular, I am resolved to give up my farms, sell my stock, and remove with my wife and seven children next spring to Falmouth or Berwick, if my strength will permit me, being brought into a very weak condition. I am, with great respect, Sir, your most obedient and languishing servant, &c."

Let this be referred to the Court of Honour.

"Mr. Bickerstaff,

"I am a young lady of a good fortune, and at present invested by several lovers, who lay close siege to me, and carry on their attacks with all possible diligence. I know which of them has the first place in my own heart, but would freely cross my private inclinations to make choice of the man who loves me best; which it is impossible for me to know, all of them pretending to an equal passion for me. Let me therefore beg of you, dear Mr. Bickerstaff, to lend me your Ithuriel's spear, in order to touch this troop of rivals; after which I will most faithfully return it to you again, with the greatest gratitude. I am, Sir, &c."

Query 1. What figure doth this lady think her lover will appear in? or what symptoms will he betray of his passion upon being touched?

2. Whether a touch of her fan may not have the same efficacy as a touch of Ithuriel's spear?

Great Lincoln's-Inn Square, Nov. 29.

"Honoured Sir,

"Gratitude obliges me to make this public acknowledgement of the eminent service you have

done myself in particular, and the whole body of chaplains, I hope, in general. Coming home on Sunday about dinner-time, I found things strangely altered for the better; the porter smiled in my face when he let me in, the footman bowed to me as I passed him, the steward shook me by the hand, and Mrs. Beatrice dropped me a courtesy as she went along. I was surprized at all this civility, and knew not to what I might ascribe it, except to my bright beaver and shining scarf, that were new that day. But I was still more astonished to find such an agreeable change at the table. My lord helped me to a fat slice of venison with his own hand, and my lady did me the honour to drink to me. I offered to rise at my usual time; but was desired to sit still, with this kind expression, 'Come, doctor, a jelly or a conserve will do you no harm; do not be afraid of the desert.' I was so confounded with the favour, that I returned my thanks in a most aukward manner, wondering what was the meaning of this total transformation: but my lord soon put an end to my admiration, by shewing me a Paper that challenged you, Sir, for its author; and rallied me very agreeably on the subject, asking me, 'Which was best handled, the lord or his chaplain?' I owned myself to think the banter sharpest against ourselves, and that these were trifling matters, not fit for a philosopher to insist on. His lordship was in so good a humour, that he ordered me to return his thanks with my own: and my lady joins in the same, with this one exception to your Paper, that the chaplain in her family was always allowed minced pyes from Allhallows to Candlemas. I am, Sir,

"Your most obliged, humble servant,

"T. W."

Requires no answer.

"Mr. Censor, *Oxford, Nov.* 27.

"I have read your account of *Nova Zembla* with great pleasure, and have ordered it to be transcribed in a little hand, and inserted in Mr. Tonson's late edition of Hudibras. I could wish you would furnish us with more notes upon that author, to fill up the place of those dull annotations with which several editions of that book have been incumbered. I would particularly desire of you to give the world the story of Taliacotius, who makes a very eminent figure in the first Canto; not having been able to meet with any account of the said Taliacotius in the writings of any other author. I am, with the most profound respect, the most humble of your admirers, "Q. Z."

To be answered next Thursday, if nothing more material intervenes.

"Mr. Censor,

"In your survey of the people, you must have observed crowds of single persons that are qualified to increase the subjects of this glorious island, and yet neglect that duty to their country. In order to reclaim such persons, I lay before you this proposal.

"Your most obedient servant,

Th. Cl.*"

This to be considered on Saturday next.

* Thomas Clemens.

N° 259. TUESDAY, DECEMBER 5, 1710.

—— *Vexat censura columbas.*

JUV. Sat. ii. 63.

Censure acquits the crow, condemns the dove.

ANON.

A Continuation of the Journal of the Court of Honour, held in Sheer-lane, on Monday the twenty-seventh of November, before ISAAC BICKERSTAFF, Esq. Censor of Great-Britain.

ELIZABETH MAKEBATE, of the parish of St. Catharine's, spinster, was indicted for surreptitiously taking away the hassock from under the lady Grave-Airs, between the hours of four and five, on Sunday the 26th of November. The prosecutor deposed, "that as she stood up to make a courtesy to a person of quality in a neighbouring pew, the criminal conveyed away the hassock by stealth; insomuch, that the prosecutor was obliged to sit all the while she was at church, or to say her prayers in a posture that did not become a woman of her quality." The prisoner pleaded inadvertency; and the jury were going to bring it in chance-medley, had not several witnesses been produced against the said Elizabeth Makebate, that she was an old offender, and a woman of a bad reputation. It appeared in particular, that, on the Sunday before, she had detracted from a new petticoat of Mrs. Mary Doelittle, having said, in the hearing of several credible witnesses, "that the said petticoat was scoured," to the great grief

and detriment of the said Mary Doelittle. There were likewise many evidences produced against the criminal, that though she never failed to come to church on Sunday, she was a most notorious sabbath-breaker; and that she spent her whole time, during divine service, in disparaging other people's cloaths, and whispering to those who sat next her. Upon the whole, she was found guilty of the indictment, and received sentence "to ask pardon of the prosecutor upon her bare knees, without either cushion or hassock under her, in the face of the court."

N. B. As soon as the sentence was executed on the criminal, which was done in open court with the utmost severity, the first lady of the bench on Mr. Bickerstaff's right-hand stood up, and made a motion to the court, "that whereas it was impossible for women of fashion to dress themselves before the church was half done; and whereas many confusions and inconveniencies did arise thereupon; it might be lawful for them to send a footman in order to keep their places, as was usual in other polite and well-regulated assemblies." The motion was ordered to be entered in the books, and considered at a more convenient time.

Charles Cambrick, linen-draper, in the city of Westminster, was indicted for speaking obscenely to the lady Penelope Touchwood. It appeared, that the prosecutor and her woman going in a stage-coach from London to Brentford, where they were to be met by the lady's own chariot, the criminal and another of his acquaintance travelled with them in the same coach, at which time the prisoner talked bawdy for the space of three miles and a half. The prosecutor alledged, "that over-against the Old Fox at Knightsbridge he mentioned the word *linen*; that at the further end of Kensington he made use of the term *smock*; and that, before he came to

Hammersmith, he talked almost a quarter of an hour upon *wedding-shifts*." The prosecutor's woman confirmed what her lady had said, and added further, "that she had never seen her lady in so great a confusion, and in such a taking, as she was during the whole discourse of the criminal." The prisoner had little to say for himself, but that he talked only in his own trade, and meant no hurt by what he said." The jury, however, found him guilty, and represented by their forewoman, that such discourses were apt to sully the imagination; and that, by a concatenation of ideas, the word *linen* implied many things, that were not proper to be stirred up in the mind of a woman who was of the prosecutor's quality, and therefore gave it as their verdict, "that the linen-draper should lose his tongue." Mr. Bickerstaff said, he thought the prosecutor's ears were as much to blame as the prisoner's tongue, and therefore gave sentence as follows: "that they should both be placed over-against one another in the midst of the court, there to remain for the space of one quarter of an hour, during which time the linen-draper was to be gagged, and the lady to hold her hands close upon both her ears;" which was executed accordingly.

Edward Callicoat was indicted as an accomplice to Charles Cambrick, for that he the said Edward Callicoat did, by his silence and smiles, seem to approve and abet the said Charles Cambrick in every thing he said It appeared, that the prisoner was foreman of the shop to the aforesaid Charles Cambrick, and, by this post, obliged to smile at every thing that the other should be pleased to say: upon which he was acquitted.

Josiah Shallow was indicted in the name of Dame Winifred, sole relict of Richard Dainty, esquire, for having said several times in company, and in the

hearing of several persons there present, "that he was extremely obliged to the widow Dainty, and that he should never be able sufficiently to express his gratitude." The prosecutor urged, that this might blast her reputation, and that it was in effect a boasting of favours which he had never received. The prisoner seemed to be much astonished at the construction which was put upon his words, and said, "that he meant nothing by them, but that the widow had befriended him in a lease, and was very kind to his younger sister." The jury finding him a little weak in his understanding, without going out of the court, brought in their verdict *ignoramus*.

Ursula Goodenough was accused by the lady Betty Wou'dbe, for having said, that she, the lady Betty Wou'dbe, was painted. The prisoner brought several persons of good credit to witness to her reputation, and proved, by undeniable evidences, that she was never at the place where the words were said to have been uttered. The Censor, observing the behaviour of the prosecutor, found reason to believe, that she had indicted the prisoner for no other reason but to make her complexion be taken notice of; which indeed was very fresh and beautiful: he therefore asked the offender, with a very stern voice, how she could presume to spread so groundless a report? and whether she saw any colours in the lady Wou'dbe's face that could procure credit to such a falshood? "Do you see," says he, "any lilies or roses in her cheeks, any bloom, any probability?" The prosecutor, not able to bear such language any longer, told him, "that he talked like a blind old fool, and that she was ashamed to have entertained any opinion of his wisdom:" but she was put to silence, and sentenced "to wear *her mask* for five months, and not to presume to shew her face until the town should be empty."

Benjamin Buzzard, esquire, was indicted for having told the lady Everbloom at a public ball, that she looked very well for a woman of her years. The prisoner not denying the fact, and persisting before the court that he looked upon it as a compliment, the jury brought him in *non compos mentis*.

"The court then adjourned to Monday the eleventh instant."

Copia vera. CHARLES LILLIE.

N°260. THURSDAY, DECEMBER 7, 1710.

Non cuicunque datum est habere nasum.

MARTIAL.

The nose, 'tis said, shews both our scorn and pride:
And yet that feature is to some deny'd.

R. WYNNE.

From my own Apartment, December 6.

WE have a very learned and elaborate dissertation upon thumbs in Montaigne's Essays, and another upon ears in the "Tale of a Tub." I am here going to write one upon Noses, having chosen for my text the following verses out of Hudibras:

So learned Taliacotius from
The brawny part of porter's bum
Cut supplemental noses, which
Lasted as long as parent breech;
But when the date of nock was out,
Off dropp'd the sympathetic snout.

Notwithstanding that there is nothing obscene in natural knowledge, and that I intend to give as little offence as may be to readers of a well-bred imagination; I must, for my own quiet, desire the critics, who in all things have been famous for good noses, to refrain from the lecture of this curious Tract. These gentlemen were formerly marked out and distinguished by the little rhinocerical nose, which was always looked upon as an instrument of derision; and which they were used to cock, toss, or draw up in a contemptuous manner, upon reading the works of their ingenious contemporaries. It is not, therefore for this generation of men that I write the present transaction,

—— *Minus aptus acutis*
Naribus horum hominum ——

—————— Unfit
For the brisk petulance of modern wit.

FRANCIS.

but for the sake of some of my philosophical friends in the *Royal Society*, who peruse discourses of this nature with a becoming gravity, and a desire of improving by them.

Many are the opinions of learned men concerning the rise of that fatal distemper, which has always taken a particular pleasure in venting its spight upon the nose. I have seen a little burlesque poem in Italian, that gives a very pleasant account of this matter. The fable of it runs thus: Mars, the god of war, having served during the siege of Naples in the shape of a French colonel, received a visit one night from Venus, the goddess of love, who had been always his professed mistress and admirer. The poem says, she came to him in the disguise of a sut-

tling wench, with a bottle of brandy under her arm. Let that be as it will, he managed matters so well, that she went away big-bellied, and was at length brought to-bed of a little Cupid. This boy, whether it was by reason of any bad food that his father had eaten during the siege, or of any particular malignity in the stars that reigned at his nativity, came into the world with a very sickly look, and crazy constitution. As soon as he was able to handle his bow, he made discoveries of a most perverse disposition. He dipped all his arrows in poison, that rotted every thing they touched; and, what was more particular, aimed all his shafts at the nose, quite contrary to the practice of his elder brothers, who had made a human heart their butt in all countries and ages. To break him of this roguish trick, his parents put him to school to Mercury, who did all he could to hinder him from demolishing the noses of mankind; but, in spight of education, the boy continued very unlucky; and though his malice was a little softened by good instructions, he would very frequently let fly an invenomed arrow, and wound his votaries oftener in the nose than in the heart. Thus far the fable.

I need not tell my learned reader, that Correggio has drawn a Cupid taking his lesson from Mercury, conformable to this poem; nor that the poem itself was designed as a burlesque upon Fracastorius.

It was a little after this fatal siege of Naples, that Taliacotius began to practise in a town of Germany. He was the first love-doctor that I meet with in history, and a greater man in his age than our celebrated doctor Wall. He saw his species extremely mutilated and disfigured by this new distemper that was crept into it; and therefore, in pursuance of a very seasonable invention, set up a manufacture of

noses; having first got a patent that none should presume to make noses besides himself. His first patient was a great man of Portugal, who had done good services to his country, but in the midst of them unfortunately lost his nose. Taliacotius grafted a new one on the remaining part of the gristle or cartilaginous substance, which would sneeze, smell, take snuff, pronounce the letters M or N; and, in short, do all the functions of a genuine and natural nose. There was, however, one misfortune in this experiment: the Portuguese's complexion was a little upon the subfuse, with very black eyes and dark eye-brows; and the nose being taken from a porter that had a white German skin, and cut out of those parts that are not exposed to the sun, it was very visible that the features of his face were not fellows. In a word, the Comdè resembled one of those maimed antique statues that has often a modern nose of fresh marble glewed to a face of such a yellow, ivory complexion, as nothing can give but age. To remedy this particular for the future, the doctor got together a great collection of porters, men of all complexions, black, fair, brown, dark, sallow, pale, and ruddy; so that it was impossible for a patient of the most out-of-the-way colour not to find a nose to match it.

The doctor's house was now very much enlarged, and became a kind of college, or rather hospital, for the fashionable cripples of both sexes, that resorted to him from all parts of Europe. Over his door was fastened a large golden snout, not unlike that which is placed over the great gates at Brazen-nose college in Oxford; and, as it is usual for the learned in foreign Universities to distinguish their houses by a Latin sentence, the doctor writ underneath this great golden *proboscis* two verses out of Ovid;

Militat omnis amans, habet et sua castra Cupido;
Pontice, crede mihi, militat omnis amans.
OVID. Amor. El. ix. 1.

The toils of love require a warrior's art;
And every lover plays the soldier's part.

It is reported that Taliacotius had at one time in his house, twelve German counts, nineteen French marquisses, and a hundred Spanish cavaliers, besides one solitary English esquire, of whom more hereafter. Though the doctor had the *monopoly* of noses in his own hands, he is said not to have been unreasonable. Indeed, if a man had occasion for a high Roman nose, he must go to the price of it. A carbuncle nose likewise bore an excessive rate; but for your ordinary short turned-up noses, of which there was the greatest consumption, they cost little or nothing; at least the purchasers thought so, who would have been content to have paid much dearer for them rather than to have gone without them.

The sympathy betwixt the nose and its parent was very extraordinary. Hudibras has told us, that when the porter died, the nose dropped of course, in which case it was always usual to return the nose, in order to have it interred with its first owner. The nose was likewise affected by the pain, as well as death of the original proprietor. An eminent instance of this nature happened to three Spaniards, whose noses were all made out of the same piece of brawn. They found them one day shoot and swell extremely; upon which they sent to know how the porter did: and heard, upon inquiry, that the *parent of the noses* had been severely kicked the day before, and that the porter kept his bed on account of the bruises which it had received. This was highly re-

sented by the Spaniards, who found out the person that had used the porter so unmercifully, and treated him in the same manner, as if the indignity had been done to their own noses. In this and several other cases it might be said, that the porters led the gentlemen by the nose.

On the other hand, if any thing went amiss with the nose, the porter felt the effects of it; insomuch, that it was generally articled with the patient, that he should not only abstain from all his old courses, but should, on no pretence whatsoever, smell pepper, or eat mustard; on which occasion, the part where the incision had been made, was seized with unspeakable twinges and prickings.

The Englishman I before mentioned was so very irregular, and relapsed so frequently into the distemper which at first brought him to the learned Taliacotius, that in the space of two years he wore out five noses; and by that means so tormented the porters, that if he would have given five hundred pounds for a nose, there was not one of them that would accommodate him. This young gentleman was born of honest parents, and passed his first years in fox-hunting; but accidentally quitting the woods, and coming up to London, he was so charmed with the beauties of the playhouse, that he had not been in town two days before he got the misfortune which carried off this part of his face. He used to be called in Germany "the Englishman of five noses," and "the gentleman that had thrice as many noses as he had ears." Such was the raillery of those times.

I shall close this Paper with an admonition to the young men of this town; which I think the more necessary, because I see several new fresh-coloured faces, that have made their first appearance in it, this winter. I must therefore assure them, that the

art of making noses is *entirely lost*; and, in the next place, beg them not to follow the example of our ordinary town rakes, who live as if there was a Taliacotius to be met with at the corner of every street. Whatever young men may think, the nose is a very becoming part of the face; and a man makes but a very silly figure without it. But it is the nature of youth not to know the value of any thing until they have lost it. The general precept, therefore, I shall leave with them is, to regard every town-woman as a particular kind of syren, that has a design upon their noses; and that, amidst her flatteries and allurements, they will fancy she speaks to them in that humourous phrase of old Plautus, *Ego tibi faciem denasabo mordicus.* "Keep your face out of my way, or I will bite off your nose."

N°261. SATURDAY, DECEMBER 9, 1710.

From my own Apartment, December 8.

It is the duty of all who make philosophy the entertainment of their lives, to turn their thoughts to practical schemes for the good of society, and not pass away their time in fruitless searches, which tend rather to the ostentation of knowledge, than the service of life. For this reason I cannot forbear reading even the common bills that are daily put into people's hands as they pass the streets, which give us notice of the present residence, the past travels, and infallible medicines of doctors useful in

their generation, though much below the character of the renowned Taliacotius. But, upon a nice calculation of the successes of such adepts, I find their labours tend mostly to the enriching only one sort of men, that is to say, the society of upholders. From this observation, and many others which occur to me when I am numbering the good people of Great-Britain, I cannot but favour any proposal which tends to repairing the losses we sustain by eminent cures. The best I have met with in this kind, has been offered to my consideration, and recommended in a letter subscribed Thomas Clement. The title to his printed articles runs thus: "By the profitable society, at the Wheat-sheaf over against Tom's coffee-house in Russel-street, Covent-garden, new proposals for promoting a contribution towards raising two hundred and fifty pounds, to be made on the baptizing of any infant born in wedlock." The plan is laid with such proper regulations, as serve, to such as fall in with it for the sake of their posterity, all the uses, without any of the inconveniencies, of settlements. By this means, such whose fortunes depend upon their own industry, or personal qualifications, need not be deterred, by fear of poverty, from that state which nature and reason prescribe to us, as the fountain of the greatest happiness in human life. The Censors of Rome had power vested in them to lay taxes on the unmarried; and I think I cannot show my impartiality better, than in inquiring into the extravagant privileges my brother bachelors enjoy, and fine them accordingly. I shall not allow a single life in one sex to be reproached, and held in esteem in the other. It would not, methinks, be amiss, if an old bachelor, who lives in contempt of matrimony, were obliged to give a portion to an old maid who is willing to enter into it. At the same time I must

allow, that those who can plead courtship, and were unjustly rejected, shall not be liable to the pains and penalties of celibacy. But such as pretend an aversion to the whole sex, because they were ill-treated by a particular female, and cover their sense of disappointment in women under a contempt of their favour, shall be proceeded against as bachelors convict. I am not without hopes, that from this slight warning all the unmarried men of fortune, taste, and refinement, will, without further delay, become lovers and humble servants to such of their acquaintance as are most agreeable to them, under pain of my censures: and it is to be hoped the rest of the world, who remain single for fear of the incumbrances of wedlock, will become subscribers to Mr. Clement's proposal. By these means we shall have a much more numerous account of births in the year 1711, than any ever before known in Great-Britain, where merely to be born is a distinction of Providence greater than being born to a fortune in another place.

As I was going on in the consideration of this good office which Mr. Clement proposes to do his country, I received the following letter, which seems to be dictated by a like modest and public spirit, that makes use of me also in its design of obliging mankind.

"Mr. Bickerstaff,

"In the royal lottery for a million and a half I had the good fortune of obtaining a prize. From before the drawing I had devoted a fifth of whatever should arise to me to charitable uses. Accordingly, I lately troubled you with my request and commission for placing half a dozen youths with Mr. More, writing-master in Castle-street, to whom, it is said, we owe all the fine devices, flourishes,

and the composure of all the plates, for the drawing and paying the tickets. Be pleased therefore, good Sir, to find or make leisure for complying therewith, for I would not appear concerned in this small matter. I am very much

Your humble servant, &c."

It is no small pleasure to observe, that in the midst of a very degenerate age, there are still spirits which retain their natural dignity, and pursue the good of their fellow-creatures: some in making themselves useful by professed service, some by secret generosity. Were I at liberty to discover even all the good I know of many men living at this time, there would want nothing but a suitable historian, to make them appear as illustrious as any of the noblest of the antient Greeks or Romans. The cunning some have used to do handsome and worthy actions, the address to do men services, and escape their notice, has produced so many surprising incidents, which have been laid before me during my Censorship, as, in the opinion of posterity, would absolve this age of all its crimes and follies. I know no way to deal with such delicate minds as these, but by assuring them, that, when they cease to do good, I shall tell all the good they have done already. Let therefore, the benefactors to the youths abovementioned continue such bounties, upon pain of being publicly praised. But there is no probability of his running into that hazard; for a strong habit of virtue can make men suspend the receiving the acknowledgements due to their merit, until they are out of a capacity of receiving them. I am so very much charmed with accidents of this kind, that I have made a collection of all the memorable handsome things done by private men in my time. As a specimen of my manner of noting such actions,

take the following fragment, out of much more which is written in my year-book, on the remarkable will of a gentleman, whom I shall here call Celamico.

"This day died that plain and excellent man my much-honoured friend Celamico, who bequeathed his whole estate to a gentleman no way related to him, and to whom he had given no such expectation in his life-time."

He was a person of a very enlarged soul, and thought the nearest relation among men to be the resemblance of their minds and sentiments. He was not mistaken in the worth of his successor, who received the news of this unexpected good fortune with an air that shewed him less moved with the benefit than the loss of the benefactor.

ADVERTISEMENT.

*** Notice is hereby given, that on Monday the eleventh instant, the case of the visit comes on, between the hours of ten and eleven, at the Court of Honour; where both persons are to attend, the meeting there not being to be understood as a visit, and the right of the next visit being then to be wholly settled, according to the prayer of the plaintiff.

N°262. TUESDAY, DECEMBER 12, 1710.

Verba togæ sequeris, junctura callidus acri,
Ore teres modico, pallentes radere mores
Doctus, et ingenuo culpam defigere ludo.

PERS. Sat. V. 14.

Soft elocution does thy style renown,
And the sweet accents of the peaceful gown;
Gentle or sharp, according to thy choice,
To laugh at follies, or to lash at vice.

DRYDEN.

JOURNAL OF THE COURT OF HONOUR, &c.

TIMOTHY TREATALL, gentleman, was indicted by several ladies of his sister's acquaintance for a very rude affront offered to them at an entertainment, to which he had invited them on Tuesday the seventh of November last past, between the hours of eight and nine in the evening. The indictment set forth, "that the said Mr. Treatall, upon the serving up of the supper, desired the ladies to take their places according to their different age and seniority; for that it was the way always at his table to pay respect to years." The indictment added, "that this produced an unspeakable confusion in the company; for that the ladies, who before had pressed together for a place at the upper end of the table, immediately crowded with the same disorder towards the end that was quite opposite; that Mrs. Frontley had the insolence to clap herself down at the very lowest place of the table; that the widow Partlet seated herself on the right-hand of Mrs. Frontley,

alleging for her excuse, that no ceremony was to be used at a round table; that Mrs. Fidget and Mrs. Fescue disputed above half-an-hour for the same chair, and that the latter would not give up the cause until it was decided by the parish register, which happened to be kept hard by." The indictment further saith, "that the rest of the company who sat down did it with a reserve to their right, which they were at liberty to assert on another occasion; and that Mrs. Mary Pippe, an old maid, was placed by the unanimous vote of the whole company at the upper end of the table, from whence she had the confusion to behold several mothers of families among her inferiors." The criminal alledged in his defence, "that what he had done was to raise mirth, and avoid ceremony; and that the ladies did not complain of his rudeness until the next morning, having eaten up what he had provided for them with great readiness and alacrity." The Censor, frowning upon him, told him, "that he ought not to discover so much levity in matters of a serious nature;" and, upon the jury's bringing him in guilty, sentenced him "to treat the whole assembly of ladies over again, and to take care that he did it with the decorum which was due to persons of their quality."

Rebecca Shapely, spinster, was indicted by Mrs. Sarah Smack, for speaking many words reflecting upon her reputation, and the heels of her silk slippers, which the prisoner had maliciously suggested to be *two inches* higher than they really were. The prosecutor urged, as an aggravation of her guilt, that the prisoner was "herself guilty of the same kind of forgery which she had laid to the prosecutor's charge; for that she, the said Rebecca Shapeley, did always wear a pair of steel boddice, and a *false rump*." The Censor ordered the slippers

to be produced in open court, where the heels were adjudged to be of the statutable size. He then ordered the grand jury to search the criminal, who, after some time spent therein, acquitted her of the bodice, but found her guilty of the *rump*; upon which she received sentence as is usual in such cases.

William Trippit, esquire, of the Middle Temple, brought his action against the lady Elizabeth Prudely, for having refused him her hand as he offered to lead her to her coach from the opera. The plaintiff set forth, that he had entered himself into the list of those volunteers, who officiate every night behind the boxes as gentlemen-ushers of the playhouse: that he had been at a considerable charge in white gloves, periwigs, and snuff-boxes, in order to qualify himself for that employment, and in hopes of making his fortune by it. The counsel for the defendant replied, that the plaintiff had given out that he was within a month of wedding their client, and that she had refused her hand to him in ceremony, lest he should interpret it as a promise that she would give it him in marriage. As soon as the pleadings on both sides were finished, the Censor ordered the plaintiff to be cashiered from his office of gentleman-usher to the play-house, since it was too plain that he had undertaken it with an ill design; and at the same time ordered the defendant either to marry the said plaintiff, or to pay him half-a-crown for the new pair of gloves and coach-hire that he was at the expence of in her service.

The lady Townly brought an action of debt against Mrs. Flambeau, for that the said Mrs. Flambeau had not been to see the lady Townly, and wish her joy, since her marriage with Sir Ralph, notwithstanding she, the said lady Townly, had

paid Mrs. Flambeau a visit upon her first coming to town. It was urged in the behalf of the defendant, that the plaintiff had never given her any regular notice of her being in town; that the visit she alleged had been made on Monday, which she knew was a day on which Mrs. Flambeau was always abroad, having set aside that *only* day in the week to mind the affairs of her family: that the servant, who inquired whether she was at home, did not give the visiting-knock: that it was not between the hours of five and eight in the evening: that there were *no candles lighted up:* that it was not on Mrs. Flambeau's day: and, in short, that there was not one of the essential points observed that constitute a visit. She further proved by her porter's book, which was produced in court, that she had paid the lady Townly a visit on the twenty-fourth day of March, just before her leaving the town, in the year seventeen hundred and *nine-ten* *, for which she was still creditor to the said lady Townly. To this the plaintiff only replied, that she was now under covert, and not liable to any debts contracted when she was a single woman. Mr. Bickerstaff finding the cause to be very intricate, and that several points of honour were likely to arise in it, he deferred giving judgment upon it until the next session day, at which time he ordered the ladies on his left-hand to present to the court a table of all the laws relating to visits.

Winifred Leer brought her action against Richard Sly for having broken a marriage-contract, and wedded another woman, after he had engaged him-

* Not *nineteen*, but on the very last day of 1709-10. It was a nice point, for, according to the manner of reckoning at that time, the year 1710 began on the day following, that is, on the 25th of March.

self to marry the said Winifred Leer. She alleged, that he had ogled her twice at the opera, thrice in St. James's church, and once at Powel's puppet-show, at which time he promised her marriage by a side-glance, as her friend could testify that sat by her. Mr. Bickerstaff finding that the defendant had made no further overture of love or marriage, but by looks and ocular engagement; yet at the same time considering how very apt such impudent seducers are to lead the ladies hearts astray, ordered the criminal "to stand upon the stage in the Hay-market, between each act of the next opera, there to be exposed to public view as a false ogler."

Upon the rising of the court, Mr. Bickerstaff having taken one of these counterfeits in the very fact, as he was ogling a lady of the grand jury, ordered him to be seized, and prosecuted upon the statute of ogling. He likewise directed the clerk of the court to draw up an edict against these common cheats, that make women believe they are distracted for them, by staring them out of countenance, and often blast a lady's reputation, whom they never spoke to, by saucy looks and distant familiarities.

Nº 263. THURSDAY, DECEMBER 14, 1710.

Minima contentos nocte Britannos. JUV. Sat. II. 161.

Britons contented with the shortest night.

From my own Apartment, December 13.

An old friend of mine being lately come to town, I went to see him on Tuesday last about eight o'clock in the evening, with a design to sit with him an hour or two, and talk over old stories; but, upon inquiry after him, I found he was gone to-bed. The next morning, as soon as I was up and dressed, and had dispatched a little business, I came again to my friend's house about eleven o'clock, with a design to renew my visit: but, upon asking for him, his servant told me he was just *sat* down to dinner. In short, I found that my old fashioned friend religiously adhered to the example of his forefathers, and observed the same hours that had been kept in the family ever since the Conquest.

It is very plain, that the night was much longer formerly in this island than it is at present. By the night, I mean that portion of time which nature has thrown into darkness, and which the wisdom of mankind had formerly dedicated to rest and silence. This used to begin at eight o'clock in the evening, and conclude at six in the morning. The curfeu, or eight o'clock bell, was the signal throughout the nation for putting out their candles and going to-bed.

Our grandmothers, though they were wont to sit up the last in the family, were all of them fast asleep at the same hours that their daughters are busy at crimp and basset. Modern statesmen are concerting schemes, and engaged in the depth of politics, at the time when their forefathers were laid down quietly to rest, and had nothing in their heads but dreams. As we have thus thrown business and pleasure into the hours of rest, and by that means made the natural night but half as long as it should be, we are forced to piece it out with a great part of the morning; so that near two-thirds of the nation lie fast asleep for several hours in broad day-light. This irregularity is grown so very fashionable at present, that there is scarce a lady of quality in Great-Britain that ever saw the sun rise. And, if the humour increases in proportion to what it has done of late years, it is not impossible but our children may hear the bell-man going about the streets at nine o'clock in the morning, and the watch making their rounds until eleven. This unaccountable disposition in mankind to continue awake in the night, and sleep in the sun-shine, has made me inquire, whether the same change of inclination has happened to any other animals? For this reason, I desired a friend of mine in the country to let me know, whether the lark rises as early as he did formerly; and whether the cock begins to crow at his usual hour? My friend has answered me, "that his poultry are as regular as ever, and that all the birds and beasts of his neighbourhood keep the same hours that they have observed in the memory of man; and the same which, in all probability, they have kept for these five thousand years."

If you would see the innovations that have been made among us in this particular, you may only look into the hours of colleges, where they still *dine*

at eleven, and *sup at six*, which were doubtless the hours of the whole nation at the time when those places were founded. But at present, the courts of justice are scarce opened in Westminster-hall at the time when William Rufus used to go to dinner in it. All business is driven forward. The land-marks of our fathers, if I may so call them, are removed, and planted further up into the day; insomuch, that I am afraid our clergy will be obliged, if they expect full congregations, not to look any more upon ten o'clock in the morning as a canonical hour. In my own memory, the dinner has crept by degrees from *twelve* o'clock to *three*, and where it will fix nobody knows.

I have sometimes thought to draw up a memorial in the behalf of Supper against Dinner, setting forth, that the said Dinner has made several incroachments upon the said Supper, and entered very far upon his frontiers; that he has banished him out of several families, and in all has driven him from his head quarters, and forced him to make his retreat into the hours of midnight; and, in short, that he is now in danger of being entirely confounded and lost in a breakfast. Those who have read Lucian, and seen the complaints of the letter *T* against *S*, upon account of many injuries and usurpations of the same nature, will not, I believe, think such a memorial forced and unnatural. If dinner has been thus postponed, or, if you please, kept back from time to time, you may be sure that it has been in compliance with the other business of the day, and that supper has still observed a proportionable distance. There is a venerable proverb, which we have all of us heard in our infancy, of "putting the children to-bed, and laying the goose to the fire." This was one of the jocular sayings of our forefathers, but may be properly used in the

literal sense at present. Who would not wonder at this perverted relish of those who are reckoned the most polite part of mankind, that prefer sea coals and candles to the sun, and exchange so many chearful morning hours, for the pleasures of midnight revels and debauches? If a man was only to consult his health, he would choose to live his whole time, if possible, in day-light; and to retire out of the world into silence and sleep, while the raw damps and unwholesome vapours fly abroad, without a sun to disperse, moderate, or controul them. For my own part, I value an hour in the morning as much as common libertines do an hour at midnight. When I find myself awakened into being, and perceive my life renewed within me, and at the same time see the whole face of nature recovered out of the dark uncomfortable state in which it lay for several hours, my heart overflows with such secret sentiments of joy and gratitude, as are a kind of implicit praise to the great Author of Nature. The mind, in these early seasons of the day, is so refreshed in all its faculties, and borne up with such new supplies of animal spirits, that she finds herself in a state of youth, especially when she is entertained with the breath of flowers, the melody of birds, the dews that hang upon the plants, and all those other sweets of nature that are peculiar to the morning.

It is impossible for a man to have this relish of being, this exquisite taste of life, who does not come into the world before it is in all its noise and hurry; who loses the rising of the sun, the still hours of the day, and, immediately upon his first getting up, plunges himself into the ordinary cares or follies of the world.

I shall conclude this Paper with Milton's inimitable description of Adam's awakening his Eve in

Paradise, which indeed would have been a place as little delightful as a barren heath or desert to those who slept in it. The fondness of the posture in which Adam is represented, and the softness of his whisper, are passages in this divine poem that are above all commendation, and rather to be admired than praised.

Now Morn her rosy steps in th' eastern clime
Advancing, sow'd the earth with orient pearl,
When Adam wak'd, so custom'd; for his sleep
Was airy light from pure digestion bred,
And temperate vapours bland, which th' only sound
Of leaves and fuming rills, Aurora's fan,
Lightly dispers'd, and the shrill matin song
Of birds on every bough; so much the more
His wonder was to find unwaken'd Eve,
With tresses discompos'd, and glowing cheek,
As through unquiet rest. He on his side
Leaning half-rais'd, with looks of cordial love,
Hung over her enamour'd, and beheld
Beauty, which, whether waking or asleep,
Shot forth peculiar graces. Then with voice
Mild as when Zephyrus on Flora breathes,
Her hand soft touching, whisper'd thus: Awake,
My fairest, my espous'd, my latest found,
Heaven's last best gift, my ever-new delight,
Awake; the morning shines, and the fresh field
Calls us; we lose the prime, to mark how spring
Our tended plants, how blows the citron grove,
What drops the myrrh, and what the balmy reed,
How nature paints her colours, how the bee
Sits on the bloom extracting liquid sweets.
Such whispering wak'd her, but with startled eye
On Adam, whom embracing, thus she spake.
O sole! in whom my thoughts find all repose,
My glory, my perfection, glad I see
Thy face, and morn return'd——

MILTON's Par. Lost, b. V. l. 1, &c.

N° 264. SATURDAY, DECEMBER 16, 1710.

Favete linguis — HOR. 1 Od. iii. 2.

Favour your tongues.

From my own Apartment, December 15.

BOCCALINI, in his "Parnassus," indicts a laconic writer for speaking that in three words which he might have said in two, and sentences him for his punishment to read over all the works of Guicciardini. This Guicciardini is so very prolix and circumstantial in his writings, that I remember our countryman, doctor Donne, speaking of that majestic and concise manner in which Moses has described the creation of the world, adds, "that if such an author as Guicciardini were to have written on such a subject, the world itself would not have been able to have contained the books that gave the history of its creation."

I look upon a tedious talker, or what is generally known by the name of a story-teller, to be much more insufferable than even a prolix writer. An author may be tossed out of your hand, and thrown aside when he grows dull and tiresome; but such liberties are so far from being allowed towards your orators in common conversation, that I have known a challenge sent a person for going out of the room abruptly, and leaving a man of honour in the midst of a dissertation. This evil is at present so very common and epidemical, that there is scarce a coffee-house in town that has not some speakers be-

longing to it, who utter their political essays, and draw parallels out of Baker's "Chronicle" to almost every part of her Majesty's reign. It was said of two antient authors, who had very different beauties in their style, "that if you took a word from one of them, you only spoiled his eloquence; but if you took a word from the other, you spoiled his sense." I have often applied the first part of this criticism to several of these coffee-house speakers whom I have at present in my thoughts, though the character that is given to the last of those authors, is what I would recommend to the imitation of my loving countrymen. But it is not only public places of resort, but private clubs and conversations over a bottle, that are infested with this loquacious kind of animal, especially with that species which I comprehend under the name of a story-teller. I would earnestly desire these gentlemen to consider, that no point of wit or mirth at the end of a story can atone for the half hour that has been lost before they come at it. I would likewise lay it home to their serious consideration, whether they think that every man in the company has not a right to speak as well as themselves? and whether they do not think they are invading another man's property, when they engross the time which should be divided equally among the company to their own private use?

What makes this evil the much greater in conversation is, that these humdrum companions seldom endeavour to wind up their narrations into a point of mirth or instruction, which might make some amends for the tediousness of them; but think they have a right to tell any thing that has happened within their memory. They look upon matter of fact to be a sufficient foundation for a story, and give us a long account of things, not because they

are entertaining or surprizing, but because they are true.

My ingenious kinsman, Mr. Humphry Wagstaff, used to say, "the life of man is too short for a story-teller."

Methusalem might be half-an-hour in telling what o'clock it was: but as for us post-diluvians, we ought to do every thing in haste; and in our speeches, as well as actions, remember that our time is short. A man that talks for a quarter of an hour together in company, if I meet him frequently, takes up a great part of my span. A quarter of an hour may be reckoned the eight-and-fortieth part of a day, a day the three hundred and sixtieth part of a year, and a year the threescore and tenth part of life. By this moral arithmetic, supposing a man to be in the talking world one third part of the day, whoever gives another a quarter of an hour's hearing, makes him a sacrifice of more than the four hundred thousandth part of his conversable life.

I would establish but one great general rule to be observed in all conversation, which is this, "that men should not talk to please themselves, but those that hear them." This would make them consider, whether what they speak be worth hearing; whether there be either wit or sense in what they are about to say: and, whether it be adapted to the time when, the place where, and the person to whom, it is spoken.

For the utter extirpation of these orators and story-tellers, which I look upon as very great pests of society, I have invented a watch which divides the minute into twelve parts, after the same manner that the ordinary watches are divided into hours: and will endeavour to get a patent, which shall oblige every club or company to provide themselves with one of these watches, that shall lie upon the

table, as an hour-glass is often placed *near the pulpit*, to measure out the length of a discourse.

I shall be willing to allow a man one round of my watch, that is, a whole minute, to speak in; but if he exceeds that time, it shall be lawful for any of the company to look upon the watch, or to call him down to order.

Provided, however, that if any one can make it appear he is turned of threescore, he may take two, or, if he pleases, three rounds of the watch, without giving offence. Provided also, that this rule be not construed to extend to the fair sex, who shall still be at liberty to talk by the ordinary watch that is now in use. I would likewise earnestly recommend this little automaton, which may be easily carried in the pocket without any incumbrance, to all such as are troubled with this infirmity of speech, that upon pulling out their watches, they may have frequent occasion to consider what they are doing, and by that means cut the thread of the story short, and hurry to a conclusion. I shall only add, that this watch, with a paper of directions how to use it, is sold at Charles Lillie's.

I am afraid a Tatler will be thought a very improper paper to censure this humour of being talkative; but I would have my readers know, that there is a great difference between *tattle* and *loquacity*, as I shall shew at large in a following Lucubration; it being my design to throw away a candle upon that subject, in order to explain the whole art of *tattling* in all its branches and subdivisions.

N° 265. TUESDAY, DECEMBER 19, 1710.

Arbiter hic igitur factus de lite jocosa.
OVID. Met. III. 331.

——— Him therefore they create
The sov'reign umpire of their droll debate.

Continuation of the Journal of the Court of Honour, &c.

As soon as the court was *sat*, the ladies of the bench presented, according to order, a table of all the laws now in force relating to visits and visiting-days, methodically digested under their respective heads, which the Censor ordered to be laid upon the table, and afterwards proceeded upon the business of the day.

Henry Heedless, esquire, was indicted by colonel Touchy, of her majesty's trained-bands, upon an action of assault and battery; for that he, the said Mr. Heedless, having espied a feather upon the shoulder of the said colonel, struck it off gently with the end of a walking-staff, value three-pence. It appeared, that the prosecutor did not think himself injured until a few days after the aforesaid blow was given him; but that having ruminated with himself for several days, and conferred upon it with other officers of the militia, he concluded, that he had in effect been cudgelled by Mr. Heedless, and that he ought to resent it accordingly. The counsel for the prosecutor alleged, that the shoulder was the tenderest part in a man of honour; that it had a

natural antipathy to a stick; and that every touch of it, with any thing made in the fashion of a cane, was to be interpreted as a wound in that part, and a violation of the person's honour who received it. Mr. Heedless replied, "that what he had done was out of kindness to the prosecutor, as not thinking it proper for him to appear at the head of the trained-bands with a feather upon his shoulder;" and further added, "that the stick he had made use of on this occasion was so very small, that the prosecutor could not have felt it had he broken it on his shoulders." The Censor hereupon directed the jury to examine into the nature of the staff, for that a great deal would depend upon that particular. Upon which he explained to them the different degrees of offence that might be given by the touch of crab-tree from that of cane, and by the touch of cane from that of a plain hazle stick. The jury, after a short perusal of the staff, declared their opinion by the mouth of their foreman, "that the substance of the staff was British oak." The Censor then observing that there was some dust on the skirts of the criminal's coat, ordered the prosecutor to beat it off with the aforesaid oaken plant; "and thus," said the Censor, "I shall decide this cause by the law of retaliation. If Mr. Heedless did the colonel a good office, the colonel will by this means return it in kind; but if Mr. Heedless should at any time boast that he had cudgelled the colonel, or laid his staff over his shoulders, the colonel might boast, in his turn, that he has brushed Mr. Heedless's jacket, or, to use the phrase of an ingenious author, that he has rubbed him down with an oaken towel."

Benjamin Busy, of London, merchant, was indicted by Jasper Tattle, esquire, for having pulled out his watch, and looked upon it thrice, while the said esquire Tattle was giving him an account of the

funeral of the said esquire Tattle's first wife. The prisoner alleged in his defence, that he was going to buy stocks at the time when he met the prosecutor; and that, during the story of the prosecutor, the said stocks rose above two *per cent.* to the great detriment of the prisoner. The prisoner further brought several witnesses to prove, that the said Jasper Tattle, esquire, was a most notorious story-teller; that, before he met the prisoner, he had hindered one of the prisoner's acquaintance from the pursuit of his lawful business, with the account of his second marriage; and that he had detained another by the button of his coat, that very morning, until he had heard several witty sayings and contrivances of the prosecutor's eldest son, who was a boy of about five years of age. Upon the whole matter, Mr. Bickerstaff dismissed the accusation as frivolous, and sentenced the prosecutor "to pay damages to the prisoner, for what the prisoner had lost by giving him so long and patient an hearing." He further reprimanded the prosecutor very severely, and told him, "that if he proceeded in his usual manner to interrupt the business of mankind, he would set a fine upon him for every quarter of an hour's impertinence, and regulate the said fine according as the time of the person so injured should appear to be more or less precious."

Sir Paul Swash, knight, was indicted by Peter Double, gentleman, for not returning the bow which he received of the said Peter Double, on Wednesday the sixth instant, at the play-house in the Hay-market. The prisoner denied the receipt of any such bow, and alleged in his defence, that the prosecutor would oftentimes look full in his face, but that when he bowed to the said prosecutor, he would take no notice of it, or bow to somebody else that sat quite on the other side of

him. He likewise alleged, that several ladies had complained of the prosecutor, who, after ogling them a quarter of an hour, upon their making a courtesy to him, would not return the civility of a bow. The Censor observing several glances of the prosecutor's eye, and perceiving that when he talked to the court he looked upon the jury, found reason to suspect there was a wrong cast in his sight, which, upon examination, proved true. The Censor therefore ordered the prisoner, that he might not produce any more confusions in public assemblies, "never to bow to any body whom he did not at the same time call to by name."

Oliver Bluff and Benjamin Browbeat were indicted for going to fight a duel since the erection of "The Court of Honour." It appeared, that they were both taken up in the street as they passed by the court in their way to the fields behind Montague-house. The criminals would answer nothing for themselves, but that they were going to execute a challenge which had been made a week before the "Court of Honour" was erected. The Censor finding some reason to suspect, by the sturdiness of their behaviour, that they were not so very brave as they would have the court believe them, ordered them both to be searched by the grand jury, who found a breast-plate upon the one, and two quires of paper upon the other. The breast-plate was immediately ordered to be hung upon a peg over Mr. Bickerstaff's tribunal, and the paper to be laid upon the table for the use of his clerk. He then ordered the criminals to button up their bosoms, and, if they pleased, proceed to their duel. Upon which they both went very quietly out of the court, and retired to their respective lodgings.—"The Court then adjourned until after the holidays."

Copia vera. CHARLES LILLIE.

N° 266. THURSDAY, DECEMBER 21, 1710.

Rideat et pulset lasciva decentiùs ætas.

HOR. 2 Ep. II. ult.

Let youth, more decent in their follies, scoff
The nauseous scene, and hiss thee reeling off.

FRANCIS.

From my own Apartment, December 20.

IT would be a good appendix to "The Art of Living and Dying," if any one would write "The Art of growing Old," and teach men to resign their pretensions to the pleasures and gallantries of youth, in proportion to the alteration they find in themselves by the approach of age and infirmities. The infirmities of this stage of life would be much fewer, if we did not affect those which attend the more vigorous and active part of our days; but instead of studying to be wiser, or being contented with our present follies, the ambition of many of us is also to be the same sort of fools we formerly have been. I have often argued, as I am a professed lover of women, that our sex grows old with a much worse grace than the other does; and have ever been of opinion, that there are more well-pleased old women than old men. I thought it a good reason for this, that the ambition of the fair sex being confined to advantageous marriages, or shining in the eyes of men, their parts were over sooner, and consequently the errors in the performance of them. The conversation of this evening has not convinced

me of the contrary; for one or two fop-women shall not make a balance for the crowds of coxcombs among ourselves, diversified according to the different pursuits of pleasure and business.

Returning home this evening a little before my usual hour, I scarce had seated myself in my easy chair, stirred the fire, and stroaked my cat, but I heard somebody come rumbling up stairs. I saw my door opened, and a human figure advancing towards me, so fantastically put together, that it was some minutes before I discovered it to be my old and intimate friend Sam Trusty. Immediately I rose up, and placed him in my own seat; a compliment I pay to few. The first thing he uttered was, "Isaac, fetch me a cup of your cherry-brandy before you offer to ask any question." He drank a lusty draught, sat silent for some time, and at last broke out; "I am come," quoth he, "to insult thee for an old fantastic dotard, as thou art, in ever defending the women. I have this evening visited two widows, who are now in that state I have often heard you call an *after-life*; I suppose you mean by it, an existence which grows out of past entertainments, and is an untimely delight in the satisfactions which they once set their hearts upon too much to be ever able to relinquish. Have but patience," continued he, "until I give you a succinct account of my ladies, and of this night's adventure. They are much of an age, but very different in their characters. The one of them, with all the advances which years have made upon her, goes on in a certain romantic road of love and friendship which she fell into in her teens; the other has transferred the amorous passions of her first years to the love of cronies, petts, and favourites, with which she is always surrounded; but the genius of each of them will best appear by the account of what happened to

me at their houses. About five this afternoon, being tired with study, the weather inviting, and time lying a little upon my hands, I resolved, at the instigation of my evil genius, to visit them; their husbands having been our contemporaries. This I thought I could do without much trouble; for both live in the very next street. I went first to my lady Camomile; and the butler, who had lived long in the family, and seen me often in his master's time, ushered me very civilly into the parlour, and told me, though my lady had given strict orders to be denied, he was sure I might be admitted, and bid the black boy acquaint his lady, that I was come to wait upon her. In the window lay two letters, one broke open, the other fresh sealed with a wafer: the first directed to the divine Cosmelia, the second to the charming Lucinda; but both, by the indented characters, appeared to have been writ* by very unsteady hands. Such uncommon addresses increased my curiosity, and put me upon asking my old friend the butler, if he knew who those persons were? 'Very well,' says he, 'this is from Mrs. Furbish to my lady, an old school-fellow and great crony of her ladyship's; and this the answer.' I inquired in what county she lived. 'Oh dear!' says he, 'but just by, in the neighbourhood. Why, she was here all this morning, and that letter came and was answered within these two hours. They have taken an odd fancy, you must know, to call one another hard names; but, for all that, they love one another hugely.' By this time the boy returned with his lady's humble service to me, desiring I would excuse her; for she could not possibly see me, nor any body else, for it was opera-night."

* For written. Instances of this kind are frequent in the Tatler, Spectator, and Guardian.

"Methinks," says I, "such innocent folly as two old women's courtship to each other, should rather make you merry than put you out of humour." "Peace, good Isaac," says he, "no interruption I beseech you. I got soon to Mrs. Feeble's, she that was formerly Betty Frisk; you must needs remember her; Tom Feeble of Brazen Nose fell in love with her for her fine dancing. Well, Mrs. Ursula, without further ceremony, carries me directly up to her mistress's chamber, where I found her environed by four of the most mischievous animals that can ever infest a family; an old shock dog with one eye, a monkey chained to one side of the chimney, a great grey squirrel to the other, and a parrot waddling in the middle of the room. However, for a while, all was in a profound tranquillity. Upon the *mantle-tree*, for I am a pretty curious observer, stood a pot of lambctive electuary, with a stick of liquorice, and near it a phial of rose-water, and *powder of tutty*. Upon the table lay a pipe filled with betony and colt's-foot, a roll of wax-candle, a silver spitting-pot, and a Seville orange. The lady was placed in a large wicker chair, and her feet wrapped up in flannel, supported by cushions; and in this attitude, would you believe it, Isaac, was she reading a romance with spectacles on. The first compliments over, as she was industriously endeavouring to enter upon conversation, a violent fit of coughing seized her. This awaked Shock, and in a trice the whole room was in an uproar; for the dog barked, the squirrel squealed, the monkey chattered, the parrot screamed, and Ursula, to appease them, was more clamorous than all the rest. You, Isaac, who know how any harsh noise affects my head, may guess what I suff red from the hideous din of these discordant sounds. At length all was appeased, and quiet restored: a chair was drawn for me;

where I was no sooner seated, but the parrot fixed his horny beak, as sharp as a pair of sheers, in one of my heels, just above the shoe. I sprung from the place with an unusual agility, and so, being within the monkey's reach, he snatches off my new *bob-wig*, and throws it upon two apples that were roasting by a sullen sea-coal fire. I was nimble enough to save it from any further damage than singing the fore-top. I put it on; and composing myself as well as I could, I drew my chair towards the other side of the chimney. The good lady, as soon as she had recovered breath, employed it in making a thousand apologies, and, with great eloquence, and a numerous train of words, lamented my misfortune. In the middle of her harangue, I felt something scratching near my knee, and feeling what it should be, found the squirrel had got into my coat-pocket. As I endeavoured to remove him from his burrow, he made his teeth meet through the fleshy part of my fore-finger. This gave me an unexpressible pain. The Hungary water was immediately brought to bathe it, and gold-beaters skin applied to stop the blood. The lady renewed her excuses; but being now out of all patience, I abruptly took my leave, and hobbling down stairs with heedless haste, I set my foot full in a pail of water, and down we came to the bottom together." Here my friend concluded his narrative, and, with a composed countenance, I began to make him compliments of condolence; but he started from his chair, and said, "Isaac, you may spare your speeches, I expect no reply. When I told you this, I knew you would laugh at me; but the next woman that makes me ridiculous shall be a young one."

N° 267. SATURDAY, DECEMBER 23, 1710.

Qui genus humanum ingenio superavit, et omnes
Restinxit stellas, exortus uti aerius sol.

LUCR. III. 1056.

His genius quite obscur'd the brightest ray
Of human thought, as Sol's effulgent beams
At morn's approach, extinguish all the stars.

R. WYNNE.

From my own Apartment, December 22.

I HAVE heard that it is a rule among the conventuals of several orders in the Romish church to shut themselves up at a certain time of the year, not only from the world in general, but from the members of their own fraternity; and to pass away several days by themselves in settling accounts between their Maker and their own souls, in cancelling unrepented crimes, and renewing their contracts of obedience for the future. Such stated times for particular acts of devotion, or the exercise of certain religious duties, have been enjoined in all civil governments, whatever deity they worshipped, or whatever religion they professed. That which may be done at all times, is often totally neglected and forgotten, unless fixed and determined to some time more than another; and therefore, though several duties may be suitable to every day of our lives, they are most likely to be performed, if some days are more particularly set apart for the practice of them. Our church has accordingly instituted several seasons of

devotion, when time, custom, prescription, and, if I may so say, the fashion itself, call upon a man to be serious, and attentive to the great end of his being.

I have hinted in some former Papers, that the greatest and wisest of men in all ages and countries, particularly in Rome and Greece, were renowned for their piety and virtue. It is now my intention to shew, how those in our own nation, that have been unquestionably the most eminent for learning and knowledge, were likewise the most eminent for their adherence to the religion of their country.

I might produce very shining examples from among the clergy; but because priest-craft is the common cry of every cavilling, empty scribbler, I shall shew that all the laymen who have exerted a more than ordinary genius in their writings, and were the glory of their times, were men whose hopes were filled with immortality, and the prospect of future rewards, and men who lived in a dutiful submission to all the doctrines of revealed religion.

I shall, in this Paper, only instance Sir Francis Bacon, a man who, for greatness of genius, and compass of knowledge, did honour to his age and country; I could almost say to human nature itself. He possessed at once all those extraordinary talents, which were divided amongst the greatest authors of antiquity. He had the sound, distinct, comprehensive knowledge of Aristotle, with all the beautiful lights, graces, and embellishments of Cicero. One does not know which to admire most in his writings, the strength of reason, force of style, or brightness of imagination.

This author has remarked in several parts of his works, that a thorough insight into philosophy makes a good believer, and that a smattering in it naturally

produces such a race of despicable infidels as the little profligate writers of the present age, whom, I must confess, I have always accused to myself, not so much for their want of faith as their want of learning.

I was infinitely pleased to find, among the works of this extraordinary man, a prayer of his own composing, which, for the elevation of thought, and greatness of expression, seems rather the devotion of an angel than a man. His principal fault seems to have been the excess of that virtue which covers a multitude of faults. This betrayed him to so great an indulgence towards his servants, who made a corrupt use of it, that it stripped him of all those riches and honours which a long series of merits had heaped upon him. But in this prayer, at the same time that we find him prostrating himself before the great mercy-seat, and humbled under afflictions, which at that time lay heavy upon him, we see him supported by the sense of his integrity, his zeal, his devotion, and his love to mankind; which give him a much higher figure in the minds of thinking men, than that greatness had done from which he was fallen. I shall beg leave to write down the prayer itself, with the title to it, as it was found amongst his lordship's papers, written in his own hand; not being able to furnish my readers with an entertainment more suitable to this solemn time*.

A Prayer, or Psalm, made by my Lord BACON, Chancellor of England.

"Most gracious Lord God, my merciful Father; from my youth up my Creator, my Redeemer, my Comforter. Thou, O Lord, soundest and searchest

* The approach of Chriſtmas.

the depths and secrets of all hearts; thou acknowledgest the upright of heart; thou judgest the hypocrite; thou ponderest mens thoughts and doings as in a balance; thou measurest their intentions as with a line; vanity and crooked ways cannot be hid from thee.

"Remember, O Lord! how thy servant hath walked before thee; remember what I have first sought, and what hath been principal in my intentions. I have loved thy assemblies, I have mourned for the divisions of thy church, I have delighted in the brightness of thy sanctuary. This vine, which thy right-hand hath planted in this nation, I have ever prayed unto thee that it might have the first and the latter rain, and that it might stretch her branches to the seas, and to the floods. The state and bread of the poor and oppressed have been precious in mine eyes; I have hated all cruelty and hardness of heart; I have, though in a despised weed, procured the good of all men. If any have been my enemies, I thought not of them, neither hath the sun almost set upon my displeasure; but I have been, as a dove, free from superfluity of maliciousness. Thy creatures have been my books, but thy scriptures much more. I have sought thee in the courts, fields, and gardens; but I have found thee in thy temples.

"Thousands have been my sins, and ten thousands my transgressions, but thy sanctifications have remained with me, and my heart, thro' thy grace, hath been an unquenched coal upon thine altar.

"O Lord, my strength! I have since my yout[h] met with thee in all my ways, by thy fatherly co[m]passions, by thy comfortable chastisements, and thy most visible providence. As thy favours h[ave] increased upon me, so have thy corrections, s[o]

thou hast been always near me, O Lord! and ever as my worldly blessings were exalted, so secret darts from thee have pierced me; and when I have ascended before men, I have descended in humiliation before thee. And now, when I thought most of peace and honour, thy hand is heavy upon me, and hath humbled me according to thy former loving-kindness, keeping me still in thy fatherly school, not as a bastard, but as a child. Just are thy judgments upon me for my sins, which are more in number than the sands of the sea, but have no proportion to thy mercies; for what are the sands of the sea? Earth, heavens, and all these, are nothing to thy mercies. Besides my innumerable sins, I confess before thee, that I am debtor to Thee for the gracious talent of thy gifts and graces, which I have neither put into a napkin, nor put it, as I ought, to exchangers, where it might have made best profit, but misspent it in things for which I was least fit; so I may truly say, my soul hath been a stranger in the course of my pilgrimage. Be merciful unto me, O Lord, for my Saviour's sake, and receive me unto thy bosom, or guide me in thy ways."

N° 268. TUESDAY, DECEMBER 26, 1710.

——— *O te, Bolane, cerebri*
Felicem! aiebam tacitus, cum quidlibet ille
Garriret. HOR. 1 Sat. IX. 11.

I thus in muttering silence fretted;
"Bolanus, happy in a scu'l
"Of proof, impenetrably dull,
"O for a portion of thy brains!" FRANCIS.

From my own Apartment, December 25.

AT my coming home last night, I found upon my table the following petition or project, sent me from Lloyd's coffee-house in the city, with a present of Port wine, which had been bought at a late auction held in that place.

"To ISAAC BICKERSTAFF, Esquire, Censor of GREAT BRITAIN.

"*Lloyd's Coffee-house, Lombard-street, Dec. 23.*

"We the customers of this coffee-house, observing that you have taken into your consideration the great mischiefs daily done in this city by coffee-house orators, do humbly beg leave to represent to you, that this coffee-house being provided with a pulpit for the benefit of such auctions that are frequently made in this place, it is our custom, upon the first coming in of the news, to order a youth, who officiates as the *Kidney* of the coffee-house, to get into the pulpit, and read every paper with a loud and distinct voice, while the whole audience are sipping their respective liquors. We do there-

fore, Sir, humbly propose, that there be a pulpit erected within every coffee-house of this city and the adjacent parts; that one of the waiters of the coffee-house be nominated as reader to the said pulpit; that after the news of the day has been published by the said lecturer, some politician of good note do ascend into the said pulpit; and, after having chosen for his text any article of the said news, that he do establish the authority of such article, clear the doubts that may arise thereupon, compare it with parallel texts in other papers, advance upon it wholesome points of doctrine, and draw from it salutary conclusions for the benefit and edification of all that hear him. We do likewise humbly propose, that, upon any such politician's quitting the pulpit, he shall be succeeded by any other orator that finds himself moved by the same public spirit, who shall be at full liberty either to enforce or overthrow what the other has said before him, and may, in the same manner, be succeeded by any other politician, who shall, with the same liberty, confirm or impugn his reasons, strengthen or invalidate his conjectures, enlarge upon his schemes, or erect new ones of his own. We do likewise further propose, that if any person, of what age and rank soever, do presume to cavil at any Paper that has been read, or to hold forth upon it longer than the space of one minute, that he be immediately ordered up into the pulpit, there to make good any thing that he has suggested upon the floor. We do likewise further propose, that if any one plays the orator in the ordinary coffee-house conversation, whether it be upon peace or war, on plays or sermons, business or poetry, that he be forthwith desired to take his place in the pulpit. This, Sir, we humbly presume, may in a great measure, put a stop to those superficial statesmen, who

would not dare to stand up in this manner before a whole congregation of politicians, notwithstanding the long and tedious harangues and dissertations which they daily utter in private circles, to the breaking of many honest tradesmen, the seducing of several eminent citizens, the making of numberless malcontents, and to the great detriment and disquiet of her majesty's subjects."

I do heartily concur with my ingenious friends of the abovementioned coffee-house in these their proposals: and because I apprehend there may be reasons to put an immediate stop to the grievance complained of, it is my intention, that, until such time as the aforesaid pulpits can be erected, every orator do place himself within the bar, and from thence dictate whatsoever he shall think necessary for the public good.

And further, because I am very desirous that proper ways and means should be found out for the suppressing of *story-tellers* and *fine talkers* in all ordinary conversations whatsoever, I do insist, that in every private club, company, or meeting over a bottle, there be always an elbow-chair placed at the table; and that as soon as any one begins a *long story*, or extends his discourse beyond the space of one minute, he be forthwith thrust into the said elbow-chair, unless upon any of the company's calling out, "to the chair," he breaks off abruptly, and holds his tongue.

There are two species of men, notwithstanding any thing that has been here said, whom I would exempt from the disgrace of the elbow-chair. The first are those buffoons that have a talent of mimicking the speech and behaviour of other persons, and turning all their patrons, friends, and acquaintance, into ridicule. I look upon your Pantomime as a legion in a man, or at least to be, like Virgil's

monster, "with an hundred mouths, and as many tongues;"

—— *Linguæ centum sunt, oraque centum;*

and, therefore, would give him as much time to talk in, as would be allowed to the whole body of persons he represents, were they actually in the company which they divert by proxy. Provided, however, that the said Pantomime do not, upon any pretence whatsoever, utter any thing in his own particular opinion, language, or character.

I would likewise, in the second place, grant an exemption from the elbow-chair to any person who treats the company, and by that means may be supposed to pay for his audience. A guest cannot take it ill, if he be not allowed to talk in his turn by a person who puts his mouth to a better employment, and stops it with good beef and mutton. In this case the guest is very agreeably silenced, and seems to hold his tongue under that kind of bribery which the antients called *bos in lingua* *.

If I can once extirpate the race of solid and substantial humdrums, I hope, by my wholesome and repeated advices, quickly to reduce the insignificant tittle-tattles, and *matter-of-fact-men*, that abound in every quarter of this great city.

Epictetus, in his little system of morality, prescribes the following rule with that beautiful simplicity which shines through all his precepts: "Beware, that thou never tell thy dreams in company; for, notwithstanding thou mayest take a pleasure in telling thy dreams, the company will take no pleasure in hearing them."

* An allusion to the image of a *bull*, *ox*, or *cow*, stamped upon the money then, and there in current use, whence the coin was called *bos*.

This rule is conformable to a maxim which I have laid down in a late Paper, and must always inculcate into those of my readers who find in themselves an inclination to be very talkative and impertinent, "that they should not speak to please themselves, but those that hear them."

It has been often observed by witty essay-writers, that the deepest waters are always the most silent; that empty vessels make the greatest sound; and tinkling cymbals the worst music. The marquis of Halifax, in his admirable "Advice to a Daughter," tells her, "that good sense has always something sullen in it:" but as sullenness does not imply silence, but an ill-natured silence, I wish his lordship had given a softer name to it. Since I am engaged unawares in quotations, I must not omit the satire which Horace has written against this impertinent talkative companion; and which, I think, is fuller of humour than any other satire he has written. This great author, who had the nicest taste of conversation, and was himself a most agreeable companion, had so strong an antipathy to a great talker, that he was afraid some time or other it would be mortal to him; as he has very humourously described it in his conversation with an impertinent fellow, who had like to have been the death of him.

Interpellandi locus hic erat! Est tibi mater,
Cognati, queis te salvo est opus? Haud mihi quisquam.
Omnes composui. Felices! nunc ego resto;
Confice; namque instat fatum mihi triste, Sabella
Quod puero cecinit divina motâ anus urnâ.
Hunc neque dira venena, nec hosticus auferet ensis,
Nec laterum dolor, aut tussis, nec tarda podagra.
Garrulus hunc quando consumet cunque; loquaces
Si sapiat, vitet, simul atque adoleverit ætas

HOR. 1 Sat. IX. 26.

Have you no mother, sister, friends,
Whose welfare on your health depends?—
" Not one; I saw them all by turns
" Securely settled in their urns."
Thrice happy they, secure from pain!
And I the victim now remain;
Dispatch me; for my goody nurse
Early presag'd this heavy curse.
She conn'd it by the *sieve and shears*,
And now it falls upon my ears ——
" Nor poison fell, with ruin stor'd,
" Nor horrid point of hostile sword,
" Nor pleurisy, nor asthma-cough,
" Nor cripple-gout shall cut him off;
" A noisy tongue and babbling breath
" Shall teaze, and talk my child to death.
" Let him avoid, as he would hanging,
" Your folks long-winded in haranguing."

FRANCIS.

N°269. THURSDAY, DECEMBER 28, 1710.

——— *Hæ nugæ seria ducunt*
In mala —— HOR. Ars Poet. 451.

——— Trifles such as these
To serious mischiefs lead —— FRANCIS.

From my own Apartment, December 27.

I FIND my correspondents are universally offended at me for taking notice so seldom of their letters, and I fear people have taken the advantage of my silence to go on in their errors; for which reason I shall hereafter be more careful to answer all lawful

questions and just complaints, as soon as they come to my hands. The two following epistles relate to very great mischiefs in the most important articles of life, love, and friendship.

"*Dorsetshire, Dec.* 20.

"MR. BICKERSTAFF,

"It is my misfortune to be enamoured of a lady, that is neither very beautiful, very witty, nor at all well-natured; but has the vanity to think she excels in all these qualifications, and therefore is cruel, insolent, and scornful. When I study to please her, she treats me with the utmost rudeness and ill-manners: if I approach her person, she fights, she scratches me: if I offer a civil salute, she bites me; insomuch, that very lately, before a whole assembly of ladies and gentlemen, she ripped out a considerable part of my left cheek. This is no sooner done, but she begs my pardon in the most handsome and becoming terms imaginable, gives herself worse language than I could find in my heart to do, lets me embrace her to pacify her while she is railing at herself, protests she deserves the esteem of no one living, says I am too good to contradict her when she thus accuses herself. This atones for all; tempts me to renew my addresses, which are ever returned in the same obliging manner. Thus, without some speedy relief, I am in danger of lo-ing my whole face. Notwithstanding all this, I doat upon her, and am satisfied she loves me, because she takes me for a man of sense, which I have been generally thought, except in this one instance. Your reflections upon this strange amour would be very useful in these parts, where we are over-run with wild beauties and romps. I earnestly beg your assistance, either to deliver me from the power of

this unaccountable inchantment, or, by some proper animadversions, to civilize the behaviour of this agreeable rustic.

I am, Sir,

Your most humble servant,

EBENEZER."

"MR. BICKERSTAFF,

"I now take leave to address you in your character of Censor, and complain to you, that among the various errors in conversation which you have corrected, there is one which, though it has not escaped a general reproof, yet seems to deserve a more particular severity. It is an humour of jesting on disagreeable subjects, and insisting on the jest, the more it creates uneasiness; and this some men think they have a title to do as friends. Is the design of jesting to provoke? or does friendship give a privilege to say things with a design to shock? How can that be called a jest which has nothing in it but bitterness? It is generally allowed necessary, for the peace of company, that men should a little study the tempers of each other; but certainly that must be in order to shun what is offensive, not to make it a constant entertainment. The frequent repetition of what appears harsh, will unavoidably leave a rancour that is fatal to friendship; and I doubt much whether it would be an argument of a man's good-humour, if he should be rouzed by perpetual teazing, to treat those who do it as his enemies. In a word, whereas it is a common practice to let a story die, merely because it does not touch, I think such as mention one they find does, are as troublesome to society, and as unfit for it, as *wags*, *men of figure*, *good talkers*, or any other apes in conversation; and therefore, for the public benefit,

I hope you will cause them to be branded with such a name as they deserve.

I am, Sir, yours,
PATIENT FRIENDLY."

The case of Ebenezer is a very common one, and is always cured by neglect. These fantastical returns of affection proceed from a certain vanity in the other sex, supported by a perverted taste in ours. I must publish it as a rule, that no faults which proceed from the will, either in a mistress or a friend, are to be tolerated: but we should be so complaisant to ladies, as to let them displease when they aim at doing it. Pluck up a spirit, Ebenezer; recover the use of your judgment, and her faults will appear, or her beauties vanish. "Her faults begin to please me as well as my own," is a sentence very prettily put into the mouth of a lover by the comic poet *; but he never designed it for a maxim of life, but the picture of an imperfection. If Ebenezer takes my advice, the same temper which made her insolent to his love, will make her submissive to his indifference.

I cannot wholly ascribe the faults, mentioned in the second letter, to the same vanity or pride in companions who secretly triumph over their friends, in being sharp upon them in things where they are most tender. But when this sort of behaviour does not proceed from that source, it does from barrenness of invention, and an inability to support a conversation in a way less offensive. It is the same poverty which makes men speak or write smuttily, that forces them to talk vexingly. As obscene language is an address to the lewd for applause, so are

* Congreve, see "The Way of the World," act i. sc. 3.

sharp allusions an appeal to the ill-natured. But mean and illiterate is that conversation, where one man exercises his wit to make another exercise his patience.

ADVERTISEMENT.

*** Whereas Plagius has been told again and again, both in public and private, that he preaches excellently well, and still goes on to preach as well as ever, and all this to a polite and learned audience: this is to desire, that he would not hereafter be so eloquent, except to a country congregation; the proprietors of Tillotson's Works having consulted the learned in the law, whether preaching a sermon they have published, is not to be construed publishing their copy?

Mr. Dogood is desired to consider, that his story is severe upon a weakness, and not a folly.

N° 270. SATURDAY, DECEMBER 30, 1710.

Cum pulchris tunicis sumet nova consilia et spes.
HOR. 1 Ep. xviii. 33.

In gay attire when the vain coxcomb 's drest,
Strange hopes and projects fill his labouring breast.

From my own Apartment, December 29.

ACCORDING to my late resolution, I take the holidays to be no improper season to entertain the town with the addresses of my correspondents. In my

walks every day there appear all round me very great offenders in the point of dress. An *armed* taylor had the impudence yesterday in the Park to smile in my face, and pull off a laced hat to me, as it were in contempt of my authority and censure. However, it is a very great satisfaction that other people, as well as myself, are offended with these improprieties. The following notices, from persons of different sexes and qualities, are a sufficient instance how useful my Lucubrations are to the public.

"*Jack's Coffee-house, near Guildhall, Dec.* 27.

"Cousin Bickerstaff,

"It has been the peculiar blessing of our family to be always above the smiles or frowns of fortune, and, by a certain greatness of mind, to restrain all irregular fondnesses or passions. From hence it is, that though a long decay, and a numerous descent, have obliged many of our house to fall into the arts of trade and business, no one person of us has ever made an appearance that betrayed our being unsatisfied with our own station of life, or has ever affected a mien or gesture unsuitable to it.

"You have up and down in your writings very justly remarked, that it is not this or the other profession or quality among men that gives us honour or esteem, but the well or ill behaving ourselves in those characters. It is, therefore, with no small concern, that I behold in coffee-houses and public places my brethren, the tradesmen of this city, put off the smooth, even, and antient decorum of thriving citizens, for a fantastical dress and figure, improper for their persons and characters, to the utter destruction of that order and distinction, which of right ought to be between St. James's and Milk-street, the Camp and Cheapside."

"I have given myself some time to find out how distinguishing the frays in a lot of muslins, or drawing up a regiment of thread laces, or making a panegyric on pieces of sagathy or Scotch plad, should entitle a man to a laced hat or sword, a wig tied up with ribbands, or an embroidered coat. The college say, this enormity proceeds from a sort of delirium in the brain, which makes it break out first about the head, and, for want of timely remedies, fall upon the left thigh, and from thence, in little mazes and windings, run over the whole body, as appears by pretty ornaments on the buttons, button-holes, garterings, sides of the breeches, and the like. I beg the favour of you to give us a discourse wholly upon the subject of habits, which will contribute to the better government of conversation among us, and in particular oblige, Sir,

Your affectionate *cousin*,

FELIX TRANQUILLUS."

"To ISAAC BICKERSTAFF, Esquire, Censor of GREAT BRITAIN.

"The humble Petition of RALPH NAB, Haberdasher of Hats, and many other poor Sufferers of the same Trade,

"Sheweth,

"That for some years last past the use of gold and silver galloon upon hats has been almost universal; being undistinguishably worn by soldiers, esquires, lords, footmen, beaux, sportsmen, traders, clerks, prigs, smarts, cullies, pretty fellows, and sharpers.

"That the said use and custom has been two ways very prejudicial to your petitioners. First, in that it has induced men, to the great damage of your petitioners, to wear their hats upon their

heads; by which means the said hats last much longer whole, than they would do if worn under their arms. Secondly, in that very often a new dressing and a new lace supply the place of a new hat, which grievance we are chiefly sensible of in the spring-time, when the company is leaving the town; it so happening commonly, that a hat shall frequent, all winter, the finest and best assemblies without any ornament at all, and in May shall be tricked up with gold or silver, to keep company with rustics, and ride in the rain. All which premisses your petitioners humbly pray you to take into your consideration, and either to appoint a day in your Court of Honour, when all pretenders to the galloon may enter their claims, and have them approved or rejected, or to give us such other relief as to your great wisdom shall seem meet.

And your petitioners, &c."

Order my friend near Temple-bar, the author of the hunting-cock, to assist the court when the petition is read, of which Mr. Lillie to give him notice.

"To Isaac Bickerstaff, Esquire, Censor of Great Britain.

"The humble Petition of Elizabeth Slender, Spinster,

"Sheweth,

"That on the twentieth of this instant December, her friend, Rebecca Hive, and your petitioner, walking in the Strand, saw a gentleman before us in a gown, whose periwig was so long, and so much powdered, that your petitioner took notice of it, and said, 'she wondered that lawyer would so spoil a new gown with powder.' To which it was an-

swered, 'that he was no lawyer, but a clergyman.' Upon a wager of a pot of coffee we overtook him, and your petitioner was soon convinced she had lost.

"Your petitioner, therefore, desires your worship to cite the clergyman before you, and to settle and adjust the length of canonical periwigs, and the quantity of powder to be made use of in them, and to give such other directions as you shall think fit.

And your petitioner, &c."

Query, Whether this gentleman be not chaplain to a regiment, and, in such case, allow powder accordingly?

After all that can be thought on these subjects, I must confess, that the men who dress with a certain ambition to appear more than they are, are much more excusable than those who betray, in the adorning their persons, a secret vanity and inclination to shine in things, wherein, if they did succeed, it would rather lessen than advance their character. For this reason I am more provoked at the allegations relating to the clergyman than any other hinted at in these complaints. I have indeed a long time, with much concern, observed abundance of *pretty fellows* in sacred orders, and shall in due time let them know, that I pretend to give ecclesiastical as well as civil censures. A man well-bred and well-dressed in that habit, adds to the sacredness of his function an agreeableness not to be met with among the laity. I own I have spent some evenings among the men of wit of that profession with an inexpressible delight. Their habitual care of their character gives such a chastisement to their fancy, that all which they utter

in company is as much above what you meet with in other conversation, as the charms of a modest, are superior to those of a light, woman. I therefore earnestly desire our young missionaries from the universities to consider where they are, and not dress, and look, and move like young officers. It is no disadvantage to have a very handsome white hand; but, were I to preach repentance to a gallery of ladies, I would, methinks, keep my gloves on. I have an unfeigned affection to the class of mankind appointed to serve at the altar, therefore am in danger of running out of my way, and growing too serious on this occasion; for which reason I shall end with the following epistle, which, by my interest in Tom Trot, the penny-post, I procured a copy of.

"To the Rev. Mr. Ralph Incense, Chaplain to the Countess Dowager of Brumpton.

"Sir,

"I heard and saw you preach last Sunday. I am an ignorant young woman, and understood not half you said: but ah! your manner, when you held up both your hands towards our pew! Did you design to win me to Heaven or yourself?

Your humble servant,
Penitence Gentle."

Advertisement.

Mr. Procterstaff, of Clare-hall, in Cambridge, is received as a kinsman, according to his request, bearing date the 20th instant.

The distressed son of Æsculapius is desired to be more particular.

N° 271. TUESDAY, JANUARY 2, 1710.

The printer having informed me, that there are as many of these Papers printed as will make *four volumes*, I am now come to the end of my ambition in this matter, and have nothing further to say to the world under the character of Isaac Bickerstaff. This work has indeed for some time been disagreeable to me, and the purpose of it wholly lost by my being so long understood as the author. I never designed in it to give any man any secret wound by my concealment, but spoke in the character of an old man, a philosopher, an humourist, an astrologer, and a Censor, to allure my reader with the variety of my subjects, and insinuate, if I could, the weight of reason with the agreeableness of wit. The general purpose of the whole has been to recommend truth, innocence, honour, and virtue, as the chief ornaments of life; but I considered, that severity of manners was absolutely necessary to him who would censure others, and for *that reason, and that only*, chose to talk in a mask. I shall not carry my humility so far as to call myself a vicious man, but at the same time must confess, my life is at best but pardonable. And, with no greater character than this, a man would make but an indifferent progress in attacking prevailing and fashionable vices, which Mr. Bickerstaff has done with a freedom of spirit, that would have lost both its beauty and efficacy, had it been pretended to by Mr. Steele.

As to the work itself, the acceptance it has met with is the best proof of its value; but I should err against that candour, which an honest man should always carry about him, if I did not own, that the most approved pieces in it were written by others, and those which have been most excepted against, by myself. The hand that has assisted me in those noble discourses upon the immortality of the soul, the glorious prospects of another life, and the most sublime ideas of religion and virtue, is a person who is too fondly my friend ever to own them; but I should little deserve to be his, if I usurped the glory of them *. I must acknowledge at the same time, that I think the finest strokes of wit and humour in all Mr. Bickerstaff's Lucubrations, are those for which he also is beholden to him.

As for the satirical part of these writings, those against the gentlemen who profess gaming are the most licentious; but the main of them I take to come from losing gamesters, as invectives against the fortunate; for in very many of them I was very little else but *the transcriber.* If any have been more particularly marked at, such persons may impute it to their own behaviour, before they were touched upon, in publicly speaking their resentment against the author, and professing they would support any man who should insult him. When I mention this subject, I hope major-general Davenport, brigadeer Bisset, and my lord Forbes, will accept of my thanks for their frequent good offices, in professing their readiness to partake any danger that should befal me in so just

* Addison was the assistant here alluded to.

an undertaking, as the endeavour to banish fraud and cozenage from the presence and conversation of gentlemen.

But what I find is the least excusable part of all this work is, that I have, in some places in it, touched upon matters which concern both church and state. All I shall say for this is, that the points I alluded to, are such as concerned every Christian and freeholder in England; and I could not be cold enough to conceal my opinion on subjects which related to either of those characters. But politics apart.

I must confess it has been a most exquisite pleasure to me to frame characters of domestic life, and put those parts of it which are least observed into an agreeable view; to inquire into the seeds of vanity and affectation, to lay before the readers the emptiness of ambition: in a word, to trace human life through all its mazes and recesses, and show much shorter methods than men ordinarily practise, to be happy, agreeable, and great.

But to inquire into men's faults and weaknesses has something in it so unwelcome, that I have *often* seen people in pain to act before me, whose modesty only makes them think themselves liable to censure. This, and a thousand other nameless things, have made it an irksome task to me to personate Mr. Bickerstaff any longer; and I believe it does not often happen, that the reader is delighted where the author is displeased.

All I can now do for the further gratification of the town, is to give them a faithful explication of passages and allusions, and sometimes of persons intended in the several scattered parts of the work. At the same time, I shall discover which of the whole have been written by me, and which by

others, and by whom, as far as I am *able*, or permitted *.

Thus I have voluntarily done, what I think all authors should do when called upon. I have published my name to my writings, and given myself up to the mercy of the town, as Shakspeare expresses it, "with all my imperfections on my head." The indulgent reader's most obliged, most obedient, humble servant,

RICHARD STEELE.

* This is done in the original preface to the fourth volume of the Tatler; printed at the beginning of the first volume of the present edition.

END OF THE FIFTH VOLUME.

NICHOLS and SON, Printers,
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